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AN ACTOR ABROAD.



AN ACTOR ABROAD

OR

GOSSIP

DRAMATIC, NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ACTOR IN

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, THE SANDWICH ISLANDS,
CALIFORNIA, NEVADA, CENTRAL AMERICA, AND NEW YORK.

BY

EDMUND LEATHES

AUTHOR OF "THE ACTOR'S WIFE."

IN ONE VOLUME.

LONDON:

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1880.

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TO
ONE, TO WHOM, IN THE EARLY DAYS OF MY
PROFESSIONAL CAREER I OWED MUCH,

I Dedicate this Book.

I was a stranger in a strange, strange land,
Young, inexperienced and quite alone,
In art a novice, to the world unknown.
’Twas you who welcomed me—it was your hand
Which led me on—your gentle words which fanned
Ambition’s hopes, or chid in kindly tone.
But time, o’er many years since then has flown—
A gulf which happy memory has spanned.

My book of recollections now I send—
A trifling token of my gratitude
For kindnesses to which I’ll not allude.
May you be prosperous unto the end—
May all your triumphs be again renewed,
Great actor, kindly manager, and friend!

EDMUND LEATHES.

London, September, 1880.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

FROM PLYMOUTH TO MELBOURNE BY STEAMER—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF VICTORIA—THE "WHITE HART," MELBOURNE—CLEVER ESCAPE OF A THEATRICAL AGENT FROM NEW ZEALAND . 1

CHAPTER II.

MELBOURNE—THE NIGHT OWLS—A PAWNBROKER'S SIGN OVER THE TREASURY—A FIRST MEAL ON SHORE AFTER A LONG VOYAGE—THE THEATRE ROYAL—WALTER MONTGOMERY—FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE MELBOURNE STAGE—THE PLAYFUL CHINAMAN 11

CHAPTER III.

ST. KILDA—FATAL BATHING—CANOEING ON THE YARRA—A RACE WITH A STEAMER—EMILIA STABBED IN "OTHELLO"—A TOKEN OF APPRECIATION FROM THE "GODS"—A DARING AMATEUR—A STOUP OF LIQUOR—A HOT WIND—THE RACES . . . 23

CHAPTER IV.

BALLARAT—THE "WELCOME STRANGER"—TRAGEDY AT BALLARAT—CHRISTMAS IN MELBOURNE—"DADDY" ROGERS OF THE ROYAL—THE SQUATTER'S STORY 35

CHAPTER V.

"HOW THE BELLE OF DUNEDIN GOT MARRIED" . . . 45

CHAPTER VI.

BENDIGO OR SANDHURST—A HEAVY BILL—LIFE INSURANCE AND SNAKES—MELBOURNE PANTOMIME—A TEAM OF TOM CATS— WALTER VANISHES—A SHORT ENGAGEMENT	62
--	----

CHAPTER VII.

STEAM TO SYDNEY—THE "DUNBAR CASTLE"—SYDNEY—THE BOTANI- CAL GARDENS—PINCH-GUT—STEAM TO AUCKLAND—A HONEY- MOON—A NIGHT AT AUCKLAND—ARRIVAL AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—KANAKAS—LANDING AT HONOLULU—A CHINESE RES- TAURANT—HONOLULU—KING KAMEHAMEHA THE FIFTH—HIS TOWN AND COUNTRY PALACES—STEWED PUPPY, A ROYAL DISH	71
--	----

CHAPTER VIII.

LODGINGS—WALTER REDIVIVUS—VISIT TO THE PARI-TARO— "POI"—HONOLULU ARISTOCRACY—QUEEN EMMA—A FASHION- ABLE AFTERNOON	85
---	----

CHAPTER IX.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, HONOLULU—A ROYAL BOTANICAL MANAGER —THE DRAMA IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—CARDINAL WOLSEY —ROYAL PATRONAGE—ROMEO AND JULIET—NATIVE TALENT— BENEDICK A "HEAVY" RÔLE—A STATE PERFORMANCE—ISLAND TALENT PUTS ON THE SCREW—GOD SAVE THE KING—ROYAL CONGRATULATIONS	94
--	----

CHAPTER X.

WALTER MONTGOMERY'S ROYAL PATRONESS—THE NATIVE LADIES ON HORSEBACK—A PIC-NIC AT WYKEKE—COCOA NUT GROVES— A CANOE FIGHT—A LADIES' SWIMMING RACE—GOLD FISH—A FIGHT BETWEEN A BEETLE AND A SCORPION	109
---	-----

CHAPTER XI.

THE NATIVE LOVE OF GRAND FUNERALS—"WILLING" THEM- SELVES TO DIE—A STORY OF NATIVE LOVE AND REVENGE	119
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

LEUALI-LUI'S STORY CONTINUED AND CONCLUDED . . . 133

CHAPTER XIII.

WALTER MONTGOMERY STARTS FOR SAN FRANCISCO—THE "ROLLING MOSES"—THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY—IRISH SYMPATHY—THE MACHINERY BREAKS DOWN IN MID-OCEAN—A HEAVY GALE—THE FATHER TO THE RESCUE—THE GOLDEN GATE—SAN FRANCISCO—A LADY'S MORNING COSTUME—THE CALIFORNIA THEATRE—THE OPERA HOUSE—BRITISH BLONDES—ALONE . . . 143

CHAPTER XIV.

CALIFORNIA—THE CLIMATE IN SAN FRANCISCO—THE CLIFF-HOUSE—FROM BOSTON TO SAN FRANCISCO—MINGLING THE WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC—SPANISH NAMES—WOODWARD'S GARDENS—THE APPARITION IN THE WINDOW PANE—A GHOSTLY SPECULATION—CHINA-TOWN—BARBARY COAST—SHOT DEAD IN THE STREETS—KILLING NO MURDER . . . 159

CHAPTER XV.

MY FIRST AMERICAN ENGAGEMENT—A JOURNEY UP THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS—CAPE HORN—VIRGINIA CITY—AN ACTOR'S PRACTICAL JOKE—A TOWN IN FLAMES—CARSON CITY—THE GAOL HOTEL—A NATURAL WARM BATH—A MANAGER FOR A NIGHT—BASS'S CHAMPAGNE—THE LAST OF WALTER MONTGOMERY . . . 175

CHAPTER XVI.

SHOOTING—DEAD IN HIS BOOTS—A GAMBLER'S STORY—A LONG CHASE—HUNTED TO DEATH—CHUM TO CHUM . . . 193

CHAPTER XVII.

SAN JOSÉ—THE TREASURY LOCK—THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE—A LOW COMEDIAN'S HUMOUR—"GAGS"—A VISIT TO ALAMEDEN—A STREAM FLOWING UP HILL—MY "FIRST APPEARANCE" IN SAN FRANCISCO—BEHIND THE SCENES—MRS. DAVENPORT LANDEB—A YOUNG ACTOR'S ENTHUSIASM—GREAT ART—THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY LOTTERY . . . 210



X

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CARNIVAL BALLS—CHRISTMAS GATHERING—THE STORY OF AN ACTOR'S WOOING—A STERN PARENT—"LOVE IS MERELY A MADNESS"—THE OLD MAN FOILED—"HAPPY, HAPPY ALL THEIR DAYS" 226

CHAPTER XIX.

A GRAND MASKED BALL—AN ECCENTRIC COSTUME—A FIRST PRIZE—PATIENCE A VIRTUE UNREWARDED—STAGE FIRES—THE PALACE OF TRUTH—SEDLEY SMITH—A GAMBLER'S TOUT—NOT A "NEW CHUM"—SOLD AGAIN—A "NEW CHUM"—THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—SANCIELITO—A SOLITARY PASSENGER—A HOSPITABLE AMERICAN—HAIL, COLUMBIA! 243

CHAPTER XX.

BOLINAS BAY—VIVIPAROUS FISH—MRS. PERCH AND HER PROGENY—OLIMA—TROUT-FISHING—TERRAPIN—A PARADISE—MUS-TANGS—SPANISH HORSEMEN—QUAIL—OWEN MARLOWE AND HIS QUAIL-SHOOTING 259

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FIRE BRIGADE—THE SYSTEM OF FIRE-ALARMS—A MUSICAL FIREMAN—THE SKULL OF A DEAD LOVE—EARTHQUAKES—MY FIRST "SHAKE"—COINAGE—"BITS"—FREE LUNCHES—CHEAP FOOD—LADIES' DRESS—SUNDAY AT THE THEATRES 275

CHAPTER XXII.

VIRGINIA CITY IN WINTER—FAREWELL TO SAN FRANCISCO—A START *via* PANAMA—THE "OWLS"—RATS—ACCAJUTLA—EGGS ARE DOWN—LA LIBERTAD—PUNTA ARENAS—PANAMA—THE ISTHMUS—ASPINWALL—A VERY OLD QUEEN—ICE-KEPT MEAT—NEW YORK—POOR LITTLE MINX—A SYMPATHETIC MOUSE 288

CHAPTER XXIII.

A HAPPY PAIR IN NEW YORK—THE THEATRES—BOSTON—EN ROUTE FOR ENGLAND—THE ACTOR AT HOME 310

AN ACTOR ABROAD.

CHAPTER I.

FROM PLYMOUTH TO MELBOURNE BY STEAMER—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF VICTORIA—THE "WHITE HART," MELBOURNE—CLEVER ESCAPE OF A THEATRICAL AGENT FROM NEW ZEALAND.

"*Hamlet*. How chances it they travel? Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed? . . . How comes it?—Do they grow rusty?"—HAMLET, *Act. II.*

I HAVE often envied that plodding individual who can sit down in the evening, on board ship or elsewhere, and write in his diary an account of all he has seen or done during the day. I have, many times, tried to keep a diary, and I have, many times, failed.

My memory—for names and faces very bad—for incident, is remarkably good; and *upon* my memory I entirely rely in jotting down these my recollections of the time when I was an Actor Abroad.

It is now some years since, on a certain 30th of June, I sailed from Plymouth in a steam-

ship of the Money Wigram line, for Melbourne. Early in the previous April, owing to the kindness of a well-known tragedian, whose friendship I had long enjoyed, I was enabled to make my first appearance in public, as an actor, on the stage of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, and, after acting in the towns of Sheffield, Newcastle, and Manchester with my friend, the tragedian, I received, through his influence, an offer from one of the managers of the Theatre Royal, Melbourne—who had come to England for “novelties.” The offer I gladly accepted, and, in company with my friend and his wife, I started for the antipodes to fulfil my first theatrical engagement.

Life on board a passenger ship is always monotonous, and, although our voyage was most pleasant, it was no exception to the rule. There was the usual amount of quoit-playing, cards, bickering, love-making, quarrelling, betting, &c., by day, and concerts, readings, dancing, whist, &c., by night. Of course we had the inevitable newspaper of the voyage, which, as is usually the case, commenced its career as a bi-weekly, and ended as an occasional.

Many of the passengers were returning Victorians, well-to-do people, with large hearts and full pockets, whose colonial jollity added greatly to the pleasure of our voyage. One passenger—an ex-mayor of one of the great mining towns of Victoria—brought on board, and stowed away in his cabin, several

cases of his favourite brand of champagne, for his private consumption; but before the voyage was half over he discovered that his thirst for French wine, in imagination, on shore, was greater than it proved in reality at sea. Any how, he found he had a great deal more wine than he could in an ordinary way consume himself, so he proposed to give a ball in the saloon, and provide the champagne for his guests from his private stores. The proposal was greedily taken up by the passengers; the invitations were sent out; the ex-mayor regretted he could not have them printed in copper-plate; however, they were neatly written in the orthodox third person, with the R.S.V.P. in the corner—letters which Mrs. W——, the Mrs. Malaprop among the passengers, amused us by deciphering into “Rite soon very pleased.”

The captain was kind enough to undertake to provide the substantial part of the supper. On the afternoon of the day of the ball, the saloon was cleared and half of it curtained off as a supper-room, and at eight the ball commenced. It was a curious sight—the saloon of a ship in mid-ocean filled with dancers—both ladies and gentlemen were in full evening dress. It was rather rough, but the dancing, in spite of attending difficulties, was much enjoyed, and at supper votes of thanks were offered to the ex-mayor in libations of his own champagne.



My friend, the tragedian, and his accomplished wife, on several occasions delighted their "co-mates in exile" with most excellent readings from Shakespeare and the poets.

I think, on board ship, during a long voyage, we reach our second childishness before our time. Events occurred which at the time excited an interest that will scarcely bear retrospection. One's mental faculties must fall to a very low ebb, when the mere addition to the family of Mrs. Thomas Cat is sufficient to cause some slight excitement among the passengers; yet so it was, and one lady would not speak to the ruthless midshipman who committed the feline sweetnesses to the deep, for a whole week.

With all its monotony, however, this voyage was by far the pleasantest I have experienced during my travels; and, after a passage of fifty-eight days from Plymouth, we sighted the entrance to Port Philip Harbour. Of course there was the usual hurry, with the bustle and excitement, which always attend the close of a long voyage, packing up and preparing to land. At six o'clock one fine morning we slowly steamed through the narrow entrance to the magnificent harbour—a harbour forty miles in breadth.

The ship having passed through the heads, the decks were nearly deserted by the passengers, who

were mostly employed in their cabins, arraying themselves in their best clothes, and making themselves generally beautiful preparatory to landing; the ladies being determined to startle Collins Street with the newest style of bonnets, &c., the gentlemen to surprise the loungers at the Port Phillip, Scott's, or Menzies' with the latest masterpiece from Poole's. But, alas! for their mortification at discovering that a still later fashion in bonnets arrived from Regent Street by the overland mail, and by the same route Mr. Fitztaylor, of Newcut Station, had received a still newer cut in coats from Saville Row.

By twelve o'clock we are alongside the pier at Sandridge; the decks are immediately crowded with friends of the passengers. Mrs. Watcher—the meddler, the unceasing scandal-monger of the ship—directs her evil glance towards Miss Gush, as she (Miss G.) rushes forward to the embrace of the Rev. Mr. Prosy, to whom she has come out to Melbourne to be married; and Mrs. W.'s eyes gleam with anticipated pleasure in the expectation that Miss G. will throw herself at the feet of her reverend lover, and, in sweet confusion confess her disgraceful flirtation (notorious throughout the whole ship) with the impertinent Mr. Soldont: her spite is disappointed; although I hear afterwards that some fellow-passenger's kindness made matters very uncomfortable for Miss G. and Mr. P.



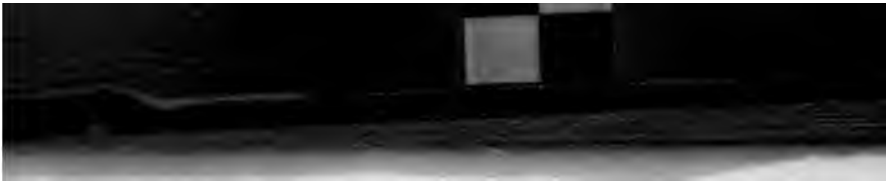
a few weeks before the wedding took place.

Even the handsome Mrs. Pleasall, who was returning to her husband after a two years' separation, did not escape (so says report) a "fearful row" with Mr. P. in consequence of some anonymous revelations which hinted at some unnecessary intimacies on the part of Mrs. P. during the voyage. Indeed, to use Mrs. Watcher's own words, "There is no cover for game on board ship."

The manager, or, rather, one of the four managers of the Theatre Royal came on board to welcome his novelties to Melbourne; and, in a few minutes, we set foot on *terra firma*. The emigrant arriving at Port Phillip and landing at Sandridge pier, must form a very melancholy idea of the great country in which he hopes to find a home.

The desert shores of this part of the bay—its flatness only relieved by the ridges of sand which constantly shift with each new gale, and in the distance the marshy and scrub-grown banks of the Yarra, the miserable wooden huts which dot the beach, the shanty which (at all events in those days) composed the Sandridge railway station—I must confess filled me with gloomy forebodings.

We entered the train (and I cannot speak in terms of praise of the rolling stock of the Melbourne and Sandridge Railway Company as I knew it) and, in a cloud of sand, steamed towards—as



the Victorians proudly call it—the metropolis of Australia.

We crossed the Yarra at “the falls,” (not that there are any falls—only a slight rush of water over a few boulders) and steamed into Melbourne, the station a substantial if not an elegant building.

The only conveyance to be obtained when I arrived (and I do not know whether years have brought a change in that direction) were covered Irish cars, with—to use a sailor’s term—fore and aft seats, neither comfortable nor commodious; and, indeed, on leaving the station, and experiencing for the first time the pleasures which the Melbourne system of surface-draining adds to locomotion, we discovered they were not even safe. This surface-drainage consists of wide conduits running on each side of the streets, and occasionally crossing them, and, though mere rivulets in dry weather, they almost assume the proportions of rivers in the rainy season; they are crossed by foot-passengers by means of small bridges.

My friends, the tragic star and his wife, proceeded to Menzies’, at the lower end of Bourke-street, a very fine hotel and imposing edifice, as the guide-books would say. I, as a humbler “novelty,” wended my way to the “White Hart” at the upper end of Bourke-street, opposite the Houses of Parliament—a comfortable hostelry, much frequented

by members of the "house," cheap and clean, and here, for the modest sum of two pounds a week, I was accommodated with a bed-room and three meals a day. Ah! "White Hart" and Mistress Flanner (best and fattest of hostesses), I think I see your well-spread board groaning under the weight of juicy, rich joints of well-fed cheap mutton—Australian mutton with a vengeance!

Poor Mrs. Flanner! your Hibernian heart was as large as your adipose body; it is but lately I have heard that one of your many ailments has brought you to an untimely end. You are mourned; your customers, your servants mourn you; and I hear that the White Hart which swung over the door of your comfortable hostelry involuntarily turned black at your untimely death!

A theatrical agent had been one of our passengers on board the ship we came out in, and in consequence of an arrangement made during the voyage, he was now the agent of, and manager for, my excellent friend the new "star" at the Royal. The agent's name was Smith, and upon his recommendation I housed myself at the "White Hart."

Concerning this Mr. Smith, I heard, not long ago, a good story, and, as I may not allude to him again, and as the story is true as well as amusing, I will tell it here.

Mr. Smith was an entertaining little man, who

had travelled all over the world. Some few years ago he was "managing the business" of a certain famous "prestidigitateur" during a visit to New Zealand, in Auckland, from which town they were about to return to Australia with the rich harvest skill and hard work had secured. Some misunderstanding had taken place between Smith and the proprietor of the theatre where the prestidigitateur was performing regarding some money matters. The end of it was that the proprietor threatened to detain Smith and all the conjuring apparatus unless a certain sum of money was paid down.

The afternoon following the announcement of the theatrical proprietor's dictum, little Smith intended to start for Sydney, and the detainer's myrmidons watched and guarded the entrances to Smith's hotel. Somehow the conjuring apparatus was smuggled on board, but Smith was in siege; the time for sailing was drawing near, and still the hotel was surrounded.

Go, Smith must, but how? He took the landlady into his confidence—a kind-hearted, sensible woman—a moment's thought and she produced a pair of scissors, another instant and little Smith's luxuriant moustache and whiskers were in the fire-place; a razor completed the work, and presently two veiled ladies left the hotel, walking towards the pier. It was afterwards remarked that



one lady, the shorter, was peculiarly mincing in her gait, and remarkably broad across the shoulders. They proceeded to the Sydney steamer, which was about to start, and went on board.

On shore, the hotel was still in a state of siege, and one of the besiegers declared that he saw little Smith standing at the window watching the Sydney steamer leave the harbour. The taller of the two ladies entered into conversation with the stewardess, in an undertone, and report avers that the conversation was accompanied by the chink of the precious metal; however, presently the tall lady said aloud,

“She is very weak, and I fear you will have some trouble with her during the passage.”

To which the stewardess replied,

“I will take great care of her, ma’am; fortunately there are no other ladies on board, and she can have the ladies’ cabin to herself. She had better go to bed at once; if you will kindly take her to the ladies’ cabin, I will get the wine.”

As usual at the point of sailing, there were several detectives on board, some of them on the watch for poor little Smith. The bell rang, the tall lady went on shore; the vessel steamed slowly out of the harbour, and, in a quarter of an hour the stouter veiled lady was walking up and down the deck with the famous prestidigitateur, in the person and in the clothing of Mr. Smith, but *minus* his luxuriant whiskers!

CHAPTER II.

MELBOURNE—THE NIGHT OWLS—A PAWNBROKER'S SIGN OVER
THE TREASURY—A FIRST MEAL ON SHORE AFTER A LONG
VOYAGE—THE THEATRE ROYAL—WALTER MONTGOMERY—FIRST
APPEARANCE ON THE MELBOURNE STAGE—THE PLAYFUL
CHINAMAN.

Othello. What's the matter
That you unlace your reputation thus
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-brawler?"

OTHELLO, *Act II.*

Hamlet. Take him for all in all
I shall not look upon his like again"

HAMLET, *Act I.*

I ESTABLISHED myself and my effects at the
"White Hart," and went forth into the streets
of Melbourne. I found it a wonderful city, built
on the banks of the Yarra; this river flows amid
lovely scenery for some miles above Melbourne, and
is a favourite resort of the boating portion of the
community; there are many rowing clubs on its
banks, and eight-oars in plenty are to be seen on
its waters, unsurpassed in build or beauty by any



that float on the Cam or the Thames. The city is excellently laid out; the streets are straight, regular, and wide. Collins Street, the Regent Street of Melbourne, is well built and shop-lined, and even wider than its London prototype. The town is supplied, though scarcely sufficiently, with good water, which is brought to the city through iron pipes from the Yan Yean Water-works, a distance of eighteen miles; the pressure of the water is so great that the streets (the dust of which is the curse of the place) are watered from hydrants, a jet from which waters a hundred yards; these hydrants are placed at a distance of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty yards apart, and, in consequence of this mode of watering the streets, the unsightly water-carts, or, as in London they are now called, "hydrostatic vans," are things almost unknown in Melbourne.

The Post-Office, the Houses of Parliament, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the Hospital, the Benevolent Asylum, the Banks, the Public Library, and numbers of other fine buildings, including many churches, give to Melbourne an appearance of wealth and grandeur which is quite marvellous in so young a city. I must not forget to mention the Treasury building, with its magnificent flight of steps, which, they say, cost nearly as much as the building itself.

Shortly before my arrival the town was infested with a band of young "bloods," who made midnight horrible with their orgies, and whose practical jokes were the talk and the scandal of the town. The band existed, but no one, with any certainty, could lay a hand upon a single member of it.

On one occasion these night-owls collected a number of bell-handles, door-knockers, and shop-signs, and, having removed a horse-trough from its place, proceeded to load it with their spoil, and, launching it upon the swollen conduit, set it floating down the streets of Melbourne with its valuable cargo. The next day it was found stranded, a hundred yards from the spot where the conduit falls into the Yarra. The police vainly searched for this band of "night-brawlers." At last the perpetration of two still more daring jokes roused the ire of the citizens to such a pitch that these night-owls found it no longer safe to be, if I may use the term, gregarious.

At the time of which I am writing (some months before my arrival in Melbourne) there were some scandalous reports of bribery and corruption in connection with the Treasury and its officials, founded with what truth or otherwise I do not know; it was the talk of the town. One morning, however, a pawnbroker's sign—three bright golden balls—was found securely fastened over the principal



entrance of the new Treasury. I need hardly say that this wicked deed was recognized, and rightly so, as the handiwork of the afore-mentioned band of night-brawlers. The Government was determined to discover the perpetrators of this "vile act," but it never did, and a few days afterwards a new scandal to the city caused this merry band to become extinct.

The foundation-stone of the new Town Hall—now a really magnificent building—had just been laid, and a flag-staff of immense height had been erected near the spot. A member of the municipal government, who was a prime mover in the scheme for building the Town Hall, and well known to the whole community, was a hatter in Collins Street, and his grand establishment was distinguished by a gigantic gold hat placed over the entrance to his shop.

A few nights after the laying of the foundation-stone of the Town Hall, the said band, in some manner unknown, stole the golden hat, and covering it with coats, &c., carried it to the flag-staff; they then fastened it to the halyards, and hauled it to the top of the pole; the most agile of the company then "swarmed" the mast, and tying the ropes not far from the top, cut off the ends. The next morning the astounded citizens beheld the gilded hat, glittering in the summer sun, crowning,

in truth, the foundation of their new Town Hall. It was an object of horror and disgust to some, of much amusement to others, for nearly the whole day, as it was a long time before a sufficiently expert climber could be found who would undertake to reach the cut ropes, and remove "this insult to the city." Thus the band of "night-brawlers" was dispersed, though afterwards I was personally acquainted with several of its members.

During the afternoon of my first day there I saw a good deal of the city of Melbourne. In itself it is not a town of very great size, for but few, comparatively, of its citizens live in it; it is the immense and numerous suburbs which surround Melbourne that give it its extent and population, which is estimated at nearly three hundred thousand. The suburbs I speak of are delightful, mostly composed of detached villas, whose verandahs are surrounded by gardens. Prahran, Richmond, and several more of the suburbs, are pleasantly built on the banks of the Yarra. There are several public parks and gardens in and around Melbourne, which are carefully kept, and are much enjoyed by the citizens; the botanical gardens are delightfully situated on the south bank of the Yarra, about two miles from the city. The gardens are much frequented, especially on the gala days, when the band plays in the afternoon; then the Victorian beauty and fashion

promenade beneath the grateful shade of antipodal trees.

I had promised to eat my first dinner on shore with my friends, the tragedian and his wife, and accordingly at half-past six I proceeded to Menzies' Hotel.

Oh! the delights of one's first dinner on shore after a long sea-voyage. No matter how good may have been the *cuisine* of the ship on which you have been imprisoned—and, indeed, little fault can be found, in justice, with the eating arrangements on board the ships of the Money Wigram line—it is the novelty, the change, the variety, which delight the senses on shore. The potatoes, perhaps, are new, peas may be in season; we eat beef instead of eternal mutton or pork, game instead of stringy fowls or ducks; and then the fresh eggs, and, above all, that long coveted delicacy—the oyster!

At my first dinner in Melbourne I imagined the Victorian oysters were the finest and most delicious in the world, but, alas! for the glamour of longing! I soon discovered they were small, coppery, and of very little flavour. In fact, from all I have heard, and from my own experience, there is not an oyster worth eating in the whole of the Pacific.

At the time of our arrival, the Theatre Royal was closed for repairs and re-decoration; and as the two

other theatres—the Haymarket and the Princess's—were not in working order, we had no theatre to visit after dinner. There was very little to be seen or done in Melbourne after dinner in the evening; however, I met some of my companions of the voyage, and that little, in their company, I saw and did. Before the grand opening of the Theatre Royal, the management gave a supper to the press, &c., to which the “star” which was about to rise on the dramatic firmament of Melbourne, accompanied by his humble satellite (myself), was invited. On this occasion, it was my pleasure to be introduced to that great wizard—the late Mr. Heller—whose necromancy, I considered, was infinitely surpassed by his magical touch on the pianoforte. We passed a pleasant and jovial evening.

The next night the Theatre Royal was re-opened. I was present in company with the new “star” and his wife. The house had a splendid appearance; a new temple of the drama now stands on its site; the old one was a prey to the devouring element a few years ago. It was decorated chiefly in crimson and gold. The play on the occasion was Byron's “Blow for Blow,” then a novelty in Melbourne; the principal character was played by a young lady of great beauty and considerable talent, Miss Rose Evans, who had just arrived from England; this was her first appearance in Australia. The poor

girl—the eminently clever actress—has since died; with sad feelings, and recollections of her brilliantly promising career, it was my mournful pleasure to decorate, some time ago, her already almost forgotten grave in the cemetery at Newcastle-upon-Tyne with wreaths of everlastings—everlastings—yes, as lasting as the smoke-like fame of ours, poor players that we are!

Rose Evans was a great favourite in Australia, and very successful there, also in California, and throughout the United States.

“Blow for Blow” was a great success, and ran a fortnight (strange; a great success in London runs hundreds of nights!), and then came the first appearance of my good friend, the new “star,” and my humble self. During the run of Byron’s play I necessarily had a good deal of time on my hands after the rehearsal was over. It was during this fortnight that I met that great actor and charming companion, Walter Montgomery, whose sad death is still mourned, and the circumstances attending it still excite pity amongst his admirers, and outrage the feelings of those who knew him and loved him best.

Poor Walter! he was loved and disliked, caressed and laughed at, during his long stay in Melbourne; his performance of Hamlet in the city took the people by storm, and is still considered by those

Victorians who saw him in that character in '68 the standard of fine acting as regards that part. He was often foolish in his fondness for courting publicity, and in the eccentricity of his dress and manners. On one occasion he rode up Collins Street standing on the back of his horse, to the amazement of the crowds of promenaders, for it was at four o'clock in the afternoon, when that thoroughfare is most crowded.

Many ill-disposed persons spread abroad evil reports concerning him—persons who were jealous of his popularity with the public, and of the favour and friendship vouchsafed to him by a certain royal personage who was then visiting the colony.

I knew him well; I liked him, and I admired him; in time we became intimate, for I met him in many places, and his name will frequently occur in these pages.

I brought a letter of introduction to the "friend of a friend" of mine, and on my third or fourth day in Melbourne I intended to deliver it. I heard that D—— (my friend's friend) lived at St. Kilda.

St. Kilda is a suburb of Melbourne, and is about three miles from the city; it is situated on the shore of a bay; a most pleasant place to live in, and famous for its bathing. I found D—— at home, confined to his house, suffering from a crushed knee-joint, owing to an accident when riding with

the Melbourne hounds. I found him all my friend had described him—a pleasant, genial fellow, and he soon divested me of some of my “new-chum-mishness.” In a short time I took up my quarters in his cottage at St. Kilda.

My friend, the tragic star, made his first appearance in Melbourne in a play adapted from the German by Tom Taylor; the tragedian had created quite a *furor* in London in the play. I played a small part in the drama on the same occasion—that of my first appearance on the “boards” at the antipodes. Being almost a novice I was very nervous and excited; however, all went well. The play and the “star” were a great success. At this time, at all events, the management and the company of the Theatre Royal were as good, if not better than of any theatre I have known. One of the members of the management was Mr. Hennings—a name well known at the antipodes—one of the cleverest scenic artists alive; and in the play in which we opened, and in “Hamlet,” which followed it, also in the “Merchant of Venice,” “The Corsican Brothers,” and other plays, the scenery he painted was equal to any I have ever seen.

The company at the Theatre Royal was very strong, and included, besides Miss Rose Evans, Miss Adelaide Bowring, formerly a well-known London favourite, John Steel, poor old John Dunn

the comedian, "Daddy" Rogers, one of the best "old men" I have ever seen, and who had never acted out of the Australian colonies; he is dead now. The three managers, besides the scenic artist I have already alluded to, were all excellent comedians; besides these the company included many local favourites. It was little wonder, then, that so capital an actor as the new "star," supported by so truly a good company, crammed the house for the three months before Christmas; in fact, these three months were, theatrically, the most brilliant season that the Royal had enjoyed for years. I can but call to mind the offensive discomfort of the "behind the scenes" of the old Royal. The stage itself was magnificent, but the pig-styes which served for dressing-rooms, the green-room, as usual, turned into a property-room, the unpleasantly odoriferous stage-entrance, incline me almost to rejoice that the cleansing element has removed such horrors.

The Chinese quarter was close to the theatre. On one occasion, during the first scene of the last act in "Hamlet," when the new "star" was playing Hamlet and myself Horatio, we were interrupted by a crackling as of fire above the roof of the theatre. The audience took the alarm in a moment, and a panic was imminent. Hamlet and myself roared at and implored the audience to keep their seats,

assuring them that there was no fire, although, at the time, I confess I was as startled as anyone, and surely thought the theatre was in flames. The audience rose, some screamed, and a few fainted; some of the "gods" who were agile descended to the stage by the fluted gilded columns. We shouted ourselves hoarse, and still there was no appearance of flames. Presently the crackling ceased, and gradually the audience re-seated itself. Upon inquiry we found that the alarm had been caused by crackers which the playful heathen had thrown upon the iron roof of the theatre to frighten the haughty Christian.

This, I am thankful to say, has been my only personal experience of a panic caused by an alarm of fire in any theatre in which I have ever played.

CHAPTER III.

ST. KILDA—FATAL BATHING—CANOEING ON THE YARRA—A RACE
WITH A STEAMER—EMILIA STABBED IN "OTHELLO"—A TOKEN
OF APPRECIATION FROM THE "GODS"—A DARING AMATEUR—
A STOUP OF LIQUOR—A HOT WIND—THE RACES

"The woman falls; sure he has killed his wife."

OTHELLO, *Act V.*

"*Hamlet.* Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make
the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve." . . .

"And let your clowns speak no more than is set down for them."

HAMLET, *Act III.*

ON horseback, I scoured the country around Melbourne. Once, when riding to Mordialloch, about twelve miles from town, I saw my first snake, a brown monster which crossed my horse's path, and caused him to rear and dance with fright, and it was some time before his nerves were quieted.

The weather (October and November) was now most glorious, and the bathing season at St. Kilda had begun in earnest.

Of the many bathing establishments on the shores of the bay, the "Old Ship" was undoubtedly



the largest and the best. It consisted of several acres of the bay railed in—the rails closely placed together, so as to preclude the possibility of an unexpected visit from a shark, and along one side of the space railed off, numbers of small dressing-rooms were constructed on a covered platform, about six feet in breadth.

From this platform ladders and stairs took you to the sea's surface; or, if you preferred it, you could take a header into the water from diving-boards placed at different heights all along the platform. The depth of this bathing-place was from anything to twenty feet, and it was one of the most enjoyable and safest sea-baths in the world.

I witnessed a lamentable accident in this bathing-place on one occasion; a man, without inquiring the depth of the water beneath the diving-board on which he was standing, and being ignorant of the fact that the tide was extremely low, dashed headforemost into the sea, which at that spot was scarcely three feet deep, and broke his neck on the sandy bottom. The body was quickly recovered; we none of us cared to continue our bath that day.

A pastime which delighted me in Melbourne was canoeing.

I hired a canoe; it was "fancy"-rigged, for that is the only term by which I can describe the strange shape of its sail, which was very large,



and, in squally weather, very dangerous. The canoe was furnished with a rudder with a neat appliance by which I could steer with my feet. I made some delightful voyages on the Yarra, and, although I had some narrow escapes, I had never an upset until my ambition took me and my canoe, below the falls, among the shipping. I proceeded by paddle down the stream, some two miles and a-half, against a rapidly rising wind, and in constant terror of being upset by the swell of passing steamers. At a bend of the river, which was still rather narrow, I observed a steamer, larger than usual, approaching me, and I could see at a glance that, in the swell of her screw my little cockle-shell would have no chance, so I determined to "b'out ship" and run for it. The steamer was about a quarter of a mile from me, and, hoisting my sail in a stiff breeze—holding the sheets in my hand and steering with my feet—I seemed to fly through the water. It appeared to be a matter of choice whether I was to be upset by the wind or the steamer. We kept on. I glanced behind me and found the steamer had gained upon me considerably, and as I was now among the shipping, an upset would have been extremely awkward, and if the breeze should drop—but it did not, in fact it was increasing. Every moment the canoe heeled over, and I was obliged to let out the sheets to

ease the sail. I could now see that some of the passengers on board the steamer were watching and enjoying the race; thinking, no doubt, that a good ducking would be a fit reward for one who had brought his earthenware jar among so many iron pots. The race continued, and, by the time we were opposite the wharf where the steamer was to stop (some thirty yards from the falls), I was about ten yards ahead, and in the rough water, which is called the whirlpool (fearful in name, but harmless in character), I was elated with the success of my sail, and was beginning to think of landing, when, alas! for human pride, a sudden gust, and I was in the water! The canoe quickly righted, and I swam, pushing it before me, to the shore, where, amid the laughter and chaff of the loungers, stevedores, and loafers, I landed, and had my canoe carried to the boat-house. After this I contented myself with canoeing above the falls.

There is excellent bream-fishing in the salt-water river, a stream which joins the Yarra at its mouth. Often, in company with our "low comedian" and our "juvenile man," both great fishermen, I have spent a very pleasant day on the banks of the river, and have brought home a fine basket of fish.

Night after night the Royal was crowded, and the pockets of the "star," and the coffers of the trea-

sury, were rapidly filling. "Othello" was produced, and was a great success; the "star" of course played the Moor, but, after the first week of the run of the tragedy, he took the part of Iago, and on the third night of his playing that part, a sad accident occurred in the last scene. Before the "star" had left England, a new and valuable sword had been presented to him, which, prior to using on the stage, he omitted to have blunted. In the scene in which Iago stabs Emilia, the new sword proved its temper only too well; it passed through the heavy folds of the velvet robe which was worn by the actress, and penetrated, piercing through, the upper part of the thigh. The hysterical shrieks uttered by the lady were at first loudly applauded and cheered by the audience, who thought it was an unusually fine piece of acting, but a few seconds served to show that the agony of the unfortunate actress was too real; Iago, horror-stricken, rushed forward and caught her in his arms, at the same time, conscious of the accident, imploring the audience, if a surgeon were among them, to send him on the stage. The doctor arrived, and the curtain was dropped; he assured us, and, afterwards, the audience, that, on examination, the wound he found neither dangerous nor even serious. However the actress was confined to her bed for some weeks, and suffered severely.

About the time of this unfortunate accident, I remember the farce "A Kiss in the Dark" was played. Among those who were to act in it was a young man, an amateur, who, finding himself on his beam-ends, or nearly so, took to the stage as a means of support. He was a very good fellow, and had once been an officer in the army. Acting was certainly not his calling, but he was a pleasant companion—had a nice little cottage at Prahran, presided over by a kind and charming wife. Poor fellow! He was always a "crushed actor," but in the part of the lover in the farce he thought he saw a chance of distinguishing himself.

The night came, and he began his part; all went well at first, but presently, during a short soliloquy, he heard something fall close to him with a "flop;" fortunately, being very short-sighted, he did not see what it was until the farce was over; he imagined the laughing was a compliment to his comic powers. His horror and disgust were terrible when he discovered that some ill-disposed "god" had shown his want of appreciation of the actor's skill by throwing a dead eel at him from the gallery.

I remember once hearing of an old Scotch lady whose son, an utter "ne'er-do-well," had caused her much grief; she was pouring out her sorrows into the ear of her bosom friend, saying, "Aye, he's

just an awfu' lad! We wanted him to gang into the ministry, ye'll ken; but he wadna; a surgeon—nae—never a surgeon he'd be; sae he tried the sea, and he tried the army, we got him into a bank, but they could nae keep him, he was sae awfu' wild; we sent him out to Australia, but he's come back again without aye a baubee; he's just nae guid at a' for onything in this world, so he'll just have to go on to the stage and be an actor."

And many there are whose *dernier ressort* it is to go on the stage in the full belief that their so doing must make them actors. Much such a one as the wild and wilful son of the good Scotch dame was a young Victorian I met, who, finding he was very little good at anything, but having proved himself tolerably successful in playing the part of Dazzle in "London Assurance," at some private theatricals, determined to take to the stage as his profession.

A celebrated English actor was at that time starring on the Melbourne boards, and "Macbeth" was about to be produced. The young amateur having obtained an introduction to the management, and by interest having obtained a nominal engagement, was cast for the part of Lenox.

Every actor remembers well the difficulty which the one "big" speech in Lenox' part brings to the novice; somehow or other the part very often falls into the hands of a beginner (myself to wit); the

young amateur pooh-poohed all idea of difficulty connected with the part, and looked forward to his first appearance with great confidence.

It is in the second act, after the murder of Duncan, that the speech to which I refer, occurs. Macduff and Lenox enter the castle in the dull, early morning; distant thunder continues its rumbling; Macduff enters the chamber where Duncan lies murdered. Lenox was left on the stage with Macbeth. The words, according to the poet, run as follows:—

“ Lenox (after a pause.) Goes the King hence to-day ?

Macbeth. He does; he did appoint it so.

Lenox. The night has been unruly; where we lay

Our chimneys were blown down; and as they say

Lamentings heard in the air: strange screams of death

And prophesyings, with accents terrible,

Of dire combustion, and confused events

New hatched to the woeful time.

The obscure bird clamoured the live-long night,

Some say the earth was feverous, and did shake.”

Our young amateur spoke thus:—

“ Lenox (very boldly.) Goes the King hence to-day ?

Macbeth. He does; he did appoint it so.

Lenox (feeling rather nervous about the speech, and consequently beginning in a very loud tone.)

The night has been unruly; where we lay—ah—ah—

Our chimneys were blown down.

(A long pause, and then with a bright idea, as with a fresh commencement.)

As they say—(a pause, and then louder.)

And as they say—(*a longer pause, and again louder.*)

And as they say—(*a pause ; he is going to "dry up," but happily the obscure bird comes to his remembrance, and with it all his presence of mind again ; then with a fine burst of declamation, he continued*)—

The owl sat up on the top of the roof.

In fact, my lord, not a soul in the castle closed a wink."

I need scarcely say this young amateur never became a professional.

The most experienced actor occasionally gets "his tongue into a knot." I once heard a very famous tragedian, when playing Claude Melnotte in the "Lady of Lyons," speak of the box given to his "grand—grand—greatmother !"

I have twice heard that common and ridiculous mistake made by a utility man in "Richard the Third," "Stand back, my lord, and let the parson cough," instead of "coffin pass." It is not difficult to make a nervous actor or actress misplace a word, it is easy and unkind.

I once chaffed a lady who was going to play the player Queen in "Hamlet," and was nervous, into saying :—

"Nor earth to me give heaven, nor food light."

I regretted it, and have never tried to set actor or actress wrong in a part since.

The best Shakespearian riddle I ever heard was

from Hamlet. When the first grave-digger, in the last act of Hamlet, asks the second grave-digger to "get him to Yaughan to fetch him a stoup of liquor," what liquor does he bring back? "A gallon o' beer." (A gal on a bier)

"Shoppv" riddles abound in the theatre, many of them quite incomprehensible out of it; poor wit, the issue of long "waits" in the green-room.

Once, in the banquetting scene in Macbeth, over the paste-board dainties, a brother actor, whose "muse had laboured," and was thus delivered, whispered to me. "How do we know that Macbeth was a wardrobe man?" (a keeper of theatrical costumes.) I could not guess the answer; he told me:—"Because he says to Banquo's ghost 'Take any other shape but that;' a "shape" in theatrical parlance, meaning a costume with "trunks" in contradistinction to a "shirt" or "hauberk."

At the beginning of December, the season of the legitimate drama at the Royal came to an end; a burlesque was put upon the stage while the grand Christmas pantomime was in preparation.

The weather was now beginning to be fiercely hot, and I had already experienced the discomforts of a north-east wind; it is suffocating, the clouds

of dust rose mountains high, and, no matter how securely you may fasten your windows and doors, the fine sand will force its way into the room, and then the intense heat, and the choking sensation, almost disgust you with the "delightful" Australian clime; after a time the northern blast dies away, and the icy southern breeze comes up and almost chills the marrow in your bones.

I remember, on the great day of the Melbourne races in December, when I was starting from St. Kilda, it was blowing a furious gale from the north-east, producing a dust and heat the effects of which I can scarcely describe, causing a languor which made moving a distress, and walking almost an impossibility. My costume was of the lightest description, but I almost wished the *rude* gale would divest me of the little I was wearing.

I reached the Melbourne station, and entered the crowded train which was to carry me to the race-course; about a mile from the station the train came to a stand-still, and we poor passengers in the over-crowded carriage were parched and panting for breath, although we were fanned by a strong breeze, which instead of reviving or refreshing us, added every moment to our discomfort. Suddenly, however, a passenger, seated by the window, exclaimed. "By Jove, the wind has changed!"



And surely enough, in ten minutes, the wind had veered round to the south, and the windows of the carriage were pulled up to keep out the cold blast, and I was frozen all day in my light and airy costume.

The Melbourne race-course is one of the finest I have ever seen. It is a large plain, with a gentle sloping hill on one side of it, forming a magnificent natural grand-stand. The grand-stand itself is built upon this hill, and upon the lawn beneath it, on great race-days, the beauty and fashion of Melbourne, which delight to congregate there, convert the spot into a sort of Antipodean Goodwood.

CHAPTER IV.

BALLARAT—THE “WELCOME STRANGER”—TRAGEDY AT BALLARAT
—CHRISTMAS IN MELBOURNE—“DADDY” ROGERS OF THE
ROYAL—THE SQUATTER’S STORY.

“*Romeo.* Gold, worse poison to men’s souls
Doing more murders in this loathsome world.”

ROMEO AND JULIET, *Act V.*

“*Brackenbury.* No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you
I am afraid methinks to hear you tell it.”

RICHARD III., *Act III.*

IN December, some of the company of the Royal—those who were not required for the production of the pantomime—were drafted to the Theatre at Ballarat; I was amongst the number who were sent up country.

A tedious and hot journey by rail, lasting about five hours, and we arrived at our destination, some hundred miles north-west of Melbourne, the mining metropolis of Victoria—the city of Ballarat. It was a large place, and possessed a fine theatre; fine as to its exterior, upon which, I should imagine, most of the money spent upon the building was



wasted. "To what base uses we may return, Horatio!" I understand this temple of the drama is now a brewery!

I was recommended to a hotel, but "a certain convocation of politic"—well *not* "worms," together with the blood-thirsty attack of the savage Mosquitos, making night hideous, quickly drove me to seek a new hostelry.

Of course I saw the sights of Ballarat; one of the most curious of which was the appearance of a certain hill, close to the town, the name of it I forget; its inside, if I may so term it, had been completely washed out in search of the precious metal, and had yielded, I was told gold to the value of millions sterling. #

I was taken to the spot where the "Welcome Stranger" nugget was found. I was told of the men who had been working near the spot, how they had toiled for days without even obtaining a "colouring;" how they were reduced nearly to starvation, but were determined to work for one day more, when heigh presto! they came upon this immense mass of gold, weighing I believe two hundred pounds troy, over eight thousand pounds sterling. I believed in the finding of the nugget, but I doubted the story of the starving men, for I understand the same romance is generally attached to the discovery of every very large mass of gold.

I went down into a gold-mine, which, like a quicksand, had sucked in gold enough to make several fortunes, without giving any of the precious metal in return. I thought I must have brought luck to the mine, for the first gold which was ever discovered in it, I picked from the side of the shaft; to be sure it was only a bit the size of the head of a small pin, but then it was gold,—the first “colouring” that had as yet been found in the mine,—and, alas for the proprietors, I believe it was the last, and the company owning it soon afterwards came to grief.

The drives around Ballarat were delightful; the most enjoyable of all was that to Mount Buninyong. It was a drive of some miles to the village which was at the foot of the mount; there we left our buggy and walked to the summit. It was hard work, but, when we got to the top at last, we were well repaid for our exertions. The view of the surrounding country, which was well watered and wooded, was magnificent in beauty and extent, regarded from all points. Standing on a pinnacle, as it were, we looked north, south, east, and west. The mountain itself was beautifully wooded, and, had it not been for the dread of snakes, the birds and foliage—the latter interlaced with flowering parasites—would have made the descent alone enjoyable.



The poor actor and his work are, I fear, never appreciated by the Ballarat public. The stage is to it almost as a red rag to a bull, in spite of the fact that the community is composed to so great an extent of miners, who, as a rule are not very particular as to their morals, good or otherwise. There were, at the time of which I am writing, a great many "goody" people, who, in their own opinion, would not be so wicked as to enter a theatre, but who would delight in a similar performance when given in the Exhibition building.

Our company did not succeed in cramming the house during our stay at Ballarat. In spite of this, native talent, in the person of the manager of the theatre, spouted and bellowed, and pleased itself, if not its public.

One night, during the performance of "Othello," Miss Rose Evans was playing Desdemona, and I Roderigo, in the first scene of the second act; the Iago of the occasion came to the speech—

"My muse labours, and thus, &c."

The end of the speech, as is well known, runs—

"She was a wight if ever such wight were.

Desdemona. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

But the unfortunate Iago, in reply to Desdemona's

“To do what?” with his wits wandering elsewhere, replied, “To suckle small beer.” And then, becoming suddenly aware he had made a mistake, and nervously trying to correct himself, continued, “And chronicle—ah—ah—small—females.”

The house was convulsed with laughter, and on the stage it was useless to attempt to smother our amusement; when at last, however, the noise had somewhat subsided, Miss Evans—who particularly disliked the personator of Iago—continued her part—

“Oh most lame and impotent conclusion—”

and of course the house came down again in peals of laughter, and it was some time before the play could proceed with the gravity due to such a tragedy.

Before I left Melbourne for Ballarat I had accepted an invitation from my friend—the hero of the dead eel compliment—to dine with him on Christmas-day. My engagement at Ballarat having terminated on the 24th, I at once started for Melbourne. I arrived at Prahran, at my friend’s house, on the Christmas morning; even as I entered the door my nostrils were saluted with the odours of good things preparing; we were to dine early—two o’clock.

Our party was to be eight, six guests, besides our host and his wife; and the dinner was being

cooked by "Daddy" Rogers, the first old man of the Theatre Royal, who was quite as great in the art of cooking as he was in the art of acting, and whose love of both arts was only equalled by his love of eating. Certainly the dinner was a success, and "Daddy," the *chef*, excelled himself on this occasion in cooking as he did in eating. Our turkey, a wild one, and Australian, marvellously stuffed with mystery, was followed by a dish of delicious Australian snipe; and in copious draughts of iced Australian wine, of the finest quality (and some of it is fine), we drank to our absent friends, who were enjoying their Christmas among the snow and ice (this is to be antithetic or poetic, rain and fog would be nearer the truth) at our antipodes.

After dinner we adjourned with our cigars and coffee to the small garden at the back of the house, sheltered by a net-work of vines, which were trained, and displayed their delicious fruit over our heads.

We passed a very pleasant afternoon. Of course we talked "shop," five out of the eight being professionals. Anecdotes and reminiscences of all kinds were told. One story, related by a squatter, who had come to spend Christmas with his friend, our host, occurs to me now, and, extraordinary as the story may appear, I can vouch for its truth;

I give it, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words :—

THE SQUATTER'S SNAKE STORY.

“ About six years ago, soon after my arrival in Victoria, I was staying with my friend, Sherwood, who had, and has, a run some seventy miles to the north-east of Melbourne; there I was endeavouring to pick up something of up-country life before I turned squatter myself.

“ Our nearest neighbour, Maitland was his name, held a run five miles off; this Maitland was a fine fellow, bright, light-hearted, clever, and amusing, the delight of any company in which he found himself; he had just been married—I am speaking of the time of my arrival at Sherwood's station—his wife was a beautiful woman, and charming as she was beautiful. One evening Maitland, shouldering his axe, started for a gully some distance from his house, with the intention of cutting firewood. The gully was a lovely spot—for, as you will hear, I afterwards visited it—one mass of ferns and flowering creepers. He came across a log lying rotting on the ground, the very thing for his purpose; previous to chopping it up to carry away, he turned it over; a snake, which was coiled beneath it, made a spring, and seized the end of his thumb with its fangs; he shook it off, and in a moment it had glided away into the bush; it was

one of the most venomous snakes we have, and for the moment poor Maitland thought his time had come. The next instant, however, his axe was in his hand, and his mutilated thumb on the log; the axe was raised and—whack!—the end of his thumb was off. He bound up the stump as well as he could, and ran home to the station; his wife then tied it up tightly with string, and so arrested the bleeding, and sent off a servant on horseback for the nearest doctor, some fifteen miles away. In time the surgeon arrived, and managed to give poor Maitland a very promising stump. After some weeks the wound was healed, and the poison from the bite of the snake never had the slightest effect.

“At his wife’s request he determined to give a grand pic-nic in celebration of his wonderful escape. A great number of people from the neighbouring stations accepted the invitations to be present, among them myself and the Sherwoods.

“It was decided that the pic-nic should take place in the gully I have alluded to, not far from the scene of the accident, and every preparation was made in order that the fête might be enjoyed by all. A large wool-shed was cleared of its contents, and decorated for a ball-room, in which dancing was to be the order of the night.

“The day came—a glorious Australian summer day. It was a merry party, and congratulations

on his marvellous escape were showered on our host. At length the popping of champagne corks came at longer intervals, and, luncheon being over, our host proposed to conduct us to the spot where the accident occurred. Several of the company tried to dissuade him, but the majority were anxious to visit the place, so, following our host, we presently stood by the log while he described the whole affair.

“ ‘By the way,’ he said, ‘I wonder if I could find my poor thumb; why, I declare, this must be it!’ And before anyone could stop him, he had stooped and picked up a swollen, black, and filthy substance that might have been a thumb or anything nasty. Several of us cried to him to throw it down, but he quietly said—“Poor old thumb!” and raised the poisonous, putrid mass twice to his nostrils, and suddenly staggered and fell back apparently in a faint. We tried in vain to rally him. The doctor who had attended him from the time of the accident fortunately was present, but even his efforts to bring him to were unavailing. Brandy and ammonia were resorted to, but in vain.

“The party was broken up; the gaiety was gone—alarm in each face; and presently everyone of the guests—except a few of Mrs. Maitland’s most intimate friends, who stayed to try to comfort her in her distress and grief, which were truly terrible—had ordered

their buggy or horse, and was on their way home.

"Gradually poor Maitland's breathing became stertorous—he was sinking fast, and by the next morning he was dead. I cannot, of course, pretend to account for his so sudden death, but the doctor's opinion was that the cause of it was blood-poisoning. Mrs. Maitland was for some time nearly out of her mind. After a while she was sent home to England, but her health was broken, and, shortly after her arrival in the old country, she also died.

"We mourned for our poor friend for long. 'But come,' said the squatter, refilling his glass, 'this is but a doleful story for so jovial a gathering—let us have a song. Now, L——' (turning to me) 'tune up and bring new life in the company.' We were presently rousing the immediate neighbourhood with our harmonious chorus. Then followed anecdote and story, each one or other beginning with the stereotyped phrase, "That reminds me." At length, after some wonderful description given by our host of the daring of an English woman during the Caffre wars, one of our party, a Mr. Montague, a wealthy squatter from New Zealand, who had not as yet taken much part in the conversation, exclaimed, "Ah! that reminds me."

With very little pressing he began his story, and, again as nearly as I can in the words of the narrator, I produce it in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

"HOW THE BELLE OF DUNEDIN GOT MARRIED."

"*Portia.* But this reasoning is not of the fashion to choose me a husband; oh me; that word choose!

Nerissa. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Portia. I pray thee over-name them; and as thou namest them I will describe them, and, according to my description, level at my affection."—MERCHANT OF VENICE, *Act I.*

"IT was in the year '64 that I landed at Port Chalmers from a regular old coffin ship which had taken 125 days to bring me from the old country. I stayed a few days in Dunedin, and started for the Molyneux, or Clutha, district, some sixty miles south.

"My cousins, the Maidlars, had a large property on the banks of the Molyneux river, some nine miles from its mouth, and about five from the township of Balclutha—that is, if you walked up the river on the banks—by road the Maidlars lived about three miles from the township. They were

also possessed of an extensive sheep and cattle station called Mountain End, which was about twenty miles from the low-land property I have just alluded to, which rejoiced in the peculiar name of Borbycar.

“I journeyed to the Clutha by one of Cobb’s coaches—railways were not dreamed of in Otago in those days; and, interrupting the story which as yet I have scarcely commenced, I must tell you of a small but, as I thought, an amusing incident typical of, we will call it, the middle-class society of Otago in those days. We arrived at Tokomairiro, at the hotel which was then the half-way house between Dunedin and the Molyneux; there we were allowed time to dine, and an excellent *table d’hôte* was provided.

“Our coach had been followed from Dunedin by a post-chaise. On our drawing up at the door of the half-way house, the chaise was about half-a-mile behind us. We sat down to the good fare our host of the Tokomairiro hotel had provided for us, and the soup had just been placed on the table when the occupants of the post-chaise entered the room. They were two ladies (heaven forgive me for mis-calling them); the elder was short, stout, red, vulgar, and overdressed in the extreme; as to being overdressed the younger took after her mamma, for, as it soon appeared, they were mother and

daughter; but she was beautiful—yes, very beautiful, and almost ladylike. Evidently they were the wife and daughter of some fortunate miner, and were returning from some periodical shopping visit to Dunedin.

“They took their seats, which evidently had been reserved for them, at the table on the right of mine host, and partook—that must be the word—of the soup with a somewhat unpleasant noise, not unlike a suction tube out of gear.

“The soup was removed, and a joint of boiled mutton was placed before mine host; he, in the politest of tones, turned to the younger lady on his right, and asked if he might have the pleasure of sending her a slice; she answered with a graceful shrug of the shoulders, and in the most dulcet tones, ‘Oh no, I thank you, it is too d—d fat.’ Some of us laughed, but the fair maiden was evidently unconscious of having said anything unusual for a lady of her condition; which, perhaps, may have been the case.

“We resumed our journey, and I reached my destination. I was warmly welcomed by my cousins, whom, by-the-by, I had never seen before. There were three of them; James, the eldest, with his wife and large and yearly-increasing family, lived in what I might call a bijou wooden palace, which was surrounded by a large and

beautiful garden containing a magnificent and well-kept bowling-green or croquet lawn, smooth as a billiard table. This was "Borbycar." Three quarters of a mile off, through the bush, was the Belt, another house and garden situated by the river's side. My cousin James was a Justice of the Peace. George (No. 2 cousin) was also married, and, as a rule, lived at the station. William (cousin No. 3) was still a bachelor, sometimes residing at the Belt, sometimes at the station. The house at the Belt had been built by my cousin's father, who had given it that name because it was cosily nestled in the midst of a circular belt, or crescent of trees and bush, which sheltered it from all winds. Their father had also planted a fine orchard, which, under the shelter of the surrounding trees, was yearly giving a splendid crop of fruit. The Belt was now used as, and sometimes called the bachelor's barracks; and here, when any of my cousin's cousins (this by parenthesis—Otago was a Scotch colony) came to visit the Maidlars, it was the scene of many an orgy.

"I soon made friends with my antipodal relations and William, or Bill, very quickly became my great "chum." Before a week had passed at Borbycar, I went up to the station; there I was taught to be a stock-rider, and in a few months I learned something of the art and science of up-country sheep-

farming in New Zealand. I must by the way inform you—else you might jump to the conclusion that sheep-farming in itself could be learned in a few months—that I had devoted two years to acquiring knowledge as farmer and shepherd in Scotland, before I came out to the Antipodes. My acquaintance with my cousin Bill soon ripened into friendship; we were inseparable, and with him I had visited all the stations within twenty miles of Mountain End, and had formed a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

“Summer was now drawing near, and news came up to the station from Borbycar that Fanny Tubstyle, the belle of Dunedin—the bosom friend of Mrs. James Maidlar—was shortly going to stay there. It seemed to be a foregone conclusion even then that one of the many bachelors round the Belt would be lucky enough to secure the prize before the summer should pass away.

“The sheep-shearing up at the station was over, and we were all asked to go down to the Belt to take part in some festivities which were about to come off “on the Molyneux.” My cousin Bill and I looked out our best cords and our neatest top-boots. I, having arrived comparatively lately from the old country with a prodigious outfit, as is usually the case with “new chums,” had the pull over my cousin in the dressing department; however, both



being about the same size, I offered him the pick of my wardrobe. We were determined to lose no chance of making a favourable impression upon the belle.

“ We rode down to the Belt, arriving there late in the afternoon. There we found a goodly company of bachelors already assembled. There was little Jack Johns, the Maidlars’ cousin; Macintyre, who paid more attention to “loo” than to his cattle station, for which he afterwards paid dearly; George Richards, the brother-in-law of my cousin George, and three or four other good fellows. After a merry meal, we all adjourned to Borbycar, and were introduced to the belle of Dunedin—Miss Fanny Tubstyle.

“ How can I describe her? A dark beauty was she, with a most expressive face. A pair of those wonderful eyes which Thackeray describes so well when he tells of the beauty of Becky Sharpe, a bright green, shaded by black eye-lashes of wondrous length, eyes which, when melting with love; would move an anchorite, when flashing with rage would terrify a tyrant.’ There’s a description, after that I shall write a five-act tragedy. ‘ And then her lips—oh!’ as Sir Anthony says in the “Rivals.” Well, when I was a youth I believe I was stage-struck, I played many parts as an amateur; among others, I acted the Duke in the ‘Honey-

moon,' by Tobin, as of course you all know. Do you remember the lines? they describe, as far as my recollections go, the belle of Dunedin to perfection :

“ ‘ With no more diamonds than compose those eyes,
No deeper rubies than compose those lips,
No pearls more precious than inhabit them.’

And then her form; there I will not attempt to describe any more, or your chuckling will break out into open chaff. Well, well, I humbly confess I was very much in love with the divine Fanny then; she had the bad taste not to reciprocate, and in a few months I loved her no more. *Sic transit, &c.* Well the first evening at Borbycar passed only too quickly. At eleven o'clock the bachelors returned to their barracks at the Belt.

“ Till two hours past midnight we sat over our pipes and our “J.D.K.Z.,” (Hollands, in those days the staple spirit of the country, so much so it was often called the “light wine of the country”), discussing the fair vision at Borbycar. On two points we were unanimous; one that she was the most lovely being on earth, the other that we were all head over heels in love with her; poor little Jack Johns, who to do him justice was about as ugly a little specimen of humanity as Dame Nature ever turned out, sat in a corner on a stool, and between the fitful puffs from his pipe, in melancholy accents confessed his hopeless love.

"It was generally agreed that I had the best chance of capturing the heart of the beautiful belle. You may think it strange now, but I was tolerably good-looking in those days ; apart from this, the bachelor conclave summed up my best points, those which would tend most to my success ; first, I was the latest arrival from England, then I had more conversation than the rest, or, as they politely put it, the gift of the gab ; then I could play the piano, sing, I could dance the latest waltz ; I was a something of a poet (as who is not now-a-days ?) ; in fine, it was unanimously declared that on this the first evening at Borbycar, I was first favourite with the belle.

"On the following day we got up boxing and racing matches at the Belt, and the 'meeting' was honoured by the presence of the ladies from Borbycar, and from several of the 'places' in the neighbourhood.

"At school I had been somewhat famous for running a mile in very quick time, a performance which was doubted by some of the Belt Bachelor contingent. A wager was made that I could not run a mile in five minutes ; I accepted the challenge, and Mr. Macintyre backed himself to beat me at the distance. The mile was measured by chain in a field close to the house, and the race was to be a principal feature in the afternoon's amusements.

We started. Could it have been the presence of the object of my—nay our—adoration which gave wings to my heels? I ran the mile in four minutes forty seconds, leaving Macintry a quarter of a mile behind.

“At boxing I was equally successful; in the noble art of self-defence, science generally tells well against mere strength; of the former my antagonists knew very little, and I was comparatively fresh from English gymnasia. That evening over our nondescript meal which served for dinner at the Belt, my bachelor friends decided that, after my success, I was bound to be the winner of the beauty. Later on, we were again at Borbycar and like moths hovered around the brightness of our common adoration, once more singeing our wings, and I went so far as to flatter myself into believing that the divine being received my attentions with even greater kindness than before.

“A Mr. Fergus lived on the opposite side of the river, and had just built and furnished a handsome wooden domicile, and on the evening following the Belt sports, Mrs. Fergus gave a house-warming. A large party it was; the Maid-lars and Miss Tubstile arrived from Borbycar, and the Belt bachelor contingent was there. How often I waltzed with the divine Fanny clasped in my arms, I cannot now remember; I know,

greatly to my disgust, my good—or as I thought then odious—hostess Mrs. Fergus, in her loud, cracked voice, openly congratulated me on my success with the Dunedin beauty.

“It was an early party, and supper was to wind up the festivities. Mrs. Fergus could no longer find opportunity to watch my ever-increasing attentions to my adoration; her attention was too much taken up with her own fears regarding her new furniture, her table-cloths, and her gaudy new carpet, which was every moment in danger from claret or champagne spillings from the glasses of the hilarious bachelors.

“At length supper was over, and the company began to depart. The Borbycar party were preparing to be gone, and I was carefully wrapping up the sweet Fanny to guard her from the night air, when suddenly we were all alarmed by the most terrible screams, proceeding apparently from the capacious lungs of our hostess in the dining-room.

“We hastened to her assistance, expecting to see her in flames. Poor woman! Her favourite cat, taking advantage of the absence of the guests, had sneaked into the room, and succeeded in dragging the carcase of a duck with its savoury belongings, across the cloth, off the table, and over the gaudy new carpet. Mrs. Fergus had entered and had

given chase; she had tripped over a stool, and catching the table-cloth to save herself in her fall, was lying a screaming mass, covered with the remains of the feast, in a perfect lake of wines and gravy. My enemy of the night was prostrate. Can this be Nemesis, thought I?

"A few days after Mrs. Fergus's house-warming, I had to go up to the station on business for a day. I was somewhat disappointed, but I was obliged to go. There was a party at Borbycar on the evening upon which I was to start. My cousin William asked me to ride a new horse of his to the station, a thorough-bred, to give him exercise. I was to call at Borbycar as I passed from the Belt, for letters, messages, &c.; this, of course, I was by no means loth to do.

"I carefully dressed myself, for would not my adored one at Borbycar witness my departure? I encased my lower members with true colonial pride in the tightest of cords, and my poor feet in the neatest of top-boots. I mounted my cousin's thorough-bred, seventeen hands high quite, and cantered round to Borbycar. It was early in the evening, and the whole party came out on to the lawn to see the new horse and witness my departure. *She* was there.

"In my youthful days I imagined I was a good horseman, and prided myself on my neat appear-



ance on horseback. I dismounted to shake hands and chat with the idol of my heart, whom I was about to leave for quite twenty-four hours at least. I took the bundle of letters, and received the messages for the family at the station, and proceeded to mount. The horse was restive; however, with a little management I got the toe of my foot into the stirrup, and sprang into—but, alas! for human conceit! A loud crack as I touched the saddle announced the fact that I had split my tightly fitting nether garments to ribbons—a roar of laughter convinced me that my mishap was perceived by the gentlemen present at all events, and, in deep mortification, I turned a sad farewell glance towards the fair one, who had turned away with Mrs. Maidlar, and was evidently laughing also. I spurred the horse, and the next moment we were flying over a ditch and rail fence, nor did I draw rein till a steep hill compelled the thorough-bred to slacken his speed for want of breath. I thought of my ridiculous appearance, and of the loud guffaw from my envious Belt companions which greeted my discomfiture, and—a very big ‘and’ too—the object of my adoration was there; she joined in the laugh against me. And as I rode on I thought of her I loved, and then of the list of love-sick bachelors, and then my cousin Bill; it suddenly occurred to me that, of us all he showed

the fewest signs of suffering from the common disease of love, and fretted less than any of us at his non-success with the fair beauty.

“I was detained at the station longer than I expected, and two days passed before I returned to the Belt. On my arrival I was told that my cousin had ridden over to the island—a tract of some acres which divided the Molyneux into two streams—with the intention of driving back some cattle, which he intended to swim across the river, instead of bringing them all the way round by the ferry.

“Now, being summer-time, the river, which was principally fed by the snow melting on the mountains in the interior of the Middle Island, was very full, and the current tremendously swift. I put my horse into his stable, and determined to walk along the bank of the river and see how Bill got on. I had strolled along for about a mile, when I saw a dark object floating towards me down the stream, at the rate of about three miles an hour; in a moment I made out that it was a man; in the next I recognized that it was my cousin William. Every instant he was under the water, and again rising to the surface; I knew he could scarcely swim a stroke. Without a moment’s hesitation I divested myself of my coat and boots, and plunged into the eddying stream, just as he was passing the spot where I had been standing. A few vigorous

strokes brought me close to him ; he was too far gone to struggle with me ; I seized him and endeavoured to strike out for the shore, but with such a burden and in such a rushing stream I soon found that the most I could do was to keep him and myself afloat ; and, indeed, every now and then the eddies, or rather whirlpools, were so strong that we were both drawn beneath the surface. I was fast becoming exhausted, when, turning my eyes to the bank, I dimly saw the figure of a woman on horseback, cantering along and shouting to us. In my peril I recognized the clear ringing voice of Miss Fanny Tubstyle.

“I could not distinguish what it was she was shouting to us, but suddenly she whipped her horse and galloped on a-head, and descending the bank, she and Becky Sharp (that was her mare, I must inform you, a beautiful animal) advanced into the river by means of a sandy spit which jutted out some yards into the stream.

“I quickly discerned her object, and made desperate struggles to reach the spot where she and Becky Sharp were standing in water which reached the mare’s girths. I could not do it ; my strength was gone, and I could see that we should pass the sandy point some yards from the spot where she was waiting for us. She saw this also, and whipping the animal, Becky plunged into the

river, and I could see that she was swimming, I at once recognized the extreme danger Miss Tubstyle was incurring in her endeavour to save us, for it is a most difficult thing to keep your saddle when your horse is swimming under you, and I afterwards heard that it was his inability to do this which brought poor William into his dire predicament.

“Suddenly an eddy swung us round ; my strength was gone ; we both sank beneath the surface once more, and I lost my hold of poor Bill ; when I came up again I saw the courageous Fanny dragging my cousin to the shore, and her right hand firmly grasping the hair of poor Bill’s head. Another moment and they were both safe on the bank.

“Relieved of my burden, I soon found strength to reach the shore alone, and with assistance, which the brave little lady’s shrieks had brought to hand, we quickly conveyed the half-drowned William to the Belt, where he speedily recovered his senses.

“Miss Tubstyle and myself were the hero and heroine of the hour. The Belt bachelors construed my attempt to save the life of my dear friend and cousin into an ‘heroic act,’ and in their minds Miss Tubstyle’s courageous conduct could only have been prompted by the dictates of love. Perhaps it was ; but—for whom ? I was congratulated on my good

fortune, and no one was so loud in his congratulations as my cousin William.

“Two days after the accident Master Bill and Miss Fanny went out for a ride. On her return—so history reporteth—Miss Fanny, somewhat excitedly, ran up into Mrs. Maidlar’s room, and throwing herself into that lady’s arms, exclaimed—

“‘I’ve done it.’

“‘Done what?’ was the astonished reply.

“‘Accepted him.’

“‘I am *so* glad,’ cried Mrs. Maidlar. ‘I always thought Montague——’

“‘Montague!’ almost shrieked Miss Fanny. ‘Good gracious, no. I have accepted William for my husband.’

“‘Accepted William? And what is to become of poor Montague, who saved his life? I thought you loved him.’

“‘And so I do,’ coolly replied the other. ‘For if it had not been for him I could never have accepted my William.’ And alas for me! so it proved. Master William had been a snake in the grass, and had been making love under the rose, all the time Miss Fanny had been staying at Borbycar.

“For one whole day I dared not face the storm of chaff which I well knew was awaiting me at the Belt. In dudgeon I retired to the station, where I in twenty-four hours regained my good

temper, and rode back to the Molyneux, and received their chaff as complacently as I had their congratulations.

“ Well, all is fair in love and war, so I forgave Master Bill and offered him my felicitations. Some months after the engagement the wedding took place at Borbycar. The marriage service was performed by a Scotch minister in the dining-room, the breakfast was laid out in the drawing-room, which was the larger.

“ Once again the bachelor contingent came in their best in a body from the Belt; among the numerous superfluities of my outfit, were three pairs of lavender kid gloves; these I divided between six bachelors, one glove for each. The breakfast was a merry success, and I was called upon to respond for the toast of the bridesmaids. I had sufficiently recovered my complacency of mind, and my little speech, if lugubrious, raised many a laugh, which I thought at the time was very unkind, not to say ill-placed, all circumstances considered; however, I consoled myself with the remembrance that I had been best man, and had claimed my privilege—*I had kissed the bride!*

“ Croquet, quoits, boating, &c., followed the breakfast, and the bride and bridegroom drove off to Tokomairiro in a buggy and pair, and this is how “The Belle of Dunedin got Married.”

CHAPTER VI.

BENDIGO OR SANDHURST—A HEAVY BILL—LIFE INSURANCE AND
 SNAKES—MELBOURNE PANTOMINE—A TEAM OF TOM CATS—
 WALTER VANISHES—A SHORT ENGAGEMENT.

“*Cleopatra.* Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there
 That kills and pains not?”

“Come, thou mortal wretch,
 With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
 Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,
 Be angry and despatch.”

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, *Act V.*

NIGHT had overtaken us during the recitation of Mr. Montague's story, and, as the mosquitos were becoming more and more voracious, we adjourned to the drawing-room in the house; our numbers were increased soon after we came in; the piano was opened and we had some excellent music, vocal and instrumental; at ten supper was announced, and a pleasant Christmas came to an end soon after midnight.

The next day I started for Sandhurst, or, as it was formerly called, Bendigo.

It was a hot, weary, and slow journey of a hundred miles to the north of Melbourne, and we arrived at the great Australian centre of quartz-mining. The heat was intense; the sand-storms, borne upon a furnace-blast from the interior, were almost more than one could bear.

Our company appeared, night after night at the Lyceum Theatre, to fairly good houses. We suffered dreadfully from the heat, and in those days ice in the town was a thing unknown. Before going to bed I would soak a towel in cold water, and bind it round a caraffe, and place it upon the sill in the open window; in the early morning when the first rays of the sun had evaporated the water from the towel, and at the same time roused me from my unrefreshing slumbers, a draught of deliciously cold water was at hand to quench my intolerable thirst.

The quantities of gold which have been obtained from the districts around Sandhurst would scarcely be credited; the streets, if not literally paved with gold, are certainly gold-bearing. I once collected a quantity of dust and mud from one of the roads close to the town, and washing it, certainly obtained a "colouring."

Two days before our Sandhurst engagement came to an end, Miss Evans received a complimentary



benefit; it was determined to make the "bill" as attractive as possible. The dressing-rooms in the Lyceum Theatre were anything but clean or commodious, and consequently those who were staying at the Metropolitan Hotel, which adjoined the "temple of the drama," dressed in rooms in the hotel, and were able to pass to the theatre and to return by means of a back door which opened into a passage leading to the stage entrance. The night of the benefit arrived; I had to play the parts of Sir Edward Ardent in the "Morning Call," Robert Audley in "Lady Audley's Secret," and I had then to change into female costume, and assume the part of Ninette in the "Maid and the Magpie."

During the progress of the last piece a rain-storm broke over the town, and, in a few minutes the streets were flooded—the passage between the hotel and the stage-door was ankle-deep in water, as we discovered after the curtain fell on the end of the burlesque. To return to the hotel by the way we came was impossible; and, as we had no "mufti," we were obliged to obtain a cab and leave the theatre by the principal entrance. The rain was still descending in torrents, and a number of people were standing under the portico storm-bound; they had a most unexpected epilogue to the performance they had just witnessed, and applauded



heartily as the muscular Ninette carried the dainty Pippo through the puddles and mud, and deposited his bright burden in the cab!

I returned to Melbourne, and was very glad to take up my quarters once more at the hospitable "White Hart."

I will here relate the story of a sad death—I might feel inclined to call it suicide—which occurred in Melbourne shortly before my arrival in the colonies. About a year previous to the time of which I am now writing, a gentleman of birth and education, a Cambridge B.A., a barrister by profession and a literary man by choice, with his wife and three children emigrated to Victoria. He arrived in Melbourne with one hundred and fifty pounds in his pocket, and hope unlimited in his heart.

Poor man! He, like many another man, quickly discovered that muscles in Australia are more marketable than brains. His little store of money began to melt under the necessities of his wife and family. To make matters worse he was visited by a severe illness. He was confined to his bed for some weeks, and during his convalescence his wife presented him with another of those "blessings to the poor man," a son.

It was Christmas time, his health was thoroughly restored, he naturally possessed a vigorous consti-

tution ; but his heart was beginning to fail him, and his funds were sinking lower and lower.

At last one day, returning from a long and solitary walk, he sat down with pen and paper and made a calculation by which he found he had sufficient money left to pay the insurance upon his life for one year, which, in the case of his death occurring within that time, would bring to his widow the sum of three thousand pounds. He went to the insurance office, and made his application—was examined by the doctor—the policy was made out, his life was insured. From that day he grew moody and morose, despair had conquered hope.

At this time a snake-charmer came to Melbourne, who advertised a wonderful cure for snake-bites. This charmer took one of the halls in the town, and there displayed his live stock, which consisted of a great number of the most deadly and venomous snakes which were to be found in India and Australia.

This man had certainly some most wonderful antidote to the poison of a snake's fangs. In his exhibitions he would allow a cobra to bite a dog or a rabbit, and, in a short time after he had applied his nostrum the animal would thoroughly revive ; he advertised his desire to perform upon humanity, but, of course, he could find no one who would

be fool enough to risk his life so unnecessarily.

The advertisement caught the eye of the unfortunate emigrant, who at once proceeded to the hall where the snake-charmer was holding his exhibition. He offered himself to be experimented upon; the fanatic snake-charmer was delighted, and an appointment was made for the same evening as soon as the "show" should be over.

The evening came; the unfortunate man kept his appointment, and, in the presence of several witnesses, who tried to dissuade him from the trial, bared his arm and placed it in the cage of an enraged cobra and was quickly bitten. The nostrum was applied apparently in the same manner as it had been to the lower animals which had that evening been experimented upon, but whether it was that the poor fellow wilfully did something to prevent its taking effect—or whatever the reason—he soon became insensible, and in a couple of hours he was taken home to his wife and family—a corpse. The next morning the snake-charmer had flown, and left his snakes behind him.

The insurance company at first refused payment of the policy, asserting that the death was suicide; the case was tried and the company lost it, and the widow received the three thousand pounds. The snake-charmer was sought in vain; he had the good

fortune and good sense to be seen no more in the Australian colonies.

A regiment of the Line was stationed at the barracks near Melbourne during the time of my stay in the town, and among the officers I was surprised and delighted to find an old friend and school-fellow, a celebrated (in the colony) cricketer. He told me at our first meeting that his brother, who at our old school was nick-named "the baboon," was in Melbourne also; this *rencontre* with the two brothers ("Box," by the way, was the nickname of the officer in our old days at M——) was rendered doubly pleasant when, a few days after it we met two more old schoolfellows of our standing, who also were living in the city.

We instituted a series of bi-weekly dinners, at which we pleasantly recalled our recollections of our school-days.

It was Christmas-time; the pantomime of the Royal was "drawing" all Melbourne; the production was very splendid, and would have been considered so even upon the stage of Old Drury at home.

During the run of the pantomime the clown—a native of Victoria—took his benefit; the great attraction on the occasion was a grand procession, in

the *bénéficiaire* was drawn across the stage by a "mount team" (so said the advertisement) of four tom cats; the effect certainly was

very comical, for one poor tom would pull one way, and one another, and the triumphant march played by the orchestra was almost drowned by the terrific "mulrowing" of the Thomas cats. A long rope had been fastened to the triumphal car in which the clown was seated; to this rope the unfortunate pussies were attached, and the end of it carried to the other side of the stage, and cats, clown, and car were hauled across to the delight of the laughter-shrieking audience.

Early in February, Walter Montgomery vanished from the Australian colonies; none knew whither he had flown. His sudden disappearance was much talked of in Melbourne, and commented upon in the papers.

At the time of Walter's disappearance I had an offer to appear at a small theatre which was about to be opened; it was next door to the Theatre Royal. I obtained leave from my management and accepted my new engagement.

The new little theatre opened with the late T. W. Robertson's comedy "Play;" I was cast for the part of Bruce Fanguhere; I was fortunate in making a considerable hit in the part, and a few days after the production I received an offer to travel professionally to California; that offer I accepted.

The management of the Royal were jealous of

their little next door rival, and sought and obtained an injunction against it; after a successful run of six consecutive nights "Play" was withdrawn, and the little theatre was closed. I then began my preparations for my voyage to California. A new line of mail-steamers was about to commence a monthly start from Sydney to San Francisco; the packets were to call at Auckland and the Sandwich Islands. The first steamer—the "pioneer" vessel—was to start from Sydney in March; I booked my passage by it to San Francisco.

I took a last and long farewell of my Melbourne friends and my old schoolfellows, and proceeded on board the "You Yangs," a small inter-colonial steamer, by which I was to make voyage to Sydney. The little "You Yangs" slowly steamed down the Yarra—once more I was on my travels.

CHAPTER VII.

STEAM TO SYDNEY—THE “DUNBAR CASTLE”—SYDNEY—THE BOTANICAL GARDENS—PINCH-GUT—STEAM TO AUCKLAND—A HONEY-MOON—A NIGHT AT AUCKLAND—ARRIVAL AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—KANAKAS—LANDING AT HONOLULU—A CHINESE RESTAURANT—HONOLULU—KING KAMEHAMEHA THE FIFTH—HIS TOWN AND COUNTRY PALACES—STEWED PUPPY, A ROYAL DISH.

“Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
 Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave;
 Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave:
 And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
 And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,
~~Who~~ ~~And~~ strives to grapple him before he die.”

Don Juan—BYRON.

IT was a lovely afternoon, and the early autumn sun—it was March—shone brightly as we steamed down the Yarra, between its dull and uninteresting banks and across the mighty harbour of Port Phillip, on our voyage to Sydney.

Our second day at sea broke with a stormy sky and every sign of bad weather; in the afternoon these morning predictions were fulfilled. By four



o'clock we were within two hours run of Sydney Harbour, and a tremendous gale had sprung up, the sea running mountains high; our poor little steamer, the "You Yangs," was tossed about like a cork. Evening was closing in, and a heavy Antipodean Scotch mist was gradually enveloping us as we slowly fought against wind and sea, and approached the entrance to the harbour. We were just in time; two hours later, or had the mist been three shades darker or denser, we could never have entered Port Jackson that night, and in that howling gale and boiling sea it would scarcely have been possible for our little cockle-shell to have lived till morning.

As we approached the "heads," through the mist and the rain we could just discern the frowning cliffs, against which the white surf was torn and tossed fifty feet and more into the air; here, some few years previously, had been the scene of the wreck of the unfortunate "Dunbar Castle," upon those rocks she had been dashed to pieces, and of all her passengers and crew one only escaped from a sudden and awful launch into eternity. It was a terrible wreck; the most terrible in all the records of disaster on the Australian Coast. The vessel was crowded with passengers, many of whom belonged to the oldest and foremost families of Sydney society, who were returning to their

Australian homes after visiting the old country ; the voyage had been most speedy and favourable. The "Dunbar Castle" approached the entrance to the harbour upon an evening stormy and misty, as that which I have been describing at the end of the trip of the "You Yangs ;" half a mile from the "heads"—two huge and frowning cliffs which mark and guard the entrance to the harbour—are the "false heads," so called from their remarkable resemblance to the real "heads" even by daylight ; in the mist and approaching darkness the captain made the fatal mistake, the great ship ran headlong into the precipitous cliff, and in a few moments was broken and torn into splinters and match-wood. One passenger was washed overboard by a mighty wave, and left high up upon a projecting ledge of rock, where the next morning he was discovered, still alive but insensible ; he survived, and, of all that living freight, was the only one who lived to tell the tale of the awful wreck.

Even if the "You Yangs" had entered the harbour while it was yet daylight, the mist and the rain would have hidden from us the beauties of the wonderful bay of Port Jackson, and two days of miserably wet weather had passed before its glories were unfolded to me.

Sydney Harbour is fairyland ; its waters are dotted with islands, its shores are indented with



bays. The villas and miniature palaces—which are built one might almost say on the banks, not on the shores of the bay—are surrounded by park-like grounds and gardens, whose lawns slope down to the very waters. A wealth of tropical plants is to be seen in these gardens. Birds of gay plumage, almost unknown to the European eye, flit from the banana to the blue-gum, from the pine to the orange-tree. Everywhere is a profusion of vegetation, and in and around Sydney Nature has certainly been a prodigal in dispensing her beauties. The entrance to the harbour is as forbidding as the harbour itself is inviting; the “heads” are two frowning cliffs of sandstone, two hundred feet high and scarcely a mile apart; indeed, they might be called two Dragons Ladon, keeping guard over the gardens of the Hesperides.

The fleets of the world might anchor in the harbour, and two or three of Mr. Fraser’s family of infants from Woolwich at the “heads” would bar the entrance of any naval force.

A common saying in Australia is that for Melbourne Nature has done nothing, man everything; that for Sydney *vice versa*, and to a very great extent this is true. Sydney is old-fashioned, irregularly built, and, but for the occasional introduction of tropical vegetation, might almost be taken for some out-of-the-way English town.

The most splendid part of Sydney is its University; it stands in the centre of a domain of one hundred and fifty acres. The great hall, in size and beauty, is equal to that of any university in the world. It is incorporated under an act of the Colonial Legislature and by Royal Charter; it has a permanent endowment of £5,000 a-year from the Civil List.

The Botanical Gardens of Sydney are considered by many to be the most beautiful in the world; certainly I have never seen, nor could I imagine, any spot more delightful. I walked through groves of trees which had been acclimatized from every zone; my senses were amazed by the beauty and perfume of shrubs and flowers of which I had never dreamt the existence; and then the birds, and even the beautiful but deadly snakes which occasionally invade this enchanted ground—the latter somewhat modifying the delight of the surrounding glories.

I could dilate upon the beautiful domain, the frowning cliffs which overhang it, the Government House which rises like a fairy palace from the glassy waters of the bay; and I could describe the unpoetical Pinch-gut Island, where, history says, convicts in the early days were starved to death, hence its name; but, as it is, I think I have sufficiently converted my traveller's notes into an Anti-

podean guide-book. I only acted once in Sydney, so I can give but little account of theatrical matters in the city at the time of my visit. I played the part of Rudolph in "Leah," a play rendered famous in England by the grand acting of Miss Bateman in the title rôle. The occasion of the performance in Sydney was the benefit of a well-known and celebrated actress. The house was "good," and the audience enthusiastic. The steamer which was to convey me and the lady with whom I was travelling to the Sandwich Islands, was an inter-colonial mail-packet which had been chartered by the new company as its "pioneer" vessel. The ship was not in any way adapted to a long sea-voyage, and, to add to its inconveniences upon this its first trip, it was considerably more than overcrowded. I myself was one amongst four who were stuffed into a small cabin, and my fellow-voyagers were similarly stowed away, except a few, whose beds, after the rest of the passengers had retired, were made up on the tables in the saloon. Upon coming on board, the discovery of these little facts, in the face of the prospect of a three weeks' voyage, the greater portion of which would be passed in the tropics, added considerably to the horror of anticipation.

It was a glorious day upon which with steam up the "pioneer" vessel waited for her captain to

come on board; a fleet of little yachts hovered around us like white butterflies while the anchor was being weighed. The cannon was fired, and we slowly steamed towards the "heads." When once fairly out at sea—the land fading away in the distance—the passengers, as is usual in such cases, began to scrape acquaintance one with another and to whisper their fears of approaching discomforts.

The misfortunes of one of the passengers created both sympathy and I fear laughter. The poor fellow had been married only the day before we started, and it was his intention to spend his honeymoon in California. In the excitement of the preparations for his wedding he omitted to make full and particular inquiries as to the accommodation on board the ship; moreover he lived some distance from Sydney; it was only when he and his bride set foot upon deck that he discovered to his dismay his wife had to occupy a berth in the ladies' cabin, which was the dormitory of about a dozen and a half of other unfortunate females, while he himself had to find repose in a cabin which was shared by three other miserable males!

Our worst fears regarding the discomforts on board the steamer were realized; not only was she overcrowded, but she was overloaded, and decidedly unclean. We were unfortunate in our captain, who certainly did his utmost to add to our discomforts,



whether by intent or accident is not for me here or now to say.

After rather a rough passage we arrived at Auckland, our first coaling station; here we had an opportunity of indulging in a comfortable night's rest on shore—a luxury we most of us enjoyed. We arrived in the harbour in the morning, and most of the passengers landed as soon as they were able to leave the steamer, for coaling adds neither to comfort nor cleanliness on board ship.

After landing I made one of a party of four who climbed to the summit of the wonderful extinct volcano which towers above the town of Auckland. The crater, which is very deep, is beautifully and regularly shaped into an immense amphitheatre. From the top of this extinct volcano we saw the sea on the other side of the peninsula, and one of our party who knew Auckland well, pointed out to us in the distance the spot where one of Her Majesty's vessels was lost some few years previously, when only some thirty or forty of the officers and crew were saved; out of that number only about a half survived; the seamen managed to get two of the vessel's guns ashore, and, with the true pride of the British tar, determined to haul and drag them over the mountain, and into the city of Auckland. As some of the sailors were dragging one of the guns up the side of the mountain the

tackle gave way, and the heavy mass was precipitated down the steep side of the hill, killing nearly the half of the party in the fall.

It was gloomy autumn weather in Auckland during our short visit—cold and wet; the city is most uninteresting, and I was not sorry when our uncomfortable and unclean floating prison bore us away from the unbeautiful harbour. Steaming nearly due north we were soon in the tropics; the intense heat adding to our other discomforts made life indeed a burden. At night it was insufferable; when I attempted to sleep “below” I was nearly suffocated by the unpleasantly odoriferous closeness of the cabin. I sought repose on the deck, and was nearly choked by the deluge of smuts and small cinders wafted out of the funnel from the dirty Sydney coal.

It was a miserable voyage, its dull monotony unrelieved by any excitement; the passengers—well I think each regarded the other as a pick-pocket, or as a New South Wales emigrant sent to that unhappy country for his or her country’s good; amusements were limited, and chiefly consisted of games of backgammon, cribbage, and bezique, and the rattle of the dice-box, exclamations of fifteen-twos, and declarations of common marriages, resounded on the deck from morning to night.



A few days before we sighted the Sandwich Islands, a land-bird, which had been flying round the steamer for some time, suddenly sought rest upon the hat which was upon the head of the proprietor of the new line of mail-steamers in the pioneer vessel of which we were now travelling. The gentleman was greatly congratulated by the passengers upon so manifest an omen of good luck; but, like most omens, it either proved false or was wrongly regarded, for, after a few months' bad management, the company of which the omen-bearing proprietor was the head, *was not*.

Gradually Diamond Head, an extinct volcano on the Island of Oahu, loomed in sight, and as we passed it the sun dropped below the horizon, and there being little or no twilight in the tropics, we could not see much of the harbour we were approaching. However, our hopes were high with the prospect of passing a good night in a comfortable bed on shore, but, alas! we were doomed to disappointment; for some unexplained reason our captain decided not to enter the harbour until the next day.

On waking the next morning I found the ship was already alongside the wharf, and on looking out of the port-hole of my cabin a strange sight met my eyes, scores of jabbering natives, male and female. I may here state, for the benefit of those

who imagine that the costume of the Sandwich Islander, if any, is very primitive; the males wore trousers and shirts, but, as a rule, no shoes, and on their heads were straw hats in various stages of dilapidation; the females wore loose flowing robes of coloured cotton, and their heads and shoulders were profusely decorated with wreaths of beautiful flowers.

I hastily dressed myself and went on deck; I there joined a party of passengers who were about to go on shore. Before we could leave the quay we had to obtain permits from the custom-house to allow us to enter the town; each passenger was taxed two dollars, and the sum thus realized during the year went to the support of the Honolulu Hospital.

It was with strange feelings I walked up the street leading from the quay; looking into the shop-windows on either side of the road, I could almost imagine myself in some English country town. Suddenly a large poster pasted on a wall appeared before us, and in gigantic capitals was printed the name of Walter Montgomery. "So there," said we, "the missing tragedian is found at last, he has winged his way to this tropical isle." Yes, there he was, in huge blue letters, announced to give a dramatic reading that very night at Buffum's Hall. I was delighted at the prospect of meeting him again.



As we strolled along the streets we picked out the most promising-looking restaurant we could find, entered it, and ordered breakfast. The proprietor of the establishment was a Chinaman, and the waiters (heaven save the mark !) as a matter of course, were Chinese; we certainly had a very good breakfast, followed by a dessert of delicious tropical fruit.

Here follows a short description of Honolulu as I found it. The town was irregularly built, and lies at the foot of an almost precipitous mount, which, in days gone by, was an active volcano. There was a sleepy, dreamy air about the place, which at first made me rub my eyes occasionally, and ask myself if I were awake; the streets, in the heat of the day, were almost deserted; now and then, perhaps, a few private soldiers of the King's army (!) would stroll by laughing, and, I suppose in their own ideas, singing. Some of the houses were very prettily built; most of the buildings were surrounded by verandahs, and the private houses, as a rule, possessed delightful gardens carpeted with glorious flowers, shaded by trees laden with luscious fruits, mouth-watering delicacies unknown to the palate of the untravelled European. The town was intersected by labyrinths of streets and lanes. The population was principally composed of Britishers or Americans.

The hospital and the palaces of the King and the Queen-Dowager are the principal buildings in Honolulu. His Majesty, King Kamehameha (pronounced Kamáyhaáyha) the Fifth, occupied the throne at the time of my visit to the islands; he was a well-informed man, having received his education at the Harvard University in the United States; he was a tolerably good Latin scholar, and *mirabile dictu*—a student and admirer of Shakespeare.

The palace of this island monarch was a long, low, rambling edifice, built of slabs from the coral reef, and was situated in the middle of a large park-like enclosure, surrounded by high walls of great thickness. The interior of the palace was dowdy in the extreme; the furniture appeared to have been picked up promiscuously out of sales-rooms in every part of the world.

This, however, was not the favourite palace of King Kamehameha V. His country-house stood in a grove of cocoa-nut trees, in the centre of a native village called Wykeke, which was about two miles from Honolulu, and situated, if I might so term it, upon the banks of the sea. I use the word "banks," because, from the fact of there being no perceptible tide, and the sea-shore being so thoroughly protected by the coral reefs from the angry surf which foams and boils a quarter of a mile away from the land, the sea in gentle ripples laps the belt of



sand, not a dozen yards in width, which separates it from the beautiful lawn laid down by Nature's hand.

At this country-house at Wykeke, a rather large shanty built of coral and mud, the King passed his hours of ease. In this paradise he would no longer be worried by the restraints of his black frock-coat ; doe-skin nether garments were not allowed to irritate the royal legs, but in the original national costume of his native country, he would resign himself to the delights of his tobacco and his Shakespeare.

A friend of mine once had the honour of receiving an invitation to stay for a few days with His Majesty at this country-house ; of course the royal wish was a command, so my friend went. He was graciously received ; having arrived at the hour of the evening meal, due allowances were made for the European tastes of my friend ; in fact during the few days he was the guest of the King, while His Majesty and native suite indulged in the two-fingered "poi" (of which national dish more hereafter), fowls, taro, plantains, and, occasionally as a great treat and luxury, a dish of stewed puppy were liberally placed before him at meal times.

The royal kennels are situated, so I was informed, in the interior of the island ; and it is there that the finest puppies are bred to supply the royal tables.

CHAPTER VIII.

LODGINGS—WALTER REDIVIVUS—VISIT TO THE PARI—TARO—
 “POI”—HONOLULU ARISTOCRACY—QUEEN EMMA—A FASHION-
 ABLE AFTERNOON.

“Mislike me not for my complexion,
 The shadowed livery of the burning sun,
 To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.

“I would not change this hue
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.”

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, *Act III.*

WE finished, and paid for our breakfast, having been excellently cheated by the Celestial proprietor of the restaurant, who, being paid in English coin, did not fail to make the most of his opportunity and the least of our money.

Once again we started on a tour of inspection of the town. Our first object was to find lodgings. Since I visited the island a grand hotel, has been built; we obtained the address of an American lady who kept a sort of private hotel to which we made our way. After many inquiries we came to a



pretty garden with an iron railing separating it from the road: in the midst of this garden stood a tolerably large wooden house; it was painted white, and was surrounded by spacious verandahs, and, on the summit of its pointed roof, a small summer-house was erected.

We entered the gate in the railings, walked up the path, ascended a short flight of steps, and so into the house through the open doors. The noise of our footsteps brought some one from the adjoining drawing-room, and standing before me in amazement was the strayed tragedian—Walter Montgomery. His surprise was great at seeing me, and also in recognizing a lady of our party whom he had known in Australia, and who was now on her way home to England.

We entered the drawing-room of the house, a spacious chamber, lightly but almost luxuriously furnished, with, if I may so term it, a profusion of windows opening on to the verandah. Our hostess appeared; her name, as nearly as my memory chooses to serve me, was Mrs. Macdash, an American lady, the widow of a Scotch gentleman: she seemed to be a charming person, and made us feel at home at once; she was graceful and lady-like, and, although the mother of many children, might easily have been taken for the sister of her eldest daughter.

After some conversation with Walter Montgomery, I decided to stay in Honolulu till the next steamer arrived from Sydney, to be met by the packet which was to convey the mails to San Francisco. As these packets arrived monthly, so much time had I at my disposal to see the sights, and enjoy the, to me, new tropical life of the island. Three other passengers formed the same decision as myself—Mr. and Mrs. L—— and Mrs. V——. Mrs. Macdash was equal to the occasion, and found room for us all.

After a rest and a long chat in which Walter Montgomery told us the particulars of his mysterious flight from Australia, about which was no mystery at all, under his guidance we started for a ramble about and around the town, returning at six to a substantial meat-tea. In the evening we went to Buffum's Hall, where Walter was to give a reading from the poets.

Ah! Poor Walter is dead now! Since I last heard *him* read, to my mind no one has rendered with such dramatic power as he possessed, Macaulay's Horatius, nor have I ever heard "The Bells" of Edgar Allan Poe recited in the rich melody of so beautiful a voice, nor have I known anyone render "Clarence's Dream" with such startling force and realism. My opinion coincides with that of many, that Walter Montgomery



was the best of readers or reciters of the English language.

On the morning following my arrival in Honolulu I hired a pony, and, with Walter for my guide I started for the wonderful precipice called the Pari. About five miles of rough riding up a steep hill, which formed the hollow of a valley, brought us to some huge boulders of red sandstone; turning a sharp corner, my senses were startled by one of the most extraordinary scenes I ever witnessed. This was the Pari. Our ponies stood on a small platform of rock; at our feet was a precipice with a straight fall of some hundreds of feet. On each side of us extended mighty walls of perpendicular rock, in many places carved into columns of fantastic shape by earthquake and volcanic eruption. At our feet—down—down—ever so far below—the undulating plain stretched away to the sandy shore, while in the distance rolled the vast Pacific, its surface ruffled by the ever-blowing north-west trade-wind. Upon the green plain below the huts of the natives looked like mere molehills, and the tropical trees which here and there dotted the landscape seemed to be mere thistles rising from a mossy lawn.

Some enterprising monarch of these isles, a few years before my visit to the Pari, at a great cost had a road cut in the rock in a zig-zag to the plain below; and at the same time removed half the awe



which is inspired by a first sight of the Pari, and all danger in approaching the edge of the precipice by erecting a strong iron railing across the opening at the end of the road leading to it, and, in this manner, prevented cattle, &c., as had constantly been the case, from falling so many hundred feet into space, and being dashed to shapeless masses upon the rock below. In the early days of the islands before missionaries took up their residence therein, a king once drove a rebel army up the valley leading to the Pari, nor stopped till the last of his enemies was precipitated over the precipice—so says the legend.

As we rode homewards to Honolulu from the Pari we halted several times to examine the taro patches. The root of the taro-plant forms the staple article of food of the natives, and might well be termed the Kanaka staff of life. Almost every native's hut has its taro-patch, and both hut and patch closely resemble the cabin and potato-garden of an Irish peasant. The patch is banked round with earth and flooded with water, and is so converted into a basin of mud; the happy proprietor—a sort of bronze Adam before the fall—gets waist deep into this mud-pudding, and with spade in hand works it over and over; the patch is left for a day or two to partly dry, and then the seed-roots are put in. In due time they shoot, when again



the patch is flooded; this flooding operation has constantly to be attended to till the plants arrive at maturity, when the taro-patch somewhat resembles a celery-bed before it is banked. The Kanaka now once again plunges into his mud-bath and digs up as many roots as he may require for the necessities of his household. The ground must constantly be sodden with water, or the plants will dry up and die.

Europeans use the taro in many ways; our dinners in Honolulu were always accompanied by two or three dishes of the plant cooked in different ways. The green tops, when boiled, are very like spinach, only more luscious; the stalks stewed resemble celery when cooked in a similar manner; the root itself is a tolerable substitute for a potato, but is nicest when cut up and fried in butter. The natives, however, find a very different use for the taro. Each hut is provided with a shallow wooden trough not unlike that in which a butcher's boy carries the meat; in this trough the Mrs. Kanaka of the establishment places several roots of the plant, and with smooth round stones crushes and kneads them into a sort of pulp, adding water from time to time; when brought to a sufficient consistency the mixture is poured into a large jar, and the operation is repeated until the receptacle is full. The jar of mess is then allowed to stand for

three days or more, according to the taste of the family for whom it is made; the mixture begins to ferment, and is then ready for—I was going to say table, but that article of furniture is quite superfluous in the hut of the Kanaka—it is ready to be eaten. According to the consistency of the mess, it is called two-fingered or three-fingered poi; if very thin it requires three fingers to convey a mouthful to the lips—the fingers being plunged into the mess, then twisted about like a spoon in molasses and the poi sucked off. The more luxurious afford and enjoy two-fingered poi, which is much thicker, while, I believe, one-fingered poi is reserved for royalty alone. I *once* tasted it—the flavour is something like crab-apple, only not so nice; that *once* was a dose.

On the third day after my arrival Montgomery and myself rode down to the wharf to see the Australian steamer start for San Francisco. In the afternoon after our return from our ride, about five o'clock, we attended in one of the squares of the town an orchestral performance given by the band of an Austrian man-of-war which was lying in the harbour undergoing repairs; this open air concert was repeated every Thursday in the same square during the stay of the Austrians in the island, and was attended by all fashionable Honolulu, which turned out in the grandest

equipages of which the town could boast. It was on one of these occasions that I first saw Her Majesty the Queen Dowager—Emma—a lady pretty well known in England. She was dressed in black, and with another lady, evidently English or American, was seated in a handsome buggy with a hood. She herself was driving a very fine pair of black horses; both harness and buggy were mounted in and ornamented with silver. When she pulled up in the square she graciously bowed to those whom she recognized, and entered freely into conversation with many who came up to her buggy to pay their respects to her; among the favoured was Walter Montgomery. At the end of the performance by the band the Queen started for an evening drive, and at her invitation Walter rode by her carriage; at a signal from him I followed at a distance, and when some way out of the town I was informally introduced to Her Majesty.

Queen Emma can, or rather could, scarcely be termed pretty, but she possessed a most interesting face, with a very charming expression; her complexion, to be sure, was somewhat darker than that of the Western European; her manner was most refined and lady-like. We took our leave of her and galloped home.

Whilst speaking of the Austrian man-of-war and

its band, I am reminded of a very painful occurrence which took place during my stay in Honolulu.

The young Count Beust, a son of the celebrated Austrian Minister, was a lieutenant on board the ship, and, according to report, got into sad trouble through one or all of the three great sources of evil to mankind—money, wine, and women—and committed suicide. The young man had been a great favourite amongst the Hawaiian society, and his sad end, for a time, spread quite a gloom over the fashionable portion of the community.

CHAPTER IX.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, HONOLULU—A ROYAL BOTANICAL MANAGER
—THE DRAMA IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—CARDINAL WOLSEY
—ROYAL PATRONAGE—ROMEO AND JULIET—NATIVE TALENT—
BENEDICK A “HEAVY” RÔLE—A STATE PERFORMANCE—ISLAND
TALENT PUTS ON THE SCREW—GOD SAVE THE KING—ROYAL
CONGRATULATIONS.

“*Hamlet.*

The play's the thing

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.”

HAMLET, *Act II.*

“*Jaques.* I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to
sing.”

AS YOU LIKE IT, *Act II.*

ONE of the passengers on board the steamer which brought me to the island of Oahu, was a celebrated actress, a great favourite with the Australian audiences ; she was on her way home to England, and, like myself and one or two others, was breaking the journey by staying for a month in Honolulu. It was her wish to give some theatrical performances at the Theatre Royal (!) and I, being the only actor on the island, was engaged by her to assist and support her in her various characters.



The lessee of the theatre was a Mr. D——, a funny little man with a peculiarsqueaky voice, and a strange habit of sticking his arms out in front of him while he was speaking to anyone, like the fore-legs or arms of a kangaroo. He was botanist to His Majesty the King. From Mr. D—— we leased the theatre for a single night to give a test performance.

This temple of the drama was a wooden building of moderate dimensions, and was situated in a small garden in which the royal botanist delighted to rear trees and flowers for the King's palace and grounds. The interior of the theatre was neither clean nor ornate; it was fitted with dress-circle seats, stalls, and pit; the stage was meagrely furnished with a few old scenes and wings, the dinginess of which almost permitted them to serve for interior or exterior, the artist's original work being hidden by a sort of fog of dust and dirt. The floor of the stage was without carpet or drugget, so we made an arrangement with the lessee to share the expense of buying a small green baize, upon the understanding that it should become his property when we should leave Honolulu. I subsequently heard, however, that two months after we left the island a company of actors arrived, and their wardrobe being scanty, they cut up our baize into green foresters' costumes.

We decided to proclaim our entertainment as a "dramatic recital in costume." As there were only two performers—ourselves—we could do no more than duet scenes from the legitimate drama, and from one or two well-known plays. We drew out our first programme.

As an amateur I was exceedingly fond of reciting the celebrated scene from Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth"—the Fall of Cardinal Wolsey; that is, of course, when I was so fortunate as to get anyone to be my audience. My conceit had been so great that I had paid the sum of twenty-five pounds for a proper cardinal's costume. This costume was in the inventory of my wardrobe with which I was travelling. It was decided that the "Fall of Cardinal Wolsey" should be the first item in the programme; then came the difficulty of making up for the ambitious priest; my travelling wardrobe was large, but my stock of wigs was small. Confining my budding genius (what there was of it) to "juvenile business," I was not the possessor of an old man's wig of any description; what was to be done? Woman's wit aided me. Miss C——, the lady with whom I was going to act, suggested that I should wear her Lady Teasle wig—capital ³ suggestion. I straightway laboured to comb out the stiff white horsehair curls of the powdered wig.

The night of the performance arrived; I arrayed

myself in my gorgeous cardinal's robe, under which I wore a costume for Macbeth, a scene from that tragedy being the second item on the programme. I thought my appearance was admirable, except that poor Wolsey's hair was whiter and more bushy than is depicted in any picture of the imperious prelate.

The new green baize was laid upon the stage; the scene was beautifully *non-descriptive*, and would have answered equally well for interior either of cottage or palace. I felt quite convinced that my magnificent robes of scarlet silk and Limerick lace struck awe and wonder into the hearts of the royal botanist and his boy, who alone represented the usual army of carpenters, property-men, scene-shifters, and gas-men. As to gas-men, I must here say that the theatre was lighted entirely by lamps fed with pea-nut oil, and as the lamps were many the light was tolerably good.

I peeped through a hole in the curtain while the only available pianist in the town was punching the ivories of a tin-kettle sort of piano in the orchestra, trying to produce some variations upon the then popular air of "Shoo fly, don't bother me" by way of overture. I discovered that the theatre was moderately full. The prices of admission were from twenty-five cents to a dollar. The curtain rose; the cardinal was received with hearty ap-

plause; at the present time I can hardly help thinking that it was his gorgeous and, to the Hawaiian, novel appearance, rather than his elocution and declamation that procured him his recall.

Another jingle on the old piano and the curtain rose upon a scene from *Macbeth*—Lady Macbeth's first entrance with the letter. Miss C—— at once fairly astounded her audience, most of whom had never seen a really great actress perform till then. The audience, I may here say, was almost entirely English or American. Then came more jingle, followed by a few scenes from the famous play of "Leah" and "As you like it," and our first performance came to an end. Judging from the applause which greeted the termination of each item in the programme, we had achieved a great success. Miss C—— decided to give a second entertainment during the following week.

At our initial entertainment we found our rapid changing of costume, together with the excessive and tropical heat, to be very tiring. We made up our minds if possible to secure extra talent to assist us. After many and diligent inquiries I discovered a professional musician, a Mr. H——, who had arrived at the island some months previously from New Zealand, and was endeavouring to instil into the inhabitants the propriety of

studying the science of music, and the advantage of keeping their pianos in tune. I do not think his earnings in Honolulu were great. Acting for Miss C—— I made him an offer for his services for the night of our second entertainment. His terms were excessive, but he so far convinced me of his powers as a pianist and vocalist that I imagined the increased attraction would “draw” sufficiently to cover the increased expenses. I engaged him.

At our second entertainment Queen Emma was present with her suite. The first item of the programme was the balcony-scene from “Romeo and Juliet.” The king’s botanist and lessee of the theatre excelled himself; he had arranged a sort of raised platform for a balcony which was almost concealed by a small forest of real foliage, in the midst of which was a leafy bower, whence Juliet was to “lure her tassel gentle back again;” numbers of young palms, bread-fruit, and orange trees filled up the rest of the stage, and a bull’s-eye lantern placed behind a globular water-bottle threw its pale beams upon the stage, and served as an excellent “yonder blessed moon;” on the whole it was a very pretty scene, although rather too tropical for Italy. Mr. H——, our new talent, was far too great an artist, so he informed me, to play an overture in the orchestra; so a pair of flats was “run on” in front of the “set” balcony scene.

Mr. D——'s best piano was placed ready for him (the tin-kettle used at our first entertainment was utterly unworthy of his touch), and the curtain rose upon some almost interminable fantasia, the composition, I believe, of the gifted pianist himself; it was not received with great applause.

Miss C—— then as Juliet came out of her dressing-room, and prepared to ascend the ladder which led to her balcony: I noticed her costume was somewhat peculiar; she explained that as she had to sit in the dusty balcony, and as only the upper part of her figure would be seen, and in order the more quickly to change her costume to that of her next character (Beatrice), she would not trouble to put on the skirt to her dress; I thought this was very sensible. She climbed to the bower, and as she sat in her rich jewels, lace, and white satin nestled amidst the flowers and foliage, a truly pretty picture was formed.

The curtain rose; and as I burst upon the stage from amongst the trees and bushes—clad gorgeously in rose-colour and silver—into the bright bull's-eye-lantern-and-water-bottle moonlight, I was greeted with a good reception. All went well until the nurse had to call Juliet; but when the "What, Juliet, I say" in the well-known tones of the sharp cracked voice of the king's botanist struck upon the ears of the audience a roar of laughter arose,

which was repeated each time the nurse had to speak. However, the scene went very well, and was received with much applause and a hearty recall. Miss C—— quickly descended from her perch, and, without pausing to think, hastened with me before the curtain to take the call, and only then remembered that her dress was skirtless.

The next item on the programme was a song from Mr. H——, a ballad of his own composition. I hastened to change my Romeo dress for my next character (Benedick); the principal duet scenes from “Much Ado about Nothing” were to follow the warbling of Mr. H——.

Now at this time I was young and fond of gay raiment; I intended to wear my most dazzling Elizabethan costume for Benedick, and astound the island audience with the magnificence of my appearance. While I was arraying myself the long-suffering audience was patiently listening to Mr. H——’s favourite ballad, following him through some thirteen or fourteen verses, and, whether it was from the relief of knowing it was over, or from a feeling of kindness to the new comer, a small round of applause followed the conclusion of the song. This Mr. H—— translated into an encore, and straightway began another “favourite ballad,” but as signs of impatience among the audience showed themselves at the end



of the fifth verse, Mr. H—— suddenly and somewhat abruptly brought his song to a conclusion. As he rose from the piano a thunder-cloud was on his face. I could hear from my dressing-room the ballad and its encore, and was aware that both had come to an end; the boy-assistant came running to my room, saying I was wanted upon the stage immediately. I rushed to the first entrance, almost expecting to see the place in flames. “What is the matter?” I exclaimed. I saw at once. The great Mr. H——, to give effect to his singing, at the rise of the curtain had pulled the piano nearer to the footlights; in his indignation at the reception accorded to his second song, he had omitted to push it back into its place, and, consequently, the curtain in descending had come down upon the top of it, and there remained.

I entreated him to go on and drag the piano up the stage, to allow the curtain to come down; he fretfully declined; neither tears nor pity for my white kid gloves could move him. I appealed to the boy—he dared not for his life; a promise of a golden reward could not overcome the natural shyness of his nature. What was to be done? There stood I with white satin doublet and trunks, slashed with blue and silver, my cloak of azure heavily embroidered with the precious metal, my hat jewelled and be-feathered, my neck auriferously

be-chained, my hands daintily be-gloved and be-ringed—an Elizabethan beau. There was no help for it; I made a final appeal to Mr. H——; he laughed at me. My mind was made up; I ordered the curtain to be raised to the full, and with stately stride walked on to the stage. I felt convinced my gorgeous appearance for the moment paralyzed the audience, but seeing me begin to pull and tug at the great heavy pianoforte, trying to get it up the stage, while, to make matters worse, one of the legs caught in the new baize, the audience rewarded my noble self-sacrifice with a roar of laughter, and my annoyance was complete when I discovered that my exertions had started a lengthy “ladder” in my new silver-grey silk tights. “Good-bye to Mr. H—— and his favourite ballads,” said I, but I had not done with him yet; he bided his time and once more took me at a disadvantage.

In preparing for our third entertainment I was fortunate enough to discover an itinerant pianoforte-tuner who followed his business by flitting from island to island and plantation to plantation. I secured his services; he played fairly well, and was not fastidious as to sitting in the orchestra.

The programme of our third entertainment was “chosen by desire.” The King had sent his chamberlain to Miss C——, who intimated to her that His Majesty intended to honour our performance



with his august presence, and desired a list of our *répertoire* in order that he might choose a programme.

The house was full, and His Majesty was present, as was also the Queen-Dowager Emma. It was not a state-visit, and they sat in the front row of the boxes, balcony, or dress circle, whichever it might be called. The first item in the programme was "Clarence's Dream." I recited it in costume, with the imaginary presence of "Brakenbury." At its conclusion, while I was changing for my next part, the king's chamberlain (an elderly English gentleman) came to my room to convey the thanks and congratulations of His Majesty. I little expected to obtain

"That smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes—"

least of all that of a black prince. Then followed scenes from "King John" (I was the Cardinal Pandulph in my robes and Lady Teazle's wig), "As you like it," "Much Ado about Nothing," and "The Love Chase;" all went well and without a hitch.

Our fourth and last entertainment was by far the grandest. One of His Majesty's ministers—I think it was the Secretary of State for the Home Department—called upon Miss C——, stating that it was the King's desire to take the theatre for a night,

and that we should give an entertainment by his command; the terms he offered were fair and were accepted. The programme was selected, the night appointed, and the King's chamberlain in the name of His Majesty sent out invitations for the gala performance. The programme was as follows :—

ROYAL HAWAIIAN THEATRE.

By command of His Majesty the King.

Private Dramatic Entertainment in Costume.

By Miss C—, assisted by Mr. L—.

Saturday, May 21st 187—.

Programme. Part I.

KING HENRY VIII. (*Shakespeare.*)

The Fall of Cardinal Wolsey . . . Mr. L—.

LEAH THE FORSAKEN, (*Mosenthal.*)

Act II. Scene 2.—The Meeting of the Lovers.

Act IV. Scene 3.—The Denunciation.

Leah Miss C—

Rudolph Mr. L—.

Part II.

HAMLET. (*Shakespeare.*)

Act I. Scene 2. "Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt."

Scene 5. Hamlet receives the story of his father's murder.

Act II. Scene 2. Polonius. "How does my Lord Hamlet?"

Polonius. "You go to seek my Lord Hamlet."

Act III. Scene 1. Hamlet's advice to the players—The device to discover the King's guilt—Hamlet questions Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Hamlet Miss C—.

Horatio

The Ghost

Rosencrantz

The Actor

} Mr. L—.

THE HONEYMOON (*Tobin.*)

Act II. Scene 1. The Arrival at Home.

Juliana Miss C——.

The Duke of Aranza Mr. L——.

To commence at eight o'clock p.m.

Six of the programmes were printed on white satin in red letters; one for the King, one each for the two Queens-Dowager, Emma and Columba, and one for Prince William, afterwards King Lunaillo; the two remaining we kept for ourselves in remembrance of the occasion. The rest of the programmes for the general company of invited guests were printed on tinted paper—pink, white, and lavender.

In preparation for the grand entertainment, the royal upholsterers and carpenters, assisted by the sailors of the royal navy (which by the way consisted of but one vessel, and that a small steamer), came into the theatre and proceeded to clear the pit and stalls away. The floor was then covered with a handsome carpet, and the theatre was decorated with plants, flags, and flowers. The royal seats were placed in a semi-circle in that part of the auditorium which had been previously occupied by the stalls; immediately behind them were chairs for the suite—the Cabinet and Foreign Ministers and their wives. The invited guests were to occupy the dress-circle, which was also handsomely decorated.

A few days before the grand night I called at the

house of the pianist I had engaged for the previous entertainment; but to my grief and annoyance I found he had flown off on a piano-tuning expedition to another island. I searched the town in vain for a musician, and at last had to fall back on Mr. H——. Mr. H—— felt his advantage and hummed and hawed, and would not give an answer until the very day of the entertainment, and then his terms had grown so monstrous that if we had accepted them he would have swallowed up almost the whole of the profits. There was no help for it, and we decided that our last and grandest entertainment should be music-less.

The steamer from San Francisco had by this time arrived, and on the Saturday of the *fête* the mail-packet from Australia steamed into the harbour. On the following Monday we were to start for California.

Saturday night came and the theatre certainly looked very pretty; by eight o'clock all the invited guests were in their seats. From my hole of vantage in the curtain I looked at and pitied the poor audience, everyone in full dress—the ladies sitting patiently fanning themselves, and not even a piano in the orchestra to enliven the proceedings with an overture. Upon the stage, behind the curtain, was placed the tin-kettle pianoforte which had been used in our first entertainment; I sat at its

key-board, dressed in my gorgeous cardinal robes and Lady Teazle's wig on my head, ready at a signal from Mr. D——, which was to warn me of the arrival of the royal party, to strike up the national anthem of the Hawaiian islands, which happened then to be our own "God save the Queen." The piano was a curious instrument, such as one seldom if ever sees in ordinary civilised countries; by pulling out a stop and working a pedal it was converted into a sort of harmonium. I received the signal and off I went, and merrily wheezed through "God save the Queen" while the royal party found their way to their seats.

The entertainment went bravely on, though the waits between the scenes must have been rather tedious with no music to enliven the affair. In the second part, as will be seen by referring to the programme, the lady was to appear as Hamlet, and I was to play Horatio, the Ghost, Rozencrantz and Guildenstern rolled into one, and the first actor. The changes of character were denoted by changes of draperies, with the addition or otherwise of beard, &c.; as the ghost I appeared in clouds of gauze. Barring the absence of music this our last entertainment was the most successful of all, and once again His Majesty sent round his chamberlain to congratulate and thank us.

CHAPTER X.

WALTER MONTGOMERY'S ROYAL PATRONESS—THE NATIVE LADIES
ON HORSEBACK—A PIC-NIC AT WYKEKE—COCOA NUT GROVES—
A CANOE FIGHT—A LADIES' SWIMMING RACE—GOLD FISH—A
FIGHT BETWEEN A BEETLE AND A SCORPION.

"Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross
See a fine lady on a white horse."

NURSERY RHYME.

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me."

AS YOU LIKE IT, *Act II,*

IN Honolulu, I only had the pleasure of Walter Montgomery's society for a fortnight; he started for San Francisco in a sailing vessel. I missed him much, for almost daily we had wild scampers together on horseback through the island. Two or three times we rode down to the wharf and amused ourselves by throwing small coins into the bay for the natives to dive for. The Kanakas are wonderful divers and swimmers, and on the landing-stage there are always a number of native idlers, ready at a moment's notice to divest themselves of

most of their scanty clothing and to jump into the water ; at the sight of half a dollar about half a dozen dusky well-built youths, naked save for their waist-cloths, stand waiting for the signal to start for a diving race in the bay. I have thrown a coin some distance into the water, which must be quite thirty feet deep, and immediately several Kanakas have dived into the sea, and sometimes have remained under the water so long that I have scarcely expected to see them come to the surface alive, or have feared that some of them have served as a dainty lunch to the sharks. The coins cast into the bay are almost always found.

During one of our rides we overtook the buggy of Queen Emma ; Walter of course rode up to her and entered into conversation. Her Majesty expressed her surprise at our management of our horses on such saddles and with such bridles ; (we were using the ordinary English saddles and snaffles). Walter, always eager for display, immediately suggested that we should leap our horses over a fence close by for Her Majesty's diversion, a boyish feat of horsemanship which caused her considerable surprise, for the only saddles in use in Honolulu, as a rule, are the great Mexican arrangements with a huge pommel in front and another behind ; a sort of warranted-not-to-let-you-fall-off kind of saddle.

I was much amused during my first ride in the island at the appearance of the native ladies on horseback. They "ride a-cock horse" in the same manner as a gentleman—that is to say, they ride "straddle." Their habits, or rather their riding robes, of scarlet cotton cloth as a rule, are made very long, and, when the lady has settled herself in her Mexican saddle, they usually touch the ground on each side of the horse. The first group I met, four or five in number, came galloping along the road, their long red robes flying in the wind like scarlet wings to their horses, while wreaths of beautiful flowers crowned their heads and decorated their bodies; evidently a party of native ladies going out to an afternoon tea of the country.

There was one lady in Honolulu, a native princess and an excellent horsewoman, who, although she still rides man-fashion, has discarded the native lady's mode of riding and dress, and wears a sort of Bloomer costume when on horseback.

Shortly after my arrival in Honolulu Mrs. Macdash, our kindly landlady, proposed a pic-nic; it was to take place at the native village. We were a party of twenty; some rode, some drove in buggies, others in covered waggons. A merry journey of about three miles brought us to a grove of stately cocoa-nut palms which grew almost to the sea-



shore. Mrs. Macdash owned a cottage in Wykeke; it was a native hut raised on piles some five feet from the ground, and contained one room; a rough flight of steps took you to the apartment, which was surrounded by a rude attempt at a verandah. This mansion was ordinarily used as a country-house, play-room, and bathing-shed by the boys of Mrs. Macdash's family. One side of the room was taken up by three beds placed upon the floor and covered with mosquito curtains—curtains which were not merely necessary to keep off the attacks of these pestiferous insects, but also to prevent the deadly scorpion from falling from the roof upon the sleeper beneath.

The horses were tied up; a snowy cloth was spread upon the soft green grass under the shade of the closely-growing palms, and the ladies proceeded to unpack the well-filled hampers. The pic-nic meal was similar to all pic-nic meals; tobacco in its various forms was produced, and the gentlemen of the company were not alone in the participation of the fragrant weed; two or three of the island-born American ladies indulged in a tiny cigarette.

The afternoon was passing pleasantly away with occasional song and casual joke, when suddenly one of the ladies of the party conceived a thirst which she declared could only be quenched by a

draught of milk from one of the cocoa-nuts which were suspended some fifty feet over our heads. Half a dollar to one of the Kanakas, who, with several of his tribe was standing by, listlessly wondering at the vagaries of his white brother, and like a monkey he proceeded to climb to the top of a tall and stately palm, and presently cast two enormous nuts to the ground with a thundering thud. The native then quickly descended, and with a small sort of hatchet soon stript the fibre from the nut, cracked it, poured the limpid "milk" into a tumbler, and handed it to the thirsty lady.

Whether it was that the juice of the cocoa-nut objected to the previously imbibed champagne, or what I know not, but presently the lady was taken ill with a most serious headache. Oola-aná, the old native woman who took charge of the cottage, was summoned; the young lady lay down with her head in the old woman's lap; her hair was quickly loosened (I am almost tempted to say taken off, for I am writing of a time when American ladies vied with each other in the size of their chignons and "water-falls"), and Oola-aná's fingers began to gently squeeze and soothingly caress the aching head; such manipulation is termed by some a sort of native mesmerism; be that as it may, in a few minutes the young lady was sound asleep, and in a



quarter of an hour woke up perfectly well and refreshed.

Several of the ladies as well as the gentlemen of the company had brought their bathing costumes with them. It was now proposed to have a canoe race. As I have before mentioned, the reef was quite three-quarters of a mile from the shore, and between the shore and the reef bathing was perfectly safe, unaccompanied by the fear of sharks. Four ladies entered the cottage or hut and arranged themselves in their bathing dresses, which consisted of native robes and straw hats; several of the men of the company, myself among the number, went into the basement beneath the hut and put on suits of pyjamas (loose trousers and jackets, generally used for sleeping in). We hired canoes of the natives. Each canoe is hollowed out of a tree, and is fitted on one side with what is termed an outrigger; two pieces of wood, slightly arched, from four to seven feet in length—according to the size of the canoe—jut out from the side about five or seven feet apart; fixed to the end of these pieces of wood is a small beam which as it were floats alongside the canoe and keeps it steady in a swell.

I was ready first and chose a small canoe, taking with me as pilot and coxswain Mrs. Macdash's youngest son; I knew the boy was clever as a

native in a canoe. We launched the craft and sped merrily away upon the dancing waters.

Two large canoes were now placed in the water ; amongst the crew of each were two ladies. All the occupants were in bathing dress in case of an accident ; the crew of the first canoe shouted to me to stop and allow their craft to come up with me. Unsuspicious of treachery I waited ; when within canoe length I heard the order given to run alongside my outrigger, to seize it, raise it out of the water, and turn me over. My little friend who was paddling with me cried to me to wait till they came alongside, and then to lean over upon our outrigger while he would quickly turn the little light canoe across the bows of the larger one, and tip it and its contents over into the water. At first, seeing their evil intentions, with a shout of defiance we attempted to paddle away from our adversaries ; but the larger canoe with its four paddles quickly came up with us, and some of the crew seized my outrigger ; quick as a thought I sat on it, when lo ! the wood was rotten—crack ! bang ! it gave way under my weight, and I was in the water. I dived under under the big canoe—the occupants were still off their balance and trying to upset my frail vessel, which still contained my little friend, but which was already half full of water. I rose to the surface with a jerk right under their outrigger, and in a

moment the large canoe was bottom uppermost, and all its occupants, ladies and all, shrieking with laughter, were in the water, which was there some twelve or fifteen feet deep.

My little coxswain paddled from the wreck ; I swam after him ; he baled out some of the water and helped me into the canoe ; seizing our paddles, we crowed our shrillest crow, and darted off towards shore, hotly pursued the while by the other large canoe. Being satisfied with one victory, we thought retreat the safer plan, and, having a long start, we soon landed our little vessel and left our pursuer to assist our late adversaries to right their canoe and get into it as best they could. We then clubbed together—we, the male portion of the party—a sum sufficient to buy half-a-dozen pairs of gloves, which were to be a swimming prize for the four ladies to compete for. The distance was to be one hundred and fifty yards ; the swimming was excellent, and the race was won by a young lady who, the daughter of English parents, had been born on the island and had never been out of it. After several other races and diving matches, we once more retired to our dressing-rooms, and, being clothed and in our right minds, tea was served, and there being no twilight in the tropics we had a pleasant drive home in the moonlight.

On several occasions in the evening, I walked to

the little hut at Wykeke, and, having there disrobed, enjoyed a nocturnal swim in the sea. Once or twice, with the young Macdashes, I put off in a canoe on a fishing expedition by moonlight. I only caught some small gold-fish, which were very plentiful, and in some back-waters close to the native village they literally swarm. I once tried to eat fried gold-fish, but they have very little flavour and are not nice.

One evening, having returned from a fishing expedition, as we were retiring for the night in the hut, I was about to put out the candle, being of course bare-footed, when one of the young Macdashes cried to me to leap on to the bed. I did so, asking him what was the matter; he told me my foot had been but an inch or two from a large scorpion. The sting of the scorpion in the Sandwich Islands is rarely fatal: in cases where death *has* followed, more than one or two of these venomous reptiles have attacked the victim at the same time. The consequences attending the sting of a scorpion or even the bite of a centipede depend very much upon the state of health at the time of the person stung or bitten.

Any way, I was thankful for my escape; from my point of vantage—my bed—I regarded my enemy and discovered the object of his pursuit; it was a large beetle. Mr. Beetle turned upon his

pursuer and prepared for a pitched battle. The beetle made a quick run in and seized the scorpion by a leg or claw; tap, tap, went the reptile's venomous tail upon the shiny hard back of the beetle, who seemed none the worse for it, but quietly gnawed off his enemy's claw. The battle continued; the combatants clung to each other, leg by leg was bitten from the scorpion, and the beetle was evidently becoming weak and drowsy, in fact a little faint; at this stage the avenging hand of man gave the victory to the beetle by the happy despatch of the scorpion. We shovelled them up and threw them out of the hut, where I have no doubt the conqueror made a very good supper off his defunct enemy.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NATIVE LOVE OF GRAND FUNERALS—"WILLING" THEMSELVES TO DIE—A STORY OF NATIVE LOVE AND REVENGE.

"They looked up to the sky, whose flashing glow
 Spread like a rosy ocean vast and bright,
 They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
 Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight,
 And heard the waves splash and the winds so low,
 And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
 Into each other—and beholding this
 Their lips drew near and clung into a kiss."

Don Juan—BYRON.

THE love of ostentatious funerals among the natives of the Sandwich Islands is something extraordinary. I learned that, even before the arrival of the missionaries, a funeral was regarded as an occasion of almost greater rejoicing and festivity than a wedding. In this respect, I believe, the Kanaka takes after certain other savages nearer home.

A short time before my arrival in Honolulu, the captain of a whaling vessel got into considerable trouble through jestingly pandering to the native taste for *post-mortem* glorification.

In the early days of Hawaiian savagery it was by no means an uncommon thing for a native, if afflicted with some serious loss or unbearable trouble, to sit down and "will" herself or himself to death, and having once made up the mind to die, in generally from thirty to forty-eight hours, in some cases much less, the desired rest from earthly ills arrived. The missionaries, of course, in pointing out the various errors of the Kanaka ways, sought as well as they could to put a stop to this system of happy dispatch; but occasionally a case appears which shows that neither the custom nor the power of "willing" themselves to death has passed away amongst many other traditions of the race. To return to the captain of the whaling vessel.

One day, while taking a stroll in the Island of Oahu in the company of a friend, the conversation turned upon the native love of funeral display; they presently came upon a Kanaka diligently at work digging in his taro-patch. The captain, through constantly visiting the islands, knew something of the language of the natives, and proceeded to converse with him; they talked of death. Presently the white man made the swarthy native an offer of a grand funeral which should cost the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, upon the condition that the Kanaka should be dead in three days. The native was incredulous; the offer was repeated;

the captain explained who he was, in token of good faith. The darky put down his spade, laughed and went away.

The next day, while the captain was dining on board his ship, to his great surprise the Kanaka appeared and requested a written agreement concerning the funeral and the hundred and fifty dollars. Treating the affair as a joke the captain gave the agreement, and the native went on his way rejoicing to his friends, with whom he deposited the treasured deed.

In three days the native was dead. A *post-mortem* examination failed to detect poison, and the surgeon could only give a certificate of death from natural causes. Then came a great stir in the place. The missionary element in Honolulu tried to charge the captain with inciting the native to commit suicide. In time the affair was forgotten ; but the relatives of the deceased insisted on obtaining the hundred and fifty dollars—every cent of which was devoted to the funeral display.

This native habit or custom of “willing to death” reminds me of a sad story of native love and revenge. I reproduce it as it was told to me, and I believe it to be true.

“The United States frigate ‘Sierra Nevada’ put into the Bay of Honolulu disabled and leaking ; upon examination it was discovered that the reparation

of her injuries was not beyond the resources of the island port, but it would require five or six months to refit her for sea.

“ Among the officers was Lieutenant Arthur Murgatroyd, a fine handsome young man about twenty-five years of age. Daily the officers and men came on shore to seek what amusement they could find on the island, and great were the preparations for pic-nics, dances, and musical parties among the “upper ten” of Honolulu. Arthur Murgatroyd was somewhat of a romantic disposition. He hired as good a horse as could be obtained in the island, and with sketch-book in pocket scoured hills and valleys in search of beauty and amusement.

“ During one of his solitary rides, walking his horse through a sort of wooded glade on the plain on the north of the island—his senses half intoxicated with the delicious perfume of the flowering shrubs around him, and the tranquil beauty of the scene—he heard a plaintive human voice singing an air he almost recognized, and yet it was so altered that the next moment he felt convinced he had never heard it before. He paused to listen. Yes, it was certainly intended for the old Irish air, ‘Savourneen Dheelish’—the same old song (if the expression may be used) sung in a Kanaka key, quaint, weird, and still beautiful.

“ Turning his horse through an opening in the

glade, he suddenly saw seated beneath a tree immediately in front of him a young girl; she was singing and weaving garlands with the beautiful flowers which she had gathered and were thickly strewn and scattered around her.

“On hearing the horse’s footsteps she left off her song and her work, and looked up. Arthur was amazed; instead of the broad-nosed, glorious-eyed, thick-lipped Kanaka girl he expected to see—the face of a lovely half-white was looking up to him; and the delicate warm-tinted cheek assumed a slightly darker hue as she blushed at the gaze of the sudden apparition on horseback.

“The so-called half-whites are indeed the houris of the Pacific. No matter how distant may be the trace of white blood in their veins, they are still called ‘half-whites.’ I think I may say in truth that I have never seen one of them who, if not absolutely beautiful, had not considerable pretensions in that direction; they are types of lazy, warm, voluptuous beauty; eyes large and luminous; hair in rich waving masses, glossy and black; deep ruby lips which seem formed only to part to whisper through the regular snowy pearls beneath them the words, ‘Love me.’

“Leuali-lui—for that was the name of the girl whose face had struck Arthur Murgatroyd with wonder and admiration—had evidently not per-

formed her toilet with the idea of receiving company. Her costume was delightfully *négligé*, and betrayed shoulders, neck, and as much of her beautifully rounded form as might bring a blush to the cheek of a Sandwich Island girl in the presence of the sterner sex, though many of our London belles, being not so simple as their Pacific rivals, nightly exhibit similar charms (only more of them) in ball-room and opera-house, and blush only with pride and glory at the admiring gaze of the 'white man.'

"A heavy necklet of scarlet and white flowers hung round her throat and fell over her bosom; a wreath of white blossoms crowned her head and mingled with the jetty waving masses of her hair, which flowed over her shoulders to the ground upon which she was sitting. Recovering from her surprise she hastily rose to run away. Arthur found his voice abruptly saying—'Don't go.' She stopped.

"'Will you not give me one of your wreaths?' he asked, scarcely knowing what he was saying. She looked up at him half slyly.

"'You stop, me make one.'

"Of course he stopped. His horse was tied to a tree, and he was lying at her feet. Her clever little dusky fingers were at work again with the flowers; she made one wreath for him, then another,

then a third; and the shadows of the bread-fruit and stumpy banana trees grew longer and longer. At last she jumped up. 'Me go now,' she said.

"He also rose. Taking the wreaths from her, he hastily detached a little gold cross from his watch-chain, and gave it to her as payment for her flowers and her trouble. Her delight was that of a child receiving a new doll. 'Come again,' she said. 'Dood-bye;' and she left him standing alone. Mechanically he loosened his horse, and mounting rode slowly towards Honolulu.

"Leuala-lui's grandfather in his lifetime was an American of Irish parentage, a seaman on board a whaler. He had seen and loved a Kanaka girl, who had the bad taste to return and reward his passion; he was about to leave the maiden broken-hearted, when a missionary came to the rescue, and whether it was the moral lecture, or the assurance that the native girl was very well-to-do in the island, being possessed of sundry taro-patches, bread-fruit trees, plantains, bananas, cocoa-nut groves, &c., the seaman was united to the Kanaka girl in the bonds of holy matrimony by the missionary middleman, and settled down to poi and idleness for the rest of his days. His dusky wife bore him a daughter; that daughter grew to womanhood and married a native of some property, the issue of which marriage was Leuali-lui. The Kanaka son-in-law of

the American—the father of Leuali-lui—died shortly after she was born. The now somewhat ancient ex-whaler idolized his dusky grand-daughter, and from him during her childhood she learned all she knew of the English language and Irish songs, not very much of either.

“About two years before the arrival of Arthur Murgatroyd in the Island of Oahu, Leuali-lui’s grandfather died; the “estate” was managed by her mother, the daughter’s life was passed in dreamy idleness; she did little else than sing to herself quaint snatches of Irish airs which had been taught her by her grandfather, and weave wreaths with the beautiful flowers amidst which she lived. Many a strapping young Kanaka vainly hoped to secure the hand and the taro-patches, &c., of the beautiful half-white heiress; but no, until the day she first saw Murgatroyd, with the exception of her defunct grandfather, she had never seen anyone she liked better or so well as herself.

“Arthur Murgatroyd rode slowly back to Honolulu. He had an engagement for the evening, having accepted an invitation to a dance at the house of the Austrian Consul. It was late in the evening when he arrived on board his ship, and he found his brother-officers dressing to go ashore to the ball. ‘Are you not going?’ asked some of

them. 'You will be late for the launch.' No, he would not go; he had a headache. He would go on deck and have a smoke. The officers returned from the ball and found Murgatroyd still 'on deck having a smoke.'

"The next day, as soon as he could leave the ship, his horse took him to the glade. Leuali-lui was waiting for him. The hours passed happily and dreamily away with them; their conversation, their employment, could be spelt in four letters—L O V E. Again, that evening a head-ache formed an excuse for not accompanying his brother-officers to a dance on shore.

"The third day found him again at the glade. Leuali-lui met him, and said in her pretty broken English: 'Me build house for you.' She led him through the thicket and the dense shrubs; then by a circuitous pathway she brought him to a beautiful bower, woven out of the masses of undergrowth foliage and climbing plants; it was decorated and carpeted with a prodigal profusion of gorgeous odoriferous flowers.

"'Dis be our home,' said she, throwing herself on the luxurious carpet.

"All this was very wrong, no doubt, this woodland flirtation; indeed, it was sad that they never obtained some dusky duenna to act as chaperon; but they did not.

"On returning to his ship that evening the headache excuse no longer succeeded. Arthur was loudly chaffed. Out of the many guesses as to the cause of his severe head-aches several of his companions unwittingly hit upon the true one.

"Weeks passed away; Arthur seldom missed his daily ride to the glade. Fresh flowers constantly decked the shrine of Leuali-lui's love; her secret was hers, and hers only; her dusky mother attended not to the out-goings or in-comings of her beautiful but wilful daughter.

"The mail-steamer from San Francisco arrived at Honolulu. Amongst her passengers was a celebrated 'Pacific Coast' beauty and heiress—a Miss Angela Kirkson; she had come to the island on a visit to her connections, the American minister and his wife. Her arrival made quite a sensation in the society of the little town and amongst the officers of the 'Sierra Nevada,' who each sought to outvie the other in his attentions to the 'Frisco belle.

"One evening Arthur Murgatroyd—half out of curiosity, half in consequence of being unable to stand the chaff and banter of his brother-officers—put on his dress-clothes and went to a ball at the house of a well-known Honolulu merchant. In due time he was introduced to Miss Kirkson. Arthur waltzed to perfection; waltzing was Miss Kirk-

son's idolatry; Arthur was *distract*; Angela was piqued and pleased; she tried to draw him out, and for the first time in her life failed to have her own way with a man. She secretly kept a second waltz for him in her programme, but she was somewhat vexed at finding he did not ask her to dance a second time; in her annoyance she told him she was disengaged but for one dance on her tablet, and that if he would promise to be in a better humour he might have it. No one who had ever known the much-besought Miss Kirkson would have believed she could have done such a thing, but she was bent on conquest; of course he could not refuse, and she made him playfully promise to be good and amusing. In some way or other, the young lady got out of some of her engagements for the evening, and four times did she waltz with Mr. Arthur Murgatroyd.

"Returning to the 'Sierra Nevada,' Arthur was congratulated by his brother-officers upon the impression he had made upon the San Francisco beauty. Bets were offered and taken that certain solitary rides would now quickly cease. Every night now Arthur was seen at some ball or musical party, hovering near the fair Angela; his daily rides gradually became tri-weekly, and then bi-weekly.

"Leuali-lui still received Arthur with her old

bright smile, but anyone but himself would have noticed the change in her appearance. The flowers were daily renewed in the bower, whether Arthur arrived or not; but a little heart, so overflowing with that warm but fatal parti-coloured blood, was growing more and more irregular in its beatings.

“Honolulu began to talk of the lucky Lieutenant Murgatroyd, who had secured the wealthy beauty from the Coast. Arthur was now constantly riding by her side, pointing out to her the beauties and glories of the island. There was one beautiful ride across a wooded plain on the north of the island that he studiously and carefully avoided.

“The day came, however, when Angela asked him, plump and plain, why it was they had never explored the northern part of the island, and in spite of his assertion that that portion of Oahu was but an unhealthy thicket, she insisted upon leading the way towards the memorable glade. Arthur would have given half he possessed to have turned back, but he could not; he grew silent, devoutly praying that a certain person would not be upon the watch. There are many people who do not believe in fate—possibly few who do—but even that many must have some faith in coincidence, else whence the common use and truthful application of the old saying—‘Talk of a certain old gentleman,’ &c.

“Well—fate or coincidence—Angela insisted on dismounting and fastening their horses to trees, while she explored the beautiful glade on foot. What could Arthur do but obey and follow? She could not understand what was the matter with him, so quiet, almost sullen.

“‘Oh, what a lovely shady path!’ she cried, turning down a leafy alley in the glade which was only too well known to Arthur.

“‘Not there—not there!’ hurriedly exclaimed Arthur.

“‘And pray why not, Master Crosspatch?’ she asked.

“‘It looks as if it were full of centipedes, scorpions, and snakes,’ he stammered in reply.

“‘Bosh!’ was her only answer; and she led the way down the alley.

“They reached the bower; it was more beautifully decorated than ever with flowers gorgeous in many colours, in honour of a loved one who so rarely now appeared. Angela fairly shrieked with delight as she entered the little temple built with loving hands, and till now all sacred to the devouring god. Arthur was almost a pitiable sight.

“‘Dear Arthur, you look ill,’ she exclaimed. ‘And so cross and vexed; tell me, dear, have I offended you? What have I done? Answer me, dear Arthur, or I shall think you don’t love me at all.’

“ ‘ Love you, my darling ? You know I love you—and you only.’ And he took her in his arms.

“ The words had scarcely escaped his lips when there was a rustling in the bushes close at hand, and a moan, so unearthly, so unhuman, that Angela clung to Arthur, in fear, for support.

“ ‘ Oh, Arthur, what was it ? What was it ? ’ she cried.

“ ‘ Nothing, dearest, nothing. It is only some miserable native cur, the Kanakas eat dogs, you know, they run about here to fatten as pigs do at home—it’s been bitten by some scorpion or centipede ; I told you the place was full of them. Come away, dear, the smell of these filthy flowers is enough to sicken anybody.’

“ They retraced their steps. Arthur knew well enough that his loving words were not heard only by Angela Kirkson. The fact of being deserted—cruelly deserted—by her lover was gradually dawning upon the mind of poor Leuali-lui, but the cause thereof in her wildest dreams she could not have imagined. In one moment she had learned the truth.

“ ‘ A native dog bitten by a centipede or scorpion ’ forsooth ? A poor crushed heart ! No centipede—no scorpion could inflict so sharp, so cruel a sting ! No fang could leave behind it such poison as those few words from the lips of Arthur Murgatroyd.

CHAPTER XII.

LEUALI-LUI'S STORY CONTINUED AND CONCLUDED.

“ When lovely woman stoops to folly
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can sooth her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away ?

“ The only art her guilt can cover
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To bring repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom is to die.”

Vicar of Wakefield—GOLDSMITH.

“ **A**RTHUR now discontinued his visits to the glade altogether; and his engagement to Miss Angela Kirkson was generally known amongst the society of the little town.

“ About a fortnight after the visit of Angela and Arthur to the glade, a grand ball took place at the house of the American minister; no expense was spared; it was determined that the entertainment should be the most magnificent that had been known in Honolulu for many years. The gardens were gorgeously illuminated, and the house itself

was converted into a sort of fairy palace of flowers and plants. Most of the officers of the 'Sierra Nevada' were present, including of course the fortunate Lieutenant Murgatroyd; Angela the beautiful—the guest and relation of the host and hostess—was gorgeous in some wonderful costume, a late arrival from the 'White House' in Kearney Street, San Francisco.

"The ball was a brilliant affair and an undoubted success. The night had passed into morning, and Arthur and Angela were strolling through a dimly lit arcade in the grounds, when suddenly the lady uttered a faint scream, and a white form like a ghost was seen vanishing among the shrubs in the distance. A beautifully-woven garland of lovely flowers had been thrown, as by a spirit-hand, around the neck of the fair Angela, and attached to it was a piece of paper upon which was scrawled in printing capitals, but scarcely legible, the words, 'HE IS MINE, GIVE HIM BACK TO ME.' She was amazed, and turned to Arthur (who inwardly smothered an oath) for explanation. He stammered out that it must be the joke of some playful native. Could Arthur be the HE mentioned in the scrawl?

"'Who knows?' He answered lightly. 'I believe these natives are all mad. I shall be glad enough when we get away from the place.'

"Angela pondered over the occurrence during

the following day ; on the second day she occasionally thought of it ; upon the third it was almost forgotten.

“ Shortly after the ball at the house of the American minister, Arthur Murgatroyd was unmercifully chaffed by his brother officers on board the ‘ Sierra Nevada ’ at receiving a letter addressed to him in scarcely legible printing capitals—‘ To Arthur, who said he loved me, in the big ship in the bay.’ Of course there were many Arthurs on board, all of whom disowned the soft impeachment ; moreover, the cause of Murgatroyd’s lonely rides through the interior of the island, had in some inexplicable manner become known, and the document was delivered to him.

“ Of course it was from Leuali-lui. It must have been an herculean labour to the poor girl to write it ; as in her late communication to her fair rival, it was inscribed in printing capitals. The epistle was worded to the effect that she would not be forsaken, and warned him that if he did not give up the ‘ grand woman,’ she, the ‘ grand woman,’ would suffer.

“ Of course Arthur was greatly annoyed. However, he thought to himself that in ten days he would start for San Francisco with the fair Angela (having obtained leave of absence from his ship), so he decided to take no notice of the communication.

“ The Honolulu artizans had nearly accomplished

the repairs of the 'Sierra Nevada,' and the sojourn of the officers on the island was drawing to a close. A farewell ball was to take place at the house of the English minister, to which all the officers of the American frigate had been invited. The invitations had been issued for the Thursday, a week after Arthur had received his epistle from Leuali-lui. The preparations for the coming entertainment bid fair to out-do the magnificence of the ball which had taken place at the house of the American minister. Meanwhile the mail-steamer from San Francisco arrived at Honolulu, bringing a fresh consignment of dresses for the fair Angela, and a little packet for Lieutenant Arthur Murgatroyd.

"It was the evening of the ball ; Arthur proceeded to the house of the American minister to escort him, his wife, and his (Arthur's) *fiancée* to the entertainment. With him he took the aforesaid little packet. In Angela's presence he opened it, and displayed to her admiring gaze an exceedingly handsome necklace consisting of a treble row of Oriental pearls. She thanked him in a way quite allowable in the relationship in which they stood towards each other. In delight he clasped the jewels round her beautiful neck. They started for the ball. It was a magnificent entertainment ; many declared that it quite eclipsed that which had been given shortly before at the house of the

American minister ; everyone proclaimed it a brilliant success.

“ Arthur Murgatroyd was out of humour and ill at ease. After a long waltz with his *fiancée*, Angela proposed a stroll in the gardens. Arthur was strong in his objections, fearing a repetition of the unpleasant little occurrence which spoilt his pleasure at the last grand ball. However, Angela would have her own way, and they strolled into an arbour which was dimly lit with a Chinese lantern. Presently, after having for some minutes been whispering soft nothings in each other's ears, Arthur rose to conduct Angela once more to the ball-room. He was engaged to dance the next dance, a quadrille, with the young lady's *chaperon*—the wife of the American minister. Angela declined to return with him ; no, she would remain in the arbour, where it was cool, and where he would find her when the dance was over. Arthur, muttering to himself something about the old saying concerning a wilful woman, sauntered into the ball-room, and sought his partner for the quadrille.

“ Scarcely had he left the arbour when a short figure robed in white appeared, seemingly from nowhere, before the astonished Angela, who slightly screamed at the apparition. The face of her visitor was veiled ; but a pair of eyes shone in the dim light of the arbour like two live coals.

“‘You make no noise,’ were the first words hissed out in a woman’s voice.

“‘What do you want?’ cried Angela.

“‘What me want? Why, him—Arthur—Arthur! He is mine; you steal him. He love you now. I kill you; you take him from me. Ha! he give you white beads! You shall not have them! See—see!’

“And with a cat-like movement she darted forward and tore the pearls from Angela’s neck, at the same time crying in a suppressed voice, ‘I kill you—I kill you!’ She thrust something she was holding in her hand down the open bosom of Angela’s dress. In a moment Leuali-lui (for of course it was she) was gone; but screams of the most heartrending description burst from poor Angela. Shriek upon shriek pierced the night air. The guests from the ball-room rushed into the garden, to the spot from whence the cries proceeded. Of course Arthur was the first to arrive at the harbour. Angela was in convulsions, and was tearing at the bosom of her dress. They quickly bore her into the house. One of the guests was the principal physician in Honolulu; he ordered the dress to be immediately cut open; this was done, and three large and venomous scorpions fell to the floor; remedies were at once applied, but the very worst was feared.

“The ball was broken up; Arthur stayed at the house of the English Minister that night. The following day Angela was still delirious: the doctor shook his head, and said he feared the worst; her body was fearfully swollen, but every remedy was being applied. Arthur was distracted; everyone considered it a most curious accident that three scorpions should at once have fallen from the top of the arbour upon her breast; how else was their presence to be accounted for? When the reptiles had fallen from her bosom, after her dress had been cut open, no one observed that a small piece of leather fell also to the ground; evidently it was in that piece of leather that Leuali-lui had, harmlessly to herself, confined her venomous agents.

“Three days passed away, and the doctor gave some hopes of his patient's recovery; she had not yet regained her reason, but was still rambling in her constant chatter. Once when Arthur had been standing by her side she appeared to recognize him, and, turning from him, muttered something about a necklace. Upon this he inquired of the attendants what had become of a valuable pearl necklace which Miss Kirkson had been wearing at the time of her accident: all knowledge of it was denied. It seemed most extraordinary, but it was gone. Again, half recognizing Arthur, Angela cried to him—

“‘Leave me—leave me! you are hers! She has the pearls; they will suit her dark skin better than mine. Leave me—leave me!’

“Arthur stood aghast. He saw it all now. He rushed from the house, ordered his horse, and galloped to the glade. In loud tones he called ‘Leuali-lui!’ as he tied his horse to the old familiar tree; but no answer came.

“With hurried steps he walked up the narrow alley towards the bower. As he approached it the perfume of flowers became stronger and stronger. He reached the spot; he called Leuali-lui; she was before him.

“The little temple was more exquisitely decorated with flowers than ever. Garlands and wreaths were suspended from the sides and from the roof; the blossoms were no longer fresh, but two or three days old, and their perfume stronger and almost unbearable. He spoke to her; she was leaning back upon a bank or cushion of flowers, seated upon a carpet of the same, and her large dark eyes gazed upon him with an unearthly stony look. She did not answer. There she sat upon her throne of flowers; flowers in her hair, wreathed about her limbs and over her body, and around her neck a treble chain of costly pearls.

“He leaned over her to speak; he took her

hand, it fell from him—she was dead and cold!

“Returning to her bower, after her visit of vengeance to Angela Kirkson, Leuali-lui quietly sat down and waited for death, after the custom of her dusky ancestors. He came, and the little troubled half-savage heart was at rest.

“Arthur Murgatroyd sank to the ground; how long he remained there he never knew. He was at length aroused by a moaning beside him; it was Leuali-lui's mother. For days she had searched for her missing child; she had found a strange horse fastened to a tree in the grove; she tracked footsteps up the little alley to the bower; at last she had found her missing darling—dead! Of course the poor woman knew nothing of the connection which had once existed between Arthur and her child; she imagined it was accident which had brought the white gentleman to the spot upon which her daughter—her Leuali-lui—was sitting, dead. He tried to console her—useless. He left her in the bower, and, mounting his horse, rode all over the glade till he found some Kanakas working in a taro-patch; signing to them to follow him, he showed them to the little alley, and, giving them a few dollars, he galloped back to Honolulu.

“Angela Kirkson recovered, but she would never see Arthur Murgatroyd again; he shortly afterwards left Honolulu in the ‘Sierra Nevada;’ Angela

remained in the island until she was sufficiently strong to return to San Francisco. She made inquiries, and found out something of the history of Leuali-lui, and quite correctly guessed the rest.

"She visited the little bower, guided to it by the poor old half-white mother; the remains of the beautiful wreaths and garlands were still there, and the ground was strewed inches deep with dead and faded blossoms. Among the latter Angela found the necklace of pearls, which had fallen unheeded from the bosom of the dead girl when the Kanakas sent by Murgatroyd had removed the body from the little bower. In time the jewels were returned to the giver. Angela consoled the poor mother as best she could, and often visited her; before she left the island she gave her a prettily framed portrait of herself, and placed over Leuali-lui's grave a white marble cross, with wreaths and garlands of the flowers she had loved so well, carved and twined over and around it, and upon it a simple inscription—

LEUALI-LUI,
Betrayed and Died,
June, 1865.
Aged 17 years.

CHAPTER XIII.

WALTER MONTGOMERY STARTS FOR SAN FRANCISCO—THE “ROLLING MOSES”—THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY—IRISH SYMPATHY—THE MACHINERY BREAKS DOWN IN MID-OCEAN—A HEAVY GALE—THE FATHER TO THE RESCUE—THE GOLDEN GATE—SAN FRANCISCO—A LADY’S MORNING COSTUME—THE CALIFORNIA THEATRE—THE OPERA HOUSE—BRITISH BLONDES—ALONE.

“*Miranda.* The sky it seems would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea mounting to the welkin’s cheek
Dashes the fire out.

.
A brave vessel

Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her.”

THE TEMPEST, *Act I.*

“*Mrs. Page (reads.)* You are not young, no more am I; go to then there’s sympathy; you are merry, so am I; ha, ha, then there’s more sympathy. You love sack, so do I; would you desire better sympathy?”—MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, *Act II.*

AT the end of chapter nine I described our last and grandest entertainment in Honolulu, given by command of the King. I mentioned also that the day before that entertainment the mail-steamer from San Francisco had arrived in the bay

—the “Moses Taylor,”—the ship which was to convey me to “the land of stars and stripes.” Amongst her passengers from California was the accomplished actress Miss Mary Gladstane, who in company with her husband, the energetic theatrical manager, Mr. Bayliss, was journeying to Australia. Mr. and Mrs. Bayliss, by permission of the chamberlain, were accommodated with a private box (if such it could be called) to witness our last entertainment in Honolulu.

About ten days previous to the arrival of the “Moses Taylor”—or, as she was generally called by those to whom her behaviour at sea was known, the “Rolling Moses”—Walter Montgomery, as I have already said, started for California in a sailing vessel. Of course I went to the quay to see him off; his favourite pony, whose jumping powers had so amused Her Majesty Queen Emma, was stabled in a comfortable stall on deck. A great number of people assembled to witness Walter’s departure and give him a parting cheer, a decided sign of the good feeling he was leaving behind him and of his personal popularity in the island town. His Majesty, with his chamberlain, drove down to the quay to say farewell to the actor on his leaving the kingdom of the sable monarch.

On Sunday the 22nd of May, the “Moses Taylor” started for San Francisco. Her passenger list was

a large one. The captain was a capital fellow, and it was generally understood that he had served in the navy of the South during the civil war in America; he was polite, gentlemanly, and obliging—qualities which upon American steamers my experience has taught me are very rare amongst captains. It has always been a question in my mind why it is that on board American steamers the passengers are so dull and averse to entertaining themselves and their fellow-voyagers? Is it that Americans are not gregarious in their habits at sea? Or is it in consequence of a national dislike to make themselves agreeable to strangers? The passengers on board the “Rolling Moses” were no exception to that which my after-experience taught me was the rule.

A certain holy father in the Roman Church (alas! who is immaculate?) had started with us in the pioneer vessel of the new mail-line from Sydney. His church, I understood, had requested him for certain reasons to betake himself to the other world; as it did not specify which world, he started for San Francisco in the same vessel which had borne me to the Sandwich Islands; he was stout—very stout—unctuous and loquacious; the wicked stories which accompanied him on board concerning his past habits of inebriety—not to say general immorality—were, owing to his sober and pleasant

behaviour, very soon considered as vile and scandalous fabrications ; but alas for human frailty ! We landed at Auckland, as I have already described, and as we steamed out of the harbour, on bidding farewell to that city, it became generally known that the much scandalized holy father was left behind in a hopeless state of intoxication.

I entered the lower saloon of the " Moses Taylor " after having remained on deck until the volcanic hills of Oahu gradually began to fade in the distance, and almost the first person I beheld was the erring pillar of the church, with clean but puffy shaven face, and adipose body clad in very rusty clerical costume. I did not rejoice at meeting my fellow-voyager of about two months before, but I did not suppose his presence on board could affect me much. I went to my state-room, which opened out of the lower saloon, to arrange my traps, &c., and found that some one had already secured the upper bunk ; however, I consoled myself with the manifest comfort that, whoever my fellow-passenger might be, the state-room was not encumbered with much of his luggage. My horror and disgust may be imagined when, on retiring to my cabin that night at a somewhat late hour, I discovered that the occupant of the bunk above me was none else than the corpulent holy father, whose mulberry nose was sending forth mighty snores worthy of the proboscis of a titan !

Fortunately for me, amongst my fellow-passengers was a Honolulu merchant with whom I was acquainted, who on hearing my piteous story took compassion on me, and, although he had paid for the luxury of having a state-room to himself, most kindly offered me the spare bunk in it; I was much indebted to him, for his cabin was in the upper saloon and, cooler and more airy than those below.

Amongst the passengers, also, was a stout elderly female Hibernian, who, with her servant and countrywoman, was travelling to San Francisco to take some part—make some claim or give some testimony—in a great will case.

The aforesaid holy father also hailed from the sister isle; he lost no time in making the acquaintance of his countrywoman and fellow-passenger, and very soon he was installed domestic chaplain to the Irish lady. Nightly she and her ghostly confessor, with the ancient Biddy seated at a respectful distance behind them, indulged in sundry tumblers of the craytur, and, sad to relate and much to the scandal of the ship, on one occasion the two Irish women were obliged to conduct their confessor to his state-room. The good lady sought to calm the voice of scandal by asserting that “the poor gentleman wasn’t quite used to the *say* just yet.”

We had steamed half way to San Francisco when

the dreary monotony of the voyage was broken by some accident—a bad smash—amongst the machinery. Dismal forebodings of a long and tedious sail back to Oahu—short provisions—failing water, &c., immediately filled our thoughts and conversation. The chief engineer solemnly shook his head and said he hoped for the best, and being a man of great skill and perseverance, after we had been lying motionless upon the rippleless sea under a tropical sun, for two days and a half, the repairs were completed and we were able once more to steam ahead. During this tedious time we were much indebted to a solitary shark, who kindly paid us a visit, and allowed himself to be caught for our amusement. He was our sole visitor, for no other fish, nor ever a bird, came near us.

When within two days steam of San Francisco we were overtaken by a tremendous gale, and then the “Rolling Moses” exercised her far-famed propensities with a vengeance. The gale increased as night advanced; about half-past ten—many of the ladies had retired to their cabins and their bunks; others, too frightened at the storm to do so, sat up in the saloon with a semblance of playing cards, while some of the men were singing and telling funny stories to make light of the danger they themselves really feared, and the Irish trio

had said good-night to each other; the holy father, well primed to meet any danger, had staggered off to bed, leaving his companions still with their tumblers in their hands. About half-past ten a mighty sea struck the ship, throwing her nearly on her beam-ends; for one moment there was a pause, then a noise like an explosion; the battened doors of the upper saloon had been stove in, and down the lower saloon staircase rushed a torrent of water; ton upon ton came down; I myself thought the ship was foundering; the engines were stopped, and the water continued to rush down the staircase.

I shall never forget the scene in the saloon; the women screaming, the men in dismay; cabin-doors were thrown open; ladies appeared in their night-dresses; those who had been sleeping in the lower berths were drenched and half-drowned. The Irish lady and her servant were sitting somewhat near the saloon stairs, and were the first to be caught in the deluge. I had time to observe that the mistress had the good sense to swallow the contents of her tumbler before she joined her servant in a duet of violent screams, which, as the unfortunate women were quickly washed over into the lee side of the ship, soon became half-smothered howls for help; fortunately their domestic chaplain came to their assistance, but on

his placing them on a bench by the cuddy-table in security, their screams became tenfold, for the corpulent priest in his hurry and fear tumbled out of his bunk in the garment he used as his night-dress, which, to say the least or the most of it, did not descend to his ankles.

Then came a small army of stewards and sailors with buckets, &c., and in about an hour and a half most of the water was baled out of the lower saloon, while the doors of the upper one, which had been smashed in by the sea, were barricaded, and order was again restored. The steward opened the pantry, and those who had been so frightened and drenched were able to obtain something to counteract their terror and their cold; the Irish trio, clothed and dry, were once again sitting together, comfortably enjoying in unmeasured quantities the far-famed "light wine" of their country.

The day after the storm was bright and clear, and at the break of the day following we sighted the coast of California.

The "Golden Gate" is certainly an imposing entrance to the harbour of San Francisco; the distance from cliff to cliff cannot be more than a couple of miles; of these two miles of broken water forming the bar, not more than half a mile of it is deep enough to float a large vessel even in calm

weather. When once the bar is crossed, however, and the "gate" entered, the extent of the harbour somewhat resembles an inland sea; it is large enough to float all the navies of the world both present and past; it surpasses Port Phillip Harbour in beauty, if not in extent.

We passed through the "gate," and steamed up the harbour, past Telegraph Hill and Goat Island, Meigg's Wharf in the distance, and came in sight of the great city of the Pacific—San Francisco. The appearance of the place as we first beheld it was anything but pleasing. Ugly brownish white sandy hills, apparently covered with miserable wooden shanties, met our view. Presently we rounded a point, and the city proper appeared before us.

In very early days the waters of the bay washed the foot of the hills upon which the mighty city has grown; but their steep sides interfered with commercial pursuits and enterprises; moreover the bay was shallow where it faced the town, and the ships which brought merchandize and necessities to the ever-increasing population in exchange for the newly found gold and silver, had to lie out in the harbour and disgorge their foreign wealth by means of boats and barges. To remedy this inconvenience a neighbouring hill was carried away piece-meal and cast into the shallow part of the bay, and upon

the acres and acres of this thus acquired land at present stands the busiest portion of the town of San Francisco; and where once floated the Spanish missionary ships and traders of the early days of California, now stately offices, magnificent store-houses, and costly hotels rear their Mansard roofs towards the skies.

We approached a covered quay or wharf; then commenced a babel of noise and confusion. We landed; we were most unfavorably impressed at our first sight of America and Americans. Three ladies, two gentlemen, and myself formed ourselves into a little party to "do the landing" together; I was left to look after the luggage, while the others engaged carriages and drove off to find an hotel. I was to await the return of the gentlemen with the carriage; the keys were left with me, and I unlocked, and presented the contents of such boxes as the custom-house officers desired to search; the magic chalk-mark was upon all the luggage and I was still on guard; thrice some portion of it was on the point of being stolen. The gentlemen of our party returned. The luggage was packed on express waggon, and we entered a carriage and were driven to the Occidental Hotel in Montgomery Street.

In the meantime the ladies of the party had ordered luncheon, and upon our arrival we all sat

down in the *salle-à-manger* of the hotel to devour our first meal in the great "land of the Stars and Stripes."

The style of serving our food pleased none of us ; numbers of little dishes containing a slice of this, a spoonful of that, or a small quantity of something else, were dotted round about the plate of each person. In the midst of my luncheon my breath (and almost my appetite) was taken from me by the entrance of a—well I afterwards heard she was the wife of a San Francisco magnate who lived in the hotel ; the time of day was one o'clock ; the lady was attired in black satin trimmed with black lace ; the body of the dress was cut in (I believe it is the correct expression) a V shape, the angle of the V being very acute. The lady was middle-aged, with yellow hair decked with a flower or two fastened with diamond pins ; her eyebrows were almost unnaturally black, her skin as unnaturally white, save where her pink cheeks gradually deepened into her carnation lips. Diamonds were in her ears, diamonds upon her throat, her watch-chain was composed of links of the same precious stones, and her watch, which was displayed outside her dress, was incrustated with similar jewels ; of her fingers little save precious stones was to be seen. So much magnificence startled me. After a few weeks in San Francisco, however, I got accus-

tomed to such spectacles and to others even more astonishing. After lunch a fellow-voyager and myself took rooms together in a private house opposite the hotel—the prices at the Occidental being scarcely suited to our purses and their limited contents. We then sallied forth to see something of the City. As we walked up Bush Street towards the California Theatre we met Walter Montgomery, who welcomed me very warmly; he was “starring” at the theatre I have just mentioned, and with his usual kindness invited the whole of our party to come and see him play that evening; we accepted the invitation and attended the performance; it was “Othello”—Walter taking the part of the “Moor.”

I was much struck with the appearance of the interior of the Californian Theatre on the occasion of my first visit; since I was in San Francisco, I hear it has been entirely remodelled.

The auditorium was large, with stalls and dress-circle both in one, running from the orchestra to far away back beneath the upper circle, rising tier upon tier. The seats I thought were more comfortable than almost any I have sat upon in any theatre; they were comfortable leg-less chairs with moderately high backs, fixed upon hinges and springs which allowed the American play-goer to enjoy the favourite luxury of a rocking chair during

the performance. These chairs, I believe, had two objections which ultimately caused their removal; the first objection was that, when the house was only moderately full, the long dark backs of them gave the place the air of being immoderately empty; the second and more serious objection was that if, unwittingly, a person should rest his toes on the back of the seat of the play-goer in front of him, and that play-goer began through emotion or otherwise to rock, the person's poor toes were unmercifully nipped.

We were fortunate in our first visit to an American theatre; we witnessed a very fine performance of the tragedy of "Othello," taken as a whole, though to be sure some of the minor parts were not in the hands of great artists by any means. Walter Montgomery was the Moor; Lawrence Barrett, the well-known American actor, played Iago; and the genial gentleman, excellent actor, and disciple of the great Edwin Forrest, John McCullough, played Cassio; poor old Sedley Smith, the old Boston favourite, played Brabantio. Two of the principle members of the California Theatre company were not in the cast—namely, the now celebrated comedian Mr. John T. Raymond, and the famous entymologist and excellent actor, Harry Edwards. Miss Emily Melville played Desdemona; she is now well-known in Australia and America upon the operatic stage.

The scenery for the tragedy was very handsome and appropriate.

The second evening in San Francisco was passed in Macguire's Theatre, which at that time was second only to the California; it was under the management of the veteran Tom Macguire. The boards of this theatre, previous to the erection of its handsome rival the California, had been trodden by the greatest actors, native or foreign. Here Forrest thundered to the gods; here Edwin Booth as a young man startled the early Californians with his, even then, marvellous impersonations, such as Claude Melnotte, Rafaele (Marble Heart), Amand (Camille), &c. Jefferson, Owens, the Keans, Bandmann, Sullivan, and many other artists of great distinction, have delighted the San Franciscans, and filled large pockets with almighty dollars at Macguire's Theatre and Opera House. On the occasion of my first visit to Macguire's, Horace Lingard and his beautiful wife, Miss Alice Dunning, held the boards.

The season at the California Theatre was drawing to a close. Messrs. Barratt and McCullough were the managers; the former was about to sever his connection with the theatre, and to leave the management in the hands of the latter, who has not long since, I understand, retired altogether from the management.

At the time of my arrival at the city of the Pacific, the theatre-going public of San Francisco was somewhat excited over the expected arrival of two companies of "B.B.B.'s," which letters in gigantic capitals were posted up all over the town. This "B.B.B." was for a time a puzzle, but ere long it was translated into "Beautiful British Blondes," being an English company of burlesque actresses. The first to arrive was the company of Miss Weber, who was engaged with her fair companions to appear at Macguire's Opera House. The other company, which was shortly expected to astonish the public with their beauty and talent at the California, was the celebrated Lydia Thompson Burlesque Company.

Our little party, who landed together, after a few days' sojourn in the city, separated; my fellow-voyager who "roomed" with me, and myself remained in San Francisco; the others started for New York by the overland route across the continent.

One lady, in addition to the sum laid out for her journey to New York, had to pay eighty-five dollars gold—about seventeen pounds—for overweight of luggage; and as her travelling bath was filled with specimens of Sandwich Island coral, very heavy and valueless (probably the whole lot of it would sell in London for half-a-crown), and her largest

chest was full, as she confided to me, of half worn out dresses and robes, old books, and useless manuscripts, that seventeen pounds might have been better invested.

I saw my friends off; I returned to my lodging and found myself strange indeed in a strange land. With the exception of Walter Montgomery and the comparative stranger, my fellow-voyager, I was not acquainted with a living soul in San Francisco. But I was young then, and my heart was light—and so by the way was my purse.

CHAPTER XIV.

CALIFORNIA—THE CLIMATE IN SAN FRANCISCO—THE CLIFF-HOUSE
 —FROM BOSTON TO SAN FRANCISCO—MINGLING THE WATERS
 OF THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC—SPANISH NAMES—WOOD-
 WARD'S GARDENS—THE APPARITION IN THE WINDOW PANE—
 A GHOSTLY SPECULATION—CHINA-TOWN—BARBARY COAST—SHOT
 DEAD IN THE STREETS—KILLING NO MURDER.

"*Hamlet.*

Think of it,

The very place puts toys of desperation
 Without more motive into every brain
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea
 And hears it roar beneath."

HAMLET, *Act. I.*

"*1st Murderer.* He'll say 'twas done cowardly when he wakes.

2nd Murderer. When he wakes? Why, fool, he shall never wake
 until the great judgment day."

RICHARD III, *Act I.*

THE population of San Francisco is estimated at about 250,000, and, considering its age, it is a truly wonderful city. Its hotels, banks, &c., are among the finest in the world. At the time of my sojourn in the city the principal hotels were the Occidental, the Grand, the Lick House, and the Cosmopolitan; the three I have first named equalled,

if they did not surpass, any hotel in London. More recently a marvellous building called the Palace Hotel has sprung into existence, and is, I believe, the largest and best-appointed hotel in the world.

Certainly the churches cannot vie in grandeur with the hotels; although there are many places of worship for the various religious denominations which are represented in the city, I do not think the San Franciscan as a rule is a great church-goer. There is no church in the place which has any great pretension to architectural beauty, interiorly or exteriorly. I should imagine that the greater portion of the religionists in San Francisco are Roman Catholics, while a large proportion of the population subscribe to no religion at all.

The streets are wide, but very badly paved, most of them being laid down with cobble-stones, and where these objectionable pavings are absent the road is made of timber, which, being seldom if ever in repair, is almost the worse of the two evils. Montgomery Street is *the* street of the city, narrow and, of course, ill-paved; Kearney Street, which ranks next in importance, is broad and lined with many grand shops. The far-famed (in California) White House—a great dry-goods store—stands in Kearney Street. California Street is to San Francisco what Wall Street is to New

York and Threadneedle Street are to London ; in it stand some of the handsomest banks and offices the city possesses.

Of the two principal theatres I have already spoken. Since my visit to San Francisco two new and magnificent temples of the drama have *grown* out of the rich soil of the wealthy city.

The views of the bay, from the tops of some of the hills upon which the town is built, are remarkably fine ; some of the principal streets are built, I might almost say, perpendicularly upon the sides of these hills, which are terribly steep, and in some cases quite impracticable for vehicles.

San Francisco, the city, is situated upon a sand-spit, which is a peninsula. The dust and sand are amongst the greatest annoyances of the place. Somehow or other the great Pacific city has gained the fame of possessing one of the finest climates in the world ; it certainly does not deserve its reputation ; my experience of it taught me it was one of the most disagreeable climates ; change, change, and constant change. To be sure, the weather is never very hot nor very cold, the mean temperature of the year being 56°, in summer 60°, in winter 51°.

When Edwin Forrest visited the city he exhausted all his strongest and most favourite expletives in denouncing what he termed the

"beastly climate." "The four seasons before noon," he said, "and again the seasons begin backwards before night." This is very often true ; between the hours of seven and nine in the morning is the most delightful time for a ride in the summer ; about half-past nine or ten a strong wind comes in from the sea, and the dust and sand are blinding ; at noon the heat is overpowering ; at three or four p.m. a cold Scotch mist comes up from the ocean, and almost chills the marrow in one's bones ; this generally passes off at sunset, and the summer evening is pleasant. This is the climate of San Francisco ; it is entirely different even only across the bay at Oaklands. In fact, I think the city has stolen its climatic reputation from the State, for, out of San Francisco, the climate of California is undoubtedly the finest I have ever experienced.

There is one, and only one, ride or drive which can be termed pleasant out of the town ; I mean, of course, without crossing the bay. Leaving San Francisco, you ride or drive towards Lone Mountain Cemetery, and passing through the toll-gate, you find yourself on the Cliff-House Road, which at the present day is laid down through the new park. This road is kept in splendid condition, and is as smooth as a billiard-table ; being the only "drive" in the peninsula, in the afternoon there

may be seen the beauty and fashion of San Francisco—male and female—in flashiest of buggies behind the fastest-trotting of horses. A drive of between three and four miles, and the somewhat steep descent to the Cliff-House is reached. Here, before one, stretches a mighty panorama of the Pacific Ocean and the far distant shores of the northern mainland of California. A steep descent is made, and the buggy with its two occupants draws up at the door of the far-famed Cliff-House.

A week or ten days after my arrival in San Francisco, in company with Walter Montgomery, who was mounted upon his Sandwich Island pony, I rode to this Cliff-House. On the road we came upon a large party of ladies and gentlemen, who were being driven to see the only “show” outside the city; this party turned out to be Macguire’s troupe of British Blondes, who had arrived in San Francisco the day before.

As Walter and myself approached the steep descent to the “house” we perceived a buggy containing a lady and gentlemen; the latter was vainly endeavouring to control a pair of horses which were dashing at a gallop headlong down the hill, apparently to certain death, for beyond the Cliff-House, at a sharp turn in the road, a low dyke was the sole protection against their being

hurled down the precipitous cliff to the sands below. The driver—I believe he was the manager of the troupe—seeing his danger, picked out a spot where the road was somewhat wider, and with both hands grasping the left rein with a vigorous pull turned the horses sharply round, and by these means saved himself and his companion from certain death by being dashed over the cliff, at the expense of upsetting and smashing the buggy. The driver, though considerably bruised, was otherwise uninjured, but the unfortunate lady in his charge, in a state of insensibility, was carried to the Cliff-House, where it was discovered that she had severely damaged her knee-joint; she presently came to herself and, at my suggestion, cold water bandages were immediately applied, and then, after sundry faintings, the little British blonde summoned a little British pluck and, declining to be driven back at once to San Francisco, determined to enjoy herself as much as she could, without leaving the sofa, until it was time for her to return to the city with the rest of the company. The Cliff-House is a structure of wood built upon, indeed overhanging, a precipitous cliff; a spacious covered balcony, or verandah, juts out over the cliff, and beneath it, two hundred feet below, boils, and in stormy weather thunders the unpacific Pacific. I have visited the Cliff-House in the early

morning after a severe storm has been raging all night, when the waves, beating the rocks below, have made the house quiver and tremble as if shaken by an earthquake, while the foam and spray have been driven into the verandah.

Some few hundred yards from the cliff upon which the house is built, and rising out of the sea, are some mighty conical rocks upon which the far-famed Californian sea-lions disport themselves; for hours I have watched these huge animals gambling, fighting, and trumpeting over their rocky possession. These herds of sea-lions are protected from destruction by state laws, and they and their island home and playground form a leading attraction to the sojourners in San Francisco, and a source of considerable wealth to the proprietor of the Cliff-House.

Upon one occasion, I heard, some daring Blondin-rivaling rope-dancer connected the cliff-house and the nearest of the rocky islands by means of stout hemp, and walked thither and back while the sea was boiling beneath him.

The house on the cliff is fitted up with a number of private dining-rooms, a large drawing-room, and the usual public rooms and bars attached to an hotel; beneath the building, scooped out of the cliff, are a bowling-alley and a rifle-gallery. The Cliff-House is a great resort of social parties

from the city; especially on moonlight nights in mild weather, when a drive or ride thither, followed by supper and dance, or dance and supper, and a romantic return in the moon-lit early morning to the city, is certainly not the least of the few delights of San Francisco life. This house or hotel is between six and seven miles from Montgomery Street.

From the hotel a steep road is cut out of the side of the cliff to the sands below; here is space for a glorious two mile canter on the hard damp sand to the Ocean House—another hotel. A road here leads inland with an easy ascent of a mile or two to the top of a hill from whence is obtained a magnificent view of the eastern portion of San Francisco and its mighty bay beyond; two miles and a-half of descent and the city is entered by the Mission Road. The original Mission Church is passed; it is an *adobe* or mud-built edifice, erected by the early Jesuit missionaries long years before the almighty dollar was heard of in these (in those days) benighted regions. The Mission Road, or Mission Street, is long and ill-paved, lined on either side by wooden houses and stumpy sand-hills—the latter being now rapidly and literally shovelled away—and a charming ride will come to an end opposite to the beautiful Grand Hotel.

I have often heard the opinion expressed that

San Francisco was built upon the wrong side of the bay, and that the spot where the little township of Sanielito stands ought to have been chosen as the site for the great city; the bay on the shores of Sanielito is deep enough to float a large man-of-war. Had San Francisco been built upon the northern side of the harbour, it would have been infinitely more convenient as the terminus of the great railroad across the continent. As it is travellers arriving from New York, or any of the eastern states, are landed, if I may use the expression, in the middle of the bay. A jetty built of wood upon piles juts out into the shallow part of the harbour to a distance of about two miles and a-half from Oaklands, and here, as a sort of wooden island in the middle of the bay, is erected a huge shed which serves for station or depôt, where the passengers and their luggage are set down after their tedious six days journey from the east. A ferry-boat takes them then to the city.

Oaklands itself is a large town surrounded by many suburbs. The climate is delightful, and there many of the city merchants enjoy a semi-country life. A few days after my arrival in San Francisco, considerable stir was created in the city by the appearance, verily in the streets, of a train of cars, containing a party of (to use a favourite Americanism) "high-toned" excursionists, who had come

direct from Boston, in order to avoid crossing the bay by the ferry, and to fulfil the promise that the cars in which the excursionists started from the eastern city should set them down at the door of their hotel. A long *détour* was made on a branch line some miles after leaving Sacramento, by which means they travelled on the San Jose line, and so entered San Francisco by the *dépôt* in Mission Street, which is the terminus of that line; there the train was shunted on to the ordinary tram-rails which traverse the roads, and drew up at the door of the Occidental Hotel in Montgomery Street. Crowds welcomed the arrival, and the hotel was illuminated. The nominal object of the excursion party was to mingle the waters of the Atlantic with those of the Pacific. The ceremony was to take place the day after the arrival of the travellers, and at the Cliff-House. The excursionists were driven there, and jutting out from the rock a small platform had been erected. They arrived at the Cliff-House and the ceremony began. A white-haired benevolent-looking gentleman with uncovered head advanced upon the platform; the sea tumbled and rolled beneath him—a strong wind was blowing. Behind him gathered his fellow-passengers from the east, all holding on their hats and bonnets, and doing their best, though somewhat discordantly, to sing the “Star-spangled Banner;” the old gentle-

man held aloft the champagne-bottle which contained the precious waters of the Atlantic, and which had been brought three thousand miles overland. He withdrew the cork and proceeded to pour from it its contents, but a jealous gust of wind interfered, and the far-brought Atlantic brine was cruelly blown in a spray on to the sandy cliffs and never reached its Pacific cousin.

The names of many of the places in and around San Francisco puzzle, as to pronunciation, the new arrival if he be unacquainted with the Spanish language. I pronounced San Joaquim as it was spelt, and no one understood what I meant until I discovered that it should be San Warkeam; so with San Jose (San José), Los Angeles, Valejo (Valayo), &c., &c. The Spanish names and the existence of "Spanish-town" in the midst of the city cause the Californians to be very particular about their pronunciation of Spanish names. I once wanted a copy of "Don Quixote," speaking of the book as most English people do, pronouncing the word as it is spelt in English. I could not get the bookseller to understand me; at last he asked me, could I mean Don Keyhotey (that is as nearly as I can give the manner of his pronouncing it), and as such the work appears only to be known in San Francisco.

The ladies are in some cases on the Pacific coast

somewhat particular about their pronunciation. Travelling in a railway car in California I once heard a magnificently attired lady remark in a decidedly New York twang which betrayed a not very long residence in San Francisco—"I du think the *American* language is *the* most elegant language in the world!"

One of the sights of the city was Woodward's Gardens; the gardens were reclaimed from the most sandy part of all sandy San Francisco. The soil had been brought from miles away; they were very prettily laid out, and contained in the grounds a wild beast show, a museum, a large tank and several sea-lions, and an immense skating rink, which was sometimes used as a circus, sometimes as a ball-room. Every curiosity obtainable the enterprising manager procured for his patrons. I had not been many days in San Francisco before I visited Woodward's Gardens, and there I made the acquaintance of the great Barnum who was exhibiting some new dwarf, which I believed was an overgrown baby with more brains below its waist belt than above its collar.

I had been resident in San Francisco rather more than a year when the daily papers announced the extraordinary report that a ghost was to be seen at the window of a house in a street in the south of the city. This was sufficient to cause immense

crowds to congregate in front of the house from morning till night. Upon the glass of the window was supposed to be seen the outline of the face of a man who had died in the house some time before in a mysterious manner. The manager of Woodward's Gardens lost no time : he became the proprietor of the window frame and the ghost at the price (so said the papers) of 500 dollars. There was an immediate lawsuit for the possession of the spectral treasure ; however, the manager of the gardens possessed it, and made full use of his nine points of the law. The window-frame was exhibited in the gardens, which were thronged to overflowing from morning till night. An announcement in one of the papers to the effect that the ghost was gradually fading away kept up the excitement, which brought hundreds and hundreds of dollars into the treasury at Woodward's Gardens. Before the excitement abated I visited the place, as much to see the gaping ghost-loving crowd as the spectral visitant itself. I saw the window-frame ; in one pane there was a peculiar fire-mark, common enough in ordinary glass, and with the aid of a little imagination it was possible to think it somewhat resembled the bearded face of a man. The excitement soon wore itself out, and the ghost so profitable to Woodward Gardens was scarcely a seven-days' wonder.

Another of the sights of the city, and by no means a pleasant one, is "China-town," the colony of emigrants from the celestial empire. There are thousands of Chinamen in California, and the city heathens are packed in their quarter like so many sardines in boxes. Persons with highly sensitive olfactories would scarcely like to walk through "China-town;" the air is heavy with a peculiar and sickening (there is but one word for it) odour. There are two or three temples full of gods and things, a theatre and numbers of restaurants. I visited the theatre and the temples or Joss houses, but the above-mentioned peculiar and sickening odour obliged me to draw the line at the restaurants.

At the theatre I saw one act—I think there were seventy-two in the play—in which was described the occasion of the birth of a son and heir to the hero, which was being celebrated with noisy rejoicings; in it the attention to detail by the Chinese dramatic artists reached a realism which at all events would not be allowed by the laxest of lord chamberlains in London.

Close to "China-town" is "Barbary Coast." "Five Points" in New York, and "Seven Dials" in London in their palmiest days of vice and crime, were paradises of virtue and morality compared with this "Barbary Coast." Here live the thieves and burglars of the city; it is the haunt and hiding-

place of the "best of the cut-throats" and murderers of California and Nevada; in short, I believe all that is worst in, and utterly beyond redemption to, the civilised world—the scum and dregs of villainy and vice upon earth—is to be found in the "Barbary Coast," San Francisco.

During my sojourn in the city, and years previous to it, anyone who was sufficiently daring to approach the vicinity of the "Coast" between midnight and daylight might constantly hear the pop of the revolver, and might, not irreverently, devoutly return thanks that there was one the less beast in human shape upon the face of the earth.

There is one good quality about the murderers and gamblers so often spoken of on the Pacific slope—they are like the Kilkenny cats—leave them alone and they will devour each other. I had not been three days in San Francisco when I had an unpleasant introduction to the gambler's code of honour—namely, shooting "on sight." In broad daylight in Montgomery Street, as I was walking with a friend, a man rushed out of a doorway not six paces from me, and pop—bang—put two bullets through the back of a man who was strolling along immediately in front of him. It turned out that both of them belonged to the lowest description of gambler-ruffians which infest the city, and that each in his time had slain many a man in liquor-saloon,

duel, or otherwise ; and, the night before the shooting, in some vile haunt in the "Coast," they had quarrelled and parted to "shoot on sight" on the morrow ; the meaning of this was that whenever or wherever one saw the other, he was at liberty to shoot him dead on the spot. The assassin was arrested ; he was tried, and the jury acquitted him, and I expect mentally added a rider to their verdict to the effect that it was a pity they were not both shot dead "on sight." Some time after my first experience of shooting in the streets, while eating my breakfast in a restaurant in Kearney Street, this same assassin-gentleman walked in and placed himself at the very table by which I was sitting. I cannot say that the sight of the metaphorically bloody hands disturbed either my appetite or my digestion on the occasion, though I should not have wished the old saying to have been applied to me, "A man may be known by his company."

CHAPTER XV.

MY FIRST AMERICAN ENGAGEMENT—A JOURNEY UP THE SIERRA
NEVADA MOUNTAINS—CAPE HORN—VIRGINIA CITY—AN ACTOR'S
PRACTICAL JOKE—A TOWN IN FLAMES—CARSON CITY—THE GAOL
HOTEL—A NATURAL WARM BATH—A MANAGER FOR A NIGHT—
BASS'S CHAMPAGNE—THE LAST OF WALTER MONTGOMERY.

"*Hamlet*. What! frightened with false fire!"

HAMLET, *Act III.*

"*Ophelia (sings)*. He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone,

At his head a grass-green turf

At his heels a stone."

HAMLET, *Act IV.*

MY first thought on finding myself alone in San Francisco was to obtain an engagement. The ever kind Walter promised to use his influence in my behalf. The dramatic season at the California was drawing to a close, and the company in a body was about to start to Virginia City in Nevada, to support Lawrence Barrett, who was about to "star" there for three weeks. Through the intercession of my good friend, Walter, I became a member of the company at the moderate salary of thirty dollars a

week. My preparations were soon made ; at eight o'clock one fine June morning the company met at the ferry landing-stage, and started for the dépôt, which was out in the middle of the bay.

I very quickly became good friends with my fellow-passengers ; two well-known San Francisco actors being particularly kind to me a complete stranger and a very raw Englishman. One was Henry Edwards, a countryman of my own, the other, William Mestayer, a gentleman connected with one of the oldest theatrical families in the States. It was a tedious journey ; we reached Sacramento at one o'clock ; here we replenished our provision-baskets and our flasks. Continuing our journey, we gradually began to ascend the Sierra Nevada—that immense mountain chain ; I shall never forget my sensations the first time I crossed the wonderful trestle bridge which carries the rails across a yawning cañon leading to the ascent of “Cape Horn.” The train passes very slowly over this bridge, which creaks and groans in an alarming manner at the weight it has to support ; standing upon the platform of the car, and looking downwards between the interstices of the woodwork I could not help shuddering at the thought of what would be the effect of the loosening of but one of those beams of wood.

During the summer months, on Sundays, an

"observation car," which is roomy, comfortable, and roofless, is attached to the end of the train on leaving Sacramento for the East; this enables those who wish to occupy it to enjoy thoroughly the truly marvellous scenery of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Passengers in an American train, as is well known, can proceed from one end of it to the other; so any passenger who may choose to do so, can enjoy the pleasures of the "observation car." It was Sunday morning when we left San Francisco, consequently we had a fine opportunity of admiring the scenery.

From "Cape Horn," as the mountain round the side of which we are about to climb is called, I think I had the most extraordinary and extensive view of mountain landscape that is within my recollection. The roadway for the trains round the bend of the mountain is but a ledge cut out therefrom, not wider than fifteen feet, upon which is laid a single pair of rails; the precipice descends almost perpendicularly from the side of the cars to the American River, some three thousand feet below, which huge watercourse appears to be but a rippling mountain streamlet in the distance.

On arriving at the extreme bend of the mountain, all the breaks are applied and the train is brought to a stand-still, to enable the passengers for a few moments to take in the wonderful scene. The extent



of the view is really marvellous ; mountains, plains, and rivers form a panorama before and nearly around you ; the sight is almost appalling in its beauty and grandeur.

Once again the train starts, and gradually and slowly we creep up the mountains ; we come to the snow-shed system ; mighty sheds built over the track in order that the trains may proceed in safety during the winter months ; they are constructed of huge beams, and support the enormous masses of snow which accumulate upon them during the winter. These sheds cover the track for more than forty miles.

We arrive at the Summit Station, the highest point of the track in the Sierra Nevada ; we are allowed to alight and obtain, or try to obtain, food ; to some of us tough steaks, but from what animal it would be invidious to ask, are supplied at a dollar and a half a-head. The engine bell rings and we are once more in our places in the cars, and the descent of the Sierra Nevada Mountains commences. Night closes in, some of us feel the pangs of hunger—the mystery steak having proved inedible—our “first heavy” lady produces a fairly large basket which she has hitherto hidden away to keep as a surprise and a *dernier ressort* ; all sorts of good things are brought out, and we eat, drink, and make merry. Time goes on, we make jokes and

tell stories till gradually one by one dozes off to sleep.

Between one and two in the morning we are aroused by the announcement that we have arrived at Reno, where we are to leave the train; there is a grand gathering up and collecting of bags, baskets, rugs, &c., and the train leaves us and our possessions on the platform of the station at Reno. Then begins the dreadful part of the journey. I am writing of some years ago, before there was a railway to Virginia City from the main line. Upon the occasion of my second visit, some two years after my first, there was a railway to "Steamboat Springs," which is ten miles on the way to Virginia City.

Twenty-five miles over mountains and rough roads, pent up in the most uncomfortable of stages; tired, wearied, and packed as close as sardines! Not a tree, not a blade of grass to be seen, nothing but the eternal alkali desert and sage-bush.

Well, we got to our journey's end at last; cramped, ill-tempered, and hungry, we drew up at the door of the International Hotel, C—— Street. We scrambled out of the stage, ate, washed, and went to bed for a few hours. We were to perform at Piper's Opera House that evening, and at noon we were to assemble at the theatre for rehearsal; Lytton's "Money" was the play, and I was cast

for Dudley Smooth, a part I had never played before.

Virginia City is the mining metropolis of Nevada, and—well, perhaps description is useless, the more especially so as, owing to the fact that the greater portion of it is burnt down on an average once in every eight months, it would be somewhat difficult at least. Most of the houses are built of wood; the town itself lies on the side of Mount Davidson, and is seven or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea; the summit of the Mount towers some three thousand feet above the town. The ground beneath and around must be riddled like a honey-comb by the silver-searchers; the mines may be named by the hundred. It is a fearful and wonderful place; law is a farce; the real rulers of the city are the members of the Vigilance Committee, who secretly do their work, and sometimes do it well. At the time of my visit to the place the proprietor of the theatre was the President of the Committee; he was a worthy German, whom I found somewhat rough, but “straight.”

Every hotel has its liquor-saloon, and every liquor-saloon its gambling-room; free, open, and, in those days, unlicensed.

I must here tell a short story of an amusing practical joke which was perpetrated by a member

of the California Theatre company at the termination of a visit to Virginia City, during the winter before the arrival I have been describing. The perpetrator of the practical joke was an actor by name Hume; he was an inveterate gambler. The engagement of the company came to an end on a Tuesday night; on the evening of the day following, the members were to start on their return to San Francisco. Before the performance was over, on the last night of the engagement, Hume went to each male member of the company and invited him to be present, at noon the following day, at a certain liquor-saloon, which he named, promising a most amusing diversion.

On the day following, at the specified time, the majority of the male members of the company was assembled in the saloon which Hume had appointed, which was a wooden shanty consisting of a bar and a gambling-room. It was a cold day, and snow was on the ground. A large stove which stood in the liquor-saloon was surrounded by a number of ill-looking loafers. Hume sat at a table in the gambling-room, desperately betting at "faro;" he was scarcely recognizable in his get-up as a miner; his little play had evidently begun. Hume rose from his seat and excitedly dashed his hair (it was a long wig) from off his forehead, and rushed to the bar for a drink; hastily swallow-

ing a quantity of neat whisky, he returned to the faro-table, exclaiming: "Now for the last chance!" and he put a dollar upon the ace. The ace won; he coppered it (bet against it), the ace lost, he had won again, four dollars were his; he left the money on the ace, removing the copper; the game continued; presently the ace won again, his excitement seemed to know no bounds; eight dollars were his; again he left them on the ace, the fourth in the pack; the imperturbable dealer dealt on; the ace turned up a loser, his eight dollars, so nearly sixteen, were lost.

"Ruined! ruined!" he cried, and rushed to the bar.

"Give the poor devil a drink," said the dealer. He drank. The eyes of all were upon him.

"Goodbye! goodbye to life!" he cried.

His brother-actors looked on, expecting some splendid *dénouement*. From his pocket Hume took a tin powder-flask, from which he appeared to shake a small quantity of powder into his hand, and he threw it into the stove. Whiff, and a cloud of smoke puffed out of the fire; that was sufficient; everyone leapt from his seat in an instant, confusion was supreme. Cries of, "Stop him!" "Take it from him!" filled the room. Hume madly waved his powder-flask in the air, and shouted, "We'll all go to kingdom come to-

gether!" At the same moment he threw the flask into the fire. The actors were out of the place in a moment. Chairs, tables, glasses, bottles, almost everything, was wrecked in the mad rush of the crowd to get out of the door. The room was filled with smoke, but emptied of its late occupants; still no explosion took place; the crowd waited at a distance, momentarily expecting to see the roof of the shanty fly into the air. Some minutes passed, then gradually the proprietor of the place crept closer and closer to it, and at last ventured in; the saloon was a complete wreck, and, peeping into the stove, the worthy saloon-keeper perceived the harmless empty powder-flask gradually assuming a white heat.

Hume, in throwing the empty flask into the fire, with it had cast a small quantity of powder, which, screwed up in paper, he held in his hand; this filled the place with smoke, and in the confusion produced by it he escaped. He was quickly on his way to Reno, for had he been caught, I fear, at the least there would have been some shooting. Hume's "joke" had been actuated by revenge; the proprietor of the wrecked gambling and liquor saloon had cheated him out of a considerable sum of money. Hume, I believe, has not since paid a visit to Virginia City; he is waited for.



Of course we were all of us very tired after our long and miserable journey to the mountain city; however, "Money" went very well to a good house. Opera House it was called; what a place! Of course it was built of wood; under the front of the house was the city lock-up; the stage was battered and dirty, the scenery was curiously non-descriptive. A few weeks before our arrival the stage had been converted into a sort of cage, in which had taken place, before a house full of dollar-paying spectators, a bull and bear fight, in which the bull had proved victorious. I mention this to show that the Virginia City Opera House was not solely used as a temple of the drama.

On the second night of our engagement the "Rivals" was played; I was cast for Faulkland. Having had but one day only to study the part, and being still new to the stage, I was certainly not "perfect," and stuck and dried up all through the piece. I remember I read the whole of my principal scene with Julia from the page torn out of the book, and pinned into the crown of my hat.

I was very soon initiated into the mysteries of "faro," the great gambling game of the Western States. It is almost invariably the case that a man who has never gambled before, at the first start wins. I believe it is a trick of the fickle

jade, Fortune, to allure new votaries to her shrine, and there to keep them as her slaves. I quickly won three or four hundred dollars, and then dazzled by my good luck, and thinking I could not lose, in the course of three weeks I lost it all again.

Every day I was hard at work studying new parts, for the bill was changed every night. Religious scruples were never even consulted in Virginia City, they were supposed to have been left behind before we started. We had eight performances a week; afternoon and evening on Saturdays, and again on Sunday evenings.

The good old showman days are revived in the theatrical towns out of San Francisco; the orchestra, or rather the members thereof, are sent outside, in front of the principal entrance of the theatre, in order, I suppose, to attract the populace to its inviting portals.

One night, during the second week of the engagement, I was watching the "faro-bank" in the gambling-saloon of the International Hotel; with me were Mestayer and one or two others of the company; it was about twelve o'clock, and the fire-bell rang out. In a wooden city the clang-clang of the fire-alarm is always an excitement. The faro-table was quickly deserted; upon inquiry we learned that Gold Hill City (there are no towns,

villages, or hamlets in Nevada, all cities,) was on fire. Gold Hill is a small township in a valley about two miles from Virginia City; of course it is a mining centre.

Mestayer and myself started, and with running and walking soon arrived at the summit of the hill which overlooks the little town. I shall never forget the sight; half of the place was already in flames, it seemed as if I was looking down into some huge and seething hell; the roaring and hissing of the flames; the shouting of the men and the screaming of the women, formed a pandemonium I shall ever remember.

Descending to the burning town, the streets were lined with the contents of the houses and stores which had been left to the devouring element, and before means could be found to remove the goods and furniture from the streets—so quick was the progress of the flames—they also served to feed the seething furnace. Churches, schools, stores, were all burning together, and every building being of wood the fire raged fiercely but briefly; at one time it was estimated that sixty-three buildings were blazing at once. I spent the night at the fire, aiding (where I did not get in the way) to the best of my ability, and in the morning, when the greater part of the town was in ashes, with clothes torn, burnt, and wet, I re-

turned to Virginia City to wash, change, breakfast, and attend rehearsal.

The 4th of July—the day of American carnival—arrived; there was a grand procession of the various volunteer fire-brigades with their engines, and a reading of the Declaration of Independence in the theatre.

The evening of the 4th was chosen by our low comedian for his benefit. “Still waters run deep” was performed, followed by the burlesque of “Hamlet,” in which I played Ophelia and Mestayer the Queen Gertrude; it was a burlesque indeed; and as it was received with screams of laughter and much applause I suppose it was a success.

Before the expiration of the three weeks during which Mr. Lawrence Barrett had been “starring” at the Opera House, Virginia City, I was engaged by the kind-hearted and generous John McCullough for the approaching season at the “California” commencing in September. Most of the company returned to San Francisco; my friend Mestayer was amongst those who left. A few hours previous to his departure, as I was sauntering with him along C—— Street, he proposed to try his luck once more before he went away. “I think I can afford to lose thirty dollars,” he said. “It is now five o’clock, the stage starts at nine, let us see what will become of the thirty dollars in the four hours.” We entered

a gambling, saloon and he sat down to "faro-bank;" he played till the last minute, he hastened out of the saloon, and was just in time to catch the stage; his thirty dollars in the four hours had swelled to four hundred and eighty (ninety-six pounds).

I remained in Virginia City to enter into a two days' management speculation in partnership with the low comedian of our company, namely, to take the theatre at Carson City for two nights.

Carson City is in reality the capital of Nevada. It possesses a mint and a gaol, and is altogether a very aristocratic contrast to Virginia City. Our company consisted of the wife of the comedian—a "leading lady" and a charming actress; the "first old woman" of the California Theatre, in her line one of the best actresses on the American stage; a "walking gentleman," a pianist, and our two selves. The programme consisted of "The Morning Call," "The Day after the Wedding," and the "Conjugal Lesson."

There is a railway to Carson City—about nine miles. We started in the afternoon with every hope of having a good house in the evening. Upon our arrival, we applied for rooms at the principal hotel; the proprietor, upon learning that we were "actor people," emphatically refused to take us in, as he informed us *his* hotel was respectable, and the last time he took in actors (we discovered they

were a few strolling niggers), they went off without paying ; we offered pre-payment but it was no good, we could not persuade him that we were respectable. There was another hotel next door to the gaol, in fact it had once formed a part of it ; it was a mile and a half from the theatre ; necessity forced us to go there. It turned out to be a most comfortable place, and was kept by a young Englishman, and a fine handsome pleasant young fellow he was, to be sure. Poor young man ! About eighteen months after I had stayed at his hotel, a mutiny broke out amongst the prisoners in the gaol ; hearing shots fired he ran to the assistance of the authorities, and was himself shot dead by the mutineers.

Adjoining the hotel, scooped out of the rock, was a large swimming bath which was fed by mineral water as it flowed from the hill by the side of which the house was built. The heat of the water as it left the earth was very nearly at boiling point ; the bath itself was almost too hot to swim in.

Before we proceeded to the "gaol" hotel, the two managers went to the theatre to have a look at the "booking ;" our astonishment was as great as our delight at finding that every seat which could be taken had been secured, all the reserved seats were sold—ninety-five dollars in the house before the doors opened ! Our expenses were about one hundred and ten dollars ; at the very least we had



a right to expect a two-hundred-and-fifty dollar house ; a clear profit of seventy dollars for each of us. We drove with the company to the hotel ; I was so elated with counting my chickens before they were hatched that I ordered a luxury for dinner which in the alkali desert around us, in our estimation, surpassed champagne, and almost equalled it in price, viz., English bottled ale. After dinner we drove back to the theatre ; I dressed for the part of Sir Edward Ardent in the first piece ; the overture on the piano commenced ; I peeped through the curtain, there was a goodly array of red cloaks in the front rows of the parquette, but never an occupant of the back rows or the gallery. My partner came round to me with a doleful face and informed me there was but ninety-nine dollars in the house, and but little hope of any more coming in. With heavy heart I waded through the performance and returned to the hotel for supper a sadder and a poorer man ; no bottled ale sparkled on our table at our evening meal. We gave up all thoughts of a second entertainment.

The English pianist, the " walking gentleman," and myself sat up smoking and chatting till about two in the morning, when the idea entered our minds to have a swim in the hot swimming bath. The young proprietor of the hotel gave us the key, and for over an hour we wallowed in the hot

mineral water, and so enervated had we become after so doing that we could scarcely creep to our beds. The next day we shook the dust of our feet off at Carson City, and returned in the stage by road to Virginia City.

Shortly after my unfortunate attempt at management, Walter Montgomery was announced to appear at Piper's Opera House. I got up in time to meet him as he alighted at the hotel from the stage. I saw him to his room, where he went to bed for a few hours. That night he was announced to play "Louis the Eleventh;" no parts, not even the prompt book, had arrived, and I was to play Gautier, the physician, a very long part which I had never seen before. I aroused Walter at 11.30, and he arose and gave me the book and parts to deliver to the stage-manager. When I returned to the hotel for him he was dressed; the weather was extremely hot, and Walter, always eccentric in his costume, sallied forth into the street in a white flannel suit with a pith helmet upon his head, and an enormous puggaree; this, to a populace to which even a silk umbrella was an excitement, served as a red rag to a bull; a laughing, chattering crowd followed him down to the theatre. Piper, the manager, begged and implored him to go and change his costume, asserting, and truly, that his unusual appearance would ruin the business; but



no, Walter seemed delighted at the prospect of setting a fashion even in Virginia City, and stubbornly refused. We had a wretched house; every actor was somehow or other fairly perfect, and Walter played extremely well. The following night "Hamlet" was acted to a house even worse; this was too much for Walter—the third day in disgust he bade farewell to Virginia City for ever. In sadness and affection I said good-bye to him, never to see him again.

Poor dear old Walter! with all his faults (and who has not his share?) he was a fine actor, a generous man, and a good friend; even his enemies must have deplored his unhappy end and its cause. The world could better have spared a better man.

CHAPTER XVI.

SHOOTING—DEAD IN HIS BOOTS—A GAMBLEE'S STORY—A LONG
CHASE—HUNTED TO DEATH—CHUM TO CHUM.

"2nd Murderer. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world."

1st Murderer. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it or be rid on't."

MACBETH, *Act III.*

"Clarence. . . . Wherefore do ye come ?

Both Murderers. To—to—to—

Clarence. To murder me ?

Both Murderers. Ay, ay."

RICHARD III. *Act I.*

ONE evening, after dinner, I was standing beneath the piazza of the International Hotel, Virginia City, I heard a noise in the adjoining liquor-saloon, followed by the report of a pistol, and a man staggered past me and fell on his face in the road. A crowd was at once attracted to the spot, and he was taken up and carried by his friends to his

home; he had been shot at and wounded. I never heard whether he was killed, but that is quite a matter of detail in a town where shooting is so common; the man who fired at him escaped, or rather remained unsought. The affair, the second of the kind I had witnessed, made a somewhat painful impression upon me, and on my saying so to an acquaintance later in the evening, I received the reply, "Oh, you'll soon get used to it if you stay here long enough."

I afterwards heard that during my six weeks' sojourn in Virginia City it was calculated that in various parts of the town the "shootings" averaged three a week. I was told of a characteristic death of one of these lawless ruffians; he was a well-known professional gambler and a thoroughly "bad lot;" he boasted of having in his time shot fifteen men dead, and of having "knifed" three. At last his time came in Virginia City; he was in the gambling-room off the liquor-saloon of some low hotel in the town, when a stranger (the brother of one of his victims it turned out) entered, and, walking up to the gambler, said, "You shot my brother," at the same moment raising his revolver, shot the amazed ruffian through the body, and made a sudden exit through the back door of the establishment. The gambler reeled and fell back; then suddenly he seemed to make an

energetic struggle to detain the life which was so speedily leaving him. He rose to his feet, and pulling his revolver from his pocket he staggered out after the stranger; presently a report was heard, and the dying ruffian tottered into the saloon and fell to the floor laughing to himself and muttering, "I've killed him!" He had discovered the stranger in the act of climbing over a wall at the back of the house, and had sent a bullet completely through the head of his escaping victim.

The wretch seemed in great distress and struggled to speak, some brandy was given to him; after gulping down some of the liquor he found strength to whisper, "Boots—my boots." The by-standers guessed what he meant and pulled off his boots. It appeared that from the villainous life he led his acquaintance prophesied and chaffed him that he would "die in his boots;" meaning of course that he would either be hanged, or that he would meet the death he had so often given to others; the boots having been removed, the dying ruffian laughed gently and fell back dead.

I met a curious character in the lawless city, a strange mixture of good and bad—a case of good instincts gone wrong—a verification of the old proverb about evil communications and manners. This individual was the proprietor of one gambling saloon, and had an interest in another; he had been

an Englishman *once*, but the country which owned him as a citizen at the time I met him I think puzzled even himself to name.

I liked him; he told me many stories of his life, which had been nothing but one scene of wild adventure. One afternoon, about four o'clock, I called upon him, he had just arisen and was preparing for his ablutions, having been in his gambling saloons the whole of the previous night until ten that morning. "Come in," said he in answer to my knock. "Don't mind me, I ain't bashful." I never saw a body so seared and seamed with scars, bullet marks, sabre cuts, knife wounds of all sorts; he had been soldier, backwoodsman, a trapper in Canada, and I know not what else besides—he had lived as an Indian with Indians; I could not help making a remark about his scarred body. He laughed, and showing me his left arm, pointed to a bullet mark between the shoulder and the elbow, saying: "That was the first wound I ever received, and it was inflicted by my own hand."

I expressed my desire to hear the history of it.

"Just wait till I'm dressed," said he, "I shan't be a minute, and come with me while I have breakfast, after which we'll have a bottle of wine and a smoke, and I'll tell you all about it, if you care to hear it."

In due time we were sitting at the open window

of his little room, a box of cigars and a bottle of champagne upon the table, our two selves comfortably lolling in two rocking-chairs; he then began his story which I shall try to reproduce as if he were telling it himself, giving it the title of

CHUM TO CHUM.

“I believe my parents were a highly respectable couple, but they died when I was too young to appreciate them or their respectability. My two young brothers and my sister, under the nominal care of guardians, were dragged up, rather than brought up, anyhow. I was sent to a public school, where I believe I had the reputation of being somewhat wild in disposition; when I came of age I inherited a few thousand pounds, the greater portion of which I quickly dissipated in riotous living; I reached the age of twenty-three, and a little sense came to my rescue, and with one thousand pounds—all that was left of my patrimony—I left England for Canada. I went up country, bought land and set to work to clear it with the assistance of my chum and head man, Alick Lejeune. This Alick was a Canadian I had met in Montreal soon after my arrival; we struck up an acquaintance which rapidly ripened into friendship, and from that we became inseparable chums; he had nothing to do, and, being nearly on his beam-ends, readily accepted

my offer that he should accompany me to the up-country. He was a fine fellow ; his only fault was his hot, fiery, ungovernable temper ; he was strong as a lion, but his handsome dark face was much spoiled by the animal passion denoted by his full red sensual lips and a tiger-like expression in his dark sparkling eyes ; we got on very well together, and he worked like a nigger for me. Time passed on, and things prospered with me ; I had to go to Montreal, intending to combine pleasure with the business that took me thither ; I left my farm under the management of my trusty and trusted friend, and only regretted that he could not accompany me.

“ To make a long story short, during my visit to Montreal I saw and fell in love with a beautiful Canadian girl ; my passion was returned ; in a month I was married and on my way back to my farm. Alick’s surprise was boundless on my introducing him to my wife, for I had been unable to send word to him regarding my matrimonial intentions. For about a year I think it was my lot to enjoy complete happiness. My farm prospered beyond my most sanguine expectations ; my beautiful wife was all that a wife could be ; and shortly before the completion of the first year of our marriage she confided a secret to me which filled me with a new joy. About this time I began to notice a difference in Alick’s conduct as well as in his ap-

pearance. He became alternately taciturn and ill-tempered, and occasionally would burst into uncontrollable fits of anger with me without any apparent reason, and once, when I remonstrated with him about some trifle, he raised a crow-bar as if to fell me to the ground, but suddenly let it fall and bursting into tears ran away from me. I thought the man was ill, and both myself and my wife urged him to take a rest and holiday in Montreal. He insisted that nothing was the matter with him, and would not go away. His conduct became still more strange.

“One day I received a quantity of goods from Montreal and a packet of letters. One of the latter was from my young brother, stating he had left England to join me, and had arrived at Montreal, where he would remain until I should have reason to visit the city, when he would accompany me on my return to my farm. I was somewhat astounded at the news, for only nine months previously I had received a letter from him saying that he was reading for the Bar, and hoped soon to be called. I showed the letter to my wife and Alick; we came to the conclusion that the poor lad had been crossed in love or something, and was seeking relief and distraction in a new country. I determined to set off at once to meet him. My preparations were soon made, and the day after

receiving the letter I was ready to start. Alick had risen early that morning, and as he went out left word that he would return before I started. I waited, but he did not come, so saying farewell to my dear wife I rode off."

When the narrator came to this part of the story he hurried through it in such a manner that he left me to guess almost as much as he told me; however, I'll continue his story in as nearly as possible his own words.

"On arriving at Montreal I went to the hotel from which my brother's letter was directed, and where I supposed he was staying. Nothing was known of him; no young man had arrived there lately from England. I made every inquiry, but fruitlessly. At last I went to the post-office and asked if any letters had arrived for me. Two letters from England were handed to me. I thought in the address of one of them I recognized my young brother's writing; tearing open the envelope I found that it was from him, telling me he was at length a full-blown barrister, that he was settled in London and was about to be married. I was thunderstruck. I did not know what to think. At first I imagined that some one had been playing a practical joke upon me for fun; I compared my brother's latest letter with the one I had received at the farm; the writing in

both was somewhat similar, but evidently not written by the same hand; who could have done it, and why? I knew of no one who would be likely to do such a thing, except Alick, and was it probable—— I can't tell why, but at the thought the fiend himself seemed to take possession of me; I started for home at once. I did not rest till I saw the roof of my log-house. I drew rein and thought myself a fool; I scarcely dared to think to myself that I suspected, but—and that eternal *but!* I spurred on to the house—I threw myself from my horse and rushed through the open door, calling my wife's name: no answer. I flew along the passage to her bedroom; the bed was unmade and the bed-clothes thrown about; I saw a small bottle upon the floor, I picked it up; on it was a label, 'Chloroform.' I scarcely know what happened then; I was on my horse in a minute; at the back of the house I discovered fresh horse-tracks, and instinctively followed them; on, on, for miles through the forest. Suddenly I lost the tracks; again I found them, and I traced them away from the rough road into the thicket. In an open glade, on a mossy bank, beneath a huge tree my wife was lying before me; I was by her side in a moment; her dress was torn to ribbons; her arms were still bound by a scarlet scarf I recognized as Alick Lejeune's; her features

were distorted, and upon her fair white neck, on each side, were black marks—the impress of a murderer’s fingers.

“Taking her in my arms, I wildly called upon her name. She moved, or I imagined it; her eye-balls seemed to turn to me; I thought I felt her hand clutch mine; I pressed my lips to hers, but they were cold, and she was dead. Dead! murdered! Worse—a million times worse—than murdered by him who had been my brother—my friend—my chum!

“I remember nothing that followed until I found myself at home in the room with my murdered wife. At last I grew sufficiently collected to question some of the hands on the farm. Nothing was known; that which had been done had been done in the night. With my own hands I dug a grave; with my own arms I lowered my dead darling’s body into it, and refilled it with the cold red earth. I wrote to the friends of my poor wife; I left the farm in the hands of my head man, and started to hunt down and kill the murderer.

“I will not weary you with the minute particulars of my long, long chase; how I tracked him out of Canada into the States, and then for a time lost all clue. I heard of him in New York, and missed him there; still I thought to myself it was easier

for me to track him than for him to escape me, as I had money—he could have little or none. I lived but for one object—to kill him, if possible, to torture him to death. All trace of humanity left me, and, indeed, I think very little has ever returned.

“Months passed away, and I could obtain no news whatever regarding my enemy, still I would not give up; accident at last gave me back my clue, he was in St. Louis—so was I. I was sitting in the garden of a café one night, some one passed me in the dim light, I recognized him, my hand was on my revolver; he had seen me and disappeared. I made all inquiries, and discovered that a man answering to his description left St. Louis the next morning. I was again on his track, but he dodged and doubled, and I followed him for months, but could not overtake him. At last I tracked him to California; there he thought he was safe; the State was young in those days. I followed him to the mountains at Alamaden. He could not dream that I was on his track; I had paid spies at work. One evening I had a note from one of them telling me to meet him at a little hut, some distance from the township; there, said the note, I should find my prey. In mad excitement I started for the place; I was within half a mile of the hut when a sudden blow on the head



from behind brought me to the earth ; before I could attempt to rise a huge man was on the top of me, a pair of tiger-like eyes were glaring madly down upon me ; but, in spite of a large black beard and long unkempt hair, my bewildered senses knew that it was the face of the murderer of my wife that was but a foot and a half from my own. The blow on the head had partially stunned me, but I could hear the fiend hiss out the words :

“ ‘ George, I would have spared you had you let me, but now I am going to kill you ! ’

“ I attempted to struggle ; I saw an arm raised with a thick bludgeon in the hand—it descended, and I remember nothing more.

“ From that which I afterwards learned, I was found upon the spot where I had been felled, with my head battered in, and I was taken up as dead. Well, I did not die ; most of my ribs were broken ; I suppose the ruffian to finish me off completely had kicked them in. How they patched me up I don’t know, but they did. For two years I was confined in the place which in those days served as the State Lunatic Asylum ; gradually reason returned, and with it, to a certain extent, memory. I vaguely asked about matters which had occurred two years previously as if they were the affairs of yesterday. At last I was so far restored to health and reason that I was set free.

“Listless and hopeless I returned to Canada. My late wife’s friends, not having heard of me for so long, imagined me dead. My farm had been sold, and the proceeds sent to England. Vainly they implored me, a poor woe-begone looking wretch, to settle down with them in Montreal, at all events for a time; but no, my mind was as immutably fixed upon one idea as ever.

“Taking supplies of money from my friends, I started once more for San Francisco—instinct telling me the murderer was still there. The voyage—there was no Overland rail in those days; I travelled by way of Aspinwall and Panama—gave me new life and strength; when I landed I was in as good health bodily as I ever had been. Day by day I stood about in the crowded streets, intently examining every face which passed me. I had grown a long fair beard and wore a slouched hat; I had no fear of my man recognising me; moreover, of course, wherever he was he deemed himself safe from me, for to him I was dead.

“My search at last was crowned with success. He passed close to me in California Street. He still wore a long black beard, but his hair was neatly dressed, and he was faultlessly costumed. I cannot explain the extraordinary feeling of relief which came over me at the sight of my enemy. I followed him; he turned into a house in Mont-



gomery Street and went up-stairs. It was the office of a newspaper. Sure of my man, I leisurely made inquiries. I forget the name of the paper now—anyway to my first question as to the name of the proprietor, I received the answer—‘Mr. Lejeune.’ At last ! I think the devil himself came to help me.

“The next morning I rose and carefully shaved off my beard ; muffling my face to avoid possible discovery by my enemy, I went to a hair-dresser’s and had my hair neatly trimmed ; returning to my room I dressed ; in every way I tried to make myself as like as possible the same man who nearly four years before had been the friend and chum of Alick Lejeune. With what delight and care I drew the cartridges from my revolver, and replaced them with fresh ones !

“I started, and quietly strolled to the newspaper office of Mr. Lejeune. I asked which was his room ; it was pointed out to me. I took my revolver from my pocket, holding it in the breast of my coat. I pulled my hat over my face, and in a moment had entered the room, in which at a writing-table sat the man I had come to kill. The key was inside the door ; before he could see who it was I had with my left hand turned the key, withdrawn it, and placed it in my pocket. Putting my hat back from my face, and walking up to him I said, ‘How are you, Alick ?’

"The man's face became livid. Without a word his hand crept towards a drawer in the writing-table. I rightly guessed it was the receptacle for his revolver. Quick as thought my six-shooter was at his head.

" 'Drop that,' I said.

"He then looked up at me and asked, 'Where did you come from? What do you want?'

"I answered, 'I come from the grave, though I am no ghost, and I want to kill you.'

"He then began to 'bounce.' 'Rot and rubbish,' he cried. 'Leave this and go to ——.' Once again his hand drew near the drawer.

" 'You're dead if you touch it,' I said. 'I have come to kill you, but first I will talk with you. See this?' And I laid my revolver upon the side of the table opposite to him with its muzzle pointing to his left breast as he sat back in his writing-chair. 'My finger is on the trigger; move but one inch as I speak—that moment you are dead.'

"He then began to whine and ask for mercy; this incensed me more; he appealed to me for the sake of the dead; I revelled in the doomed man's fear of death. I taunted and jeered him; I laughed at him like a madman; indeed I can scarcely recall what I did do. The wretch could stand it no longer; he jumped from the chair to reach to the



drawer. My motion was quick as his ; leaning over the table the muzzle of my revolver was pressed against the side of his head. There was a report—and the bullet passed through his brain, striking the wall behind him. The body fell to the floor with a thud !

“ Quick as thought I placed my revolver with its one discharged barrel in the hand of the dead man, and, taking his revolver from the drawer, I deliberately pressed the muzzle upon the spot where you saw the scar on my arm to-day, and pulled the trigger. The bullet partly shattered the bone ; with the shock I also fell to the ground.

“ The first report attracted many of the printers and *employés* of the newspaper office to the locked door, which was forced as I fell to the floor. I was nearly fainting from loss of blood from the wound I had inflicted upon myself. A surgeon arrived and pronounced Lejeune dead ; he then bound up my arm, and I was taken to an hotel. In a few hours I was ready to tell the story of the *fracas* ; indeed, it was scarcely necessary to do so—the facts speaking for themselves. We were old enemies ; I exasperated him ; he shot at me to kill me, fortunately only wounding me in the arm ; I returned fire before he could shoot again and killed him. I soon got well, and with my arm in a sling was tried before a jury and acquitted at once ; being

congratulated by the judge on my fortunate escape. Had they taken the bullet from the wall and fitted it to the revolver which was found in my hand, a very different tale might have been told. However, they were not very particular in those days.

"I was free. My object in life was gone. I have been everywhere, and have done nearly everything. If I did not get excitement I should go mad again or die, but I am still sufficiently fond of life not to wish to leave it yet.

"An occasional blood-letting has done me good; but, bless my soul! Virginia City is getting so quiet now, I fear I shall have to pack up my traps soon and seek for fresh fields and pastures new. By the way, you might, perhaps, like to see this. It is the identical one I gave him when he first went up country with me from Montreal. Pull up that little silver shield, and you'll see the inscription. I have always carried it since I killed him."

He had taken a revolver from his pocket and handed it to me. I raised the little shield and beneath it it was inscribed, "From George to Alick—chum to chum."

CHAPTER XVII.

SAN JOSE—THE TREASURY LOCK—THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE—A LOW COMEDIAN'S HUMOUR—"GAGS"—A VISIT TO ALAMEDEN—A STREAM FLOWING UP HILL—MY "FIRST APPEARANCE" IN SAN FRANCISCO—BEHIND THE SCENES—MRS. DAVENPORT LANDER—A YOUNG ACTOR'S ENTHUSIASM—GREAT ART—THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY LOTTERY.

"*Hamlet*. Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?
Do you hear, let them be well used."

HAMLET, *Act II.*

"*King Richard*. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die."

RICHARD III. *Act V.*

SOON after the departure of Walter Montgomery, the celebrated "Lydia Thompson Burlesque Company" arrived in Virginia City from San Francisco, where they had been most successful. I was very pleased to meet some of my own countrymen and countrywomen in the sage-bush mountain desert.

On one occasion we made up a large party—ladies as well as gentlemen—and at the invitation of the local managers of the companies we descended

several mines, one of them was 1,400 feet deep. Silver bricks were presented to the ladies as memorials of their visit. After a stay of two weeks in Virginia City the "British Blondes" left for New York; some ten days after their departure—heartily sick of the barren mountains and the sage-bush—I started for the coast.

On my arrival in San Francisco I was warmly welcomed by those members of the California Theatre company who were in town. I lodged at the "Russ House," which I found, even for California, considerably more than middle-class; there I remained for a fortnight, and truly the place was as unclean as the proprietors were uncivil.

The low comedian of the California company was about to open the new Opera House in San José, a town some thirty miles from San Francisco; among the actors selected to accompany him was myself.

San José is a somewhat large inland town; it is situated nearly in the centre of an extensive and most fertile plain. In the distance may be seen the hills and mountains of Alameden, in the midst of which are the celebrated quick-silver mines. The only object of interest in the town is its State building, from the lofty dome of which a magnificent view of the surrounding plain may be

obtained. I was taken over the building by one of the officials, by whom I was shown the "Treasury," which was a huge iron safe, fireproof and large enough to shut up half-a-dozen men. Herein were deposited hundreds of thousands of dollars in greenbacks. But that which interested me more than anything was the lock; it was keyless and opened only by a series of complicated movements of a hand on a dial, the secret of working which was known only to the official who was conducting me over the building, and to some financial secretary of the State who resided in Sacramento. This lock was supposed to be absolutely burglar-proof and unpickable; so also was its predecessor *supposed* to be, but a California smith cunning in locks proved it to be not infallible.

The original lock of the safe—also keyless—was opened by touching a handle and producing a certain number of taps, something after the manner of working a telegraph-machine; the secret of these taps was known only to two officials in the State. The California locksmith laughed at the ingenious tapping lock, and declared he could open it in three hours or less. This greatly alarmed the State officials, who determined to give him an opportunity of trying his powers upon their unpickable lock. He accepted their invitation upon condition that if he were successful he should

receive a thousand dollars down, and the commission to replace it by a new lock of his own invention. His terms were agreed to.

In solemn conclave the Government officials of San José assembled in the Treasury of the State building; the locksmith began his task.

Tick! tick! tap! tap! went on for some time. Three quarters of an hour had passed, and the safe was still unopened; the officials felt easier. Suddenly one of the two possessors of the secret of the *open sesame* recognized the peculiar succession of taps, and straightway the door of the safe flew open. The secret was no longer a secret, and great was the alarm of the State officials about their unsafe safe. The clever locksmith was entreated to prepare a new lock at once; meanwhile the safe with its valuable greenback contents was guarded night and day by relays of revolver-armed officials. In a week or two the new lock, with its wonderful mathematical combinations, the workings of which I witnessed, was in its place, and the Government authorities were once again happy in the security of their safe.

In San José there was a capital hotel, at which the whole company put up. The interior of the new Opera House was scarcely finished when we arrived, and an ugly barn-like place we thought it; however, all was ready when the first night

came; the play was "London Assurance," I played Charles Courtley.

In the afternoon previous to our first appearance in San José, as I was sitting in the drawing-room of the hotel, I was attracted to the window overlooking the street by the sound of a brass band, with a superabundance of big drum and cymbals. I beheld a huge van containing the orchestra of the new Opera House, and around this car of music were placards announcing the first night of the performance of "London Assurance," by the members of the company of the California Theatre, San Francisco. I afterwards heard that the proprietor of the theatre was much annoyed because our manager refused to allow the members of the company to occupy another van, and, following the orchestra, to be exhibited through the streets of the town.

The performance was most successful, and we played for a fortnight in San José. The only incident during the engagement that I have much cause to remember occurred during the performance of the drama "Lucretia Borgia;" in the last act I, as Gubetta, was badly stabbed in the arm by the Lucretia when that amiable poisoner kills her fiendish attendant, the scar still reminds me of the performance and the charming lady, Miss Sophie Edwin—alas! she is now dead—who played the Borgia.

We acted many pieces during our engagement in San José—"Caste," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "The Orange Girl," &c., &c., besides sundry farces, and it was in one of the latter that I first became acquainted with an American comedian's sense of humour. The "Rough Diamond" was being played; I need hardly remind the reader that the farce and the characters in it are essentially English. The scene is the drawing-room of a lady of title, but the comedian who was acting the ignorant countryman insisted upon having that adjunct to most American rooms—a spittoon—placed upon the stage for his "business." The rough peasant, finding himself in the magnificent apartment, is thunderstruck and amazed; presently his eye rests upon the earthenware spittoon upon the floor; with an expression denoting how much he is shocked, he carefully picks it up and depositing it upon the drawing-room table, exclaims, "Lor! what a shame to put a beautiful chaney inkstand upon the carpet!" The audience thought this funny.

"Gags"—that is interpolated lines or jokes of the actor—are common in every theatre; some gags are looked for and expected in certain plays and are almost considered as parts of the original; in Lytton's play of "Money" in America, the Sir Frederick Blount is generally expected to describe the curricule he speaks of as a "gween curwicle with

a wed wim wunning wound the wumble for the dwiver to diwect the weins by."

The most outrageous "gag" I think that was ever perpetrated was spoken in Macguire's Opera House, San Francisco. It was during the performance of Byron's drama "Blow for Blow"—a *matinée*. At the end of the prologue, after the hero has chastised the villain of the piece in the earlier part of the scene—the said hero having received the permission of the stern parent to marry the "geurl of his choice" is so elated that he exclaims words to the effect that he would like to shake hands with all the world, and turning to the villain concludes with, "Even with you." The villain should reply, "No! never until I am even with you—Blow for Blow;" and upon that sentence as can be imagined the action of the remainder of the play turns. On the occasion to which I allude the mischief-loving villain calmly replied, grasping the offered hand of the hero, "All right, old fellow—I forgive you; let's say no more about it." On this occasion the audience did resent the "gag."

On Sunday during my visit to San José I was driven to Alameden by the gentleman who had shown me over the State building; of course I went into a quicksilver mine. The country around was beautiful; the township itself is situated in a valley, nestling amidst the magnificently wild and wooded

hills. Through this valley runs a stream the waters of which, naturally mineral, are more nauseating even than the celebrated Frederickshall; I do not know the medical properties of the waters of Alameda, but doubtless they will be discovered, utilized, and so fill the pockets of some speculator with heaps of almighty dollars.

The country all around is so beautiful—the climate so little varying during the twelve months—the soil is so prolific that it is generally prophesied that in years to come the neighbourhood will be the most popular and fashionable resort of the “Pacific Slope.” On descending to the township a curious effect is produced by the manner in which the road is cut down a very gentle declivity; a streamlet which runs beside the road appears to flow up the hill. At first the effect is almost bewildering; the descent of the road and the fall of the stream being so very slight that road and stream for a few hundred yards appear to be running together, but in opposite directions.

The California Theatre company returned to San Francisco, and shortly afterwards the regular season commenced with the production of Robertson’s “M.P.” I was not in the cast. My first appearance on the San Francisco stage took place a few weeks later in the part of the king in “Richelieu;” our kindly manager, John McCullough, acted the

part of the Cardinal; this was on Saturday night; on the following Monday Byron's well-known drama, "The Lancashire Lass," was produced for the first time in California, and was a great success.

It has been my fortune to play in more theatres in different countries than usually falls to the lot of an actor, and I may say the California Theatre under the management of Mr. John McCullough was the only one in which the arrangements behind the curtain approached anything like perfection, or in which the comfort of the actors was studied to any great degree.

The stage was large; all the flats, indeed most of the scenery, ran upon concealed wheels with india-rubber tires; the wings were all worked by one man, by means of a sort of harp of ropes by the wall on the prompt side; by pulling one rope four pair of wings would glide silently and simultaneously on to the stage. Before the performance commenced cocoa-nut matting was laid completely round the stage behind the scenes, which entirely deadened the sound of the footsteps either of carpenters or actors, and added much to the comfort of those engaged in the scene.

The green-room, which so often, even in some of the best theatres, is little else than an additional property-room, was entirely devoted to the comfort of the company; it was almost luxuriously furnished,

and upon one wall was fixed a huge mirror from floor to ceiling. In a corner of the room stood a marble stand, upon which was placed a plated-silver beaker, with goblets containing iced water.

The dressing-rooms were the most comfortable and convenient I have ever seen in any theatre. Each room was devoted to the use of two persons; comfortably carpeted with Brussels carpet; a dressing-shelf running round the room; a three-quarter length looking-glass was attached to the wall in such a way that by slightly moving it the actor could get a full-length view of himself and his costume; then there were two roomy cupboards, and in a corner a marble basin with hot and cold water to turn on. Contrast this with a room in which I had the pleasure of dressing and making up to represent a royal personage during the hottest nights of the summer of '78 in a fashionable West-end theatre. I was playing in two pieces of three acts each, and had six changes of costume, and my "make up" for the said royal personage was one of the heaviest I have ever had on the stage. The room was small and low and without a window—in size about twelve feet by nine; it contained a piece of ragged carpet about three feet square; its walls had not been white-washed for at least ten years; a few chairs with broken legs and worn-out seats; gas so dim that I was obliged

to illuminate with candles; in this small back hole four men had to dress for two plays, with the two dressers, six people in the room (if it could be so termed) at the same time. Add to these discomforts described, occasional visits from the creeping things of the earth, and the reader can, perhaps, form some slight idea of the miseries behind the scenes of leading actors in some of the best and most fashionable west-end theatres in London.

The plays produced by John McCullough at this theatre were placed upon the stage in the most lavish manner. A Mr. Porter was the principal scenic artist, and the productions of his brush certainly equalled Beverly's happiest touches on the canvas of Drury Lane.

The grand Christmas piece of my first season at the California Theatre was a version of *Monte Christo*. No expense was spared, and the production proved to be one of the most magnificent spectacles I ever saw. Mlle. Morlachi, the danseuse, who in her art combined the quintessence of refinement and poetry, was engaged, and enchanted the San Franciscans. "*Monte Christo*" was a great success and ran for many weeks; it was followed by another "grand production"—"*Masaniello*;" the dumb girl of Portici being played with infinite grace and tenderness by Mlle. Morlachi. At the end of the drama the representa-

tion of the eruption of Vesuvius and the earthquake was so realistic that many of the audience, in whose memory the sensations produced by the terrible earthquake in the city only a few years previously were still most lively, were quite startled.

The "stock company" at the theatre was so exceptionally strong that it was only occasionally that "stars" appeared in our firmament. One of the most successful as well as one of the most brilliant of these luminaries that visited us was that great artist, Mrs. Davenport Lander, whose marvellous performances of "Queen Elizabeth," "Marie Stuart," and "Marie Antoinette," set the city a blaze with excitement. Her "Marie Antoinette," I must confess, I prefer even to Ristori's; the first night of the production of this play at the California (it was a translation of Ristori's piece) I shall never forget. The theatre was crowded in every part; behind the scenes the performers were as affected as the audience. In the act in which the unfortunate queen has her children torn from her Mrs. Lander reached the climax of her greatness. On the stage all were in tears; even I—as a rule little given to the melting mood—enacting the part of a soldier of the *sans culotte* army, could not control the paint-betraying tear. When the curtain fell upon this scene I never saw an audience so wildly excited. The great artist appeared before the curtain, and

the house rose and saluted her with cheer after cheer; behind the scenes carpenters and all were more or less affected—the ladies still weeping, and one of them in hysterics. I have witnessed on several occasions Ristori's performance of "Marie Antoinette," but I have never seen her so rouse and excite her audience in this particular scene.

The town was wild about Mrs. Lander, and the company adored the great artist. For my own poor part I was electrified, and pouring my electricity into verse, I anonymously sent her the following sonnet as a humble tribute to that which had so delighted and astonished me. The verse may be weak and halting—I would, for the sake of the grand artist who inspired it, it were better. Should these lines be ever read by her, she will know that her fervent admirer is no longer anonymous.

"Not for thyself—not for the virtues bright
Which deck thee socially—I pen these lines;—
Nor for thy goodness, ever the delight
Of those who know thee best and which combines
Esteem and admiration (these the signs
Of worth I only guess), but for the light
Of god-like genius which breaks up the night
Of our mediocrity and shines
Around thee far. Were but my muse my heart—
My thoughts in words arrayed—I might impart
A brilliancy to that undying flame
Which ever blazes round thy well-earned fame—
Brighten the halo that surrounds thy name,
Add to the glory of thy wondrous art!"

Great art paid well; I believe the "star" on this occasion, after acting with us for three weeks, took away over five thousand dollars—about a thousand pounds. I very much doubt if Rossi or Ristori, or even Salvini, on his second visit, made so much as this in three weeks in London.

When I arrived in San Francisco from the Sandwich Islands there was much excitement in the city concerning the Mercantile Library lottery. The San Francisco, or rather the California State Government, had obtained a "special dispensation" from Washington, by means of which the heavy debt which was hanging upon the Mercantile Library might be paid off. The lottery tickets were in five-dollar coupons, and the largest prize was to be one hundred thousand dollars; there were hundreds of prizes besides, varying from twenty thousand dollars to twenty dollars. As the day of the drawing approached the excitement in the city became more intense, and the California love of gambling the more manifest. There were many who sold their clothes to buy a chance, or a share in a chance, in the lottery.

The drawing took place in the Exhibition building, an immense place capable of holding many thousand people. Children from the State asylum for the blind drew the tickets (neat little rolls of paper) from the two huge wheels of fortune, one

wheel containing the numbers of the coupons, the other the prizes; one child put his hand into one wheel (the wheels were of glass) and took out a paper containing the number of a coupon, while the other blind child took a paper from the other wheel, and written on the document was the amount of the prize awarded to the coupon. Thus two by two the numbers and their prizes were read out and posted up. This went on until late in the afternoon, the blind children being constantly relieved by others from the asylum; the excitement grew greater and greater, for the one hundred thousand dollar prize had not yet been drawn. About half-past four in the afternoon—I was present, interested as a spectator only, not as a participator—the scrutineers appeared to have become suddenly excited; he with the strongest lungs read out a number and the prize of one hundred thousand dollars. After this the excitement somewhat cooled down, though it was nearly midnight before the drawing was completed. I shall never forget the appearance of some of the thousands of speculators in this lottery, many rushing about with the keenest anxiety written in their faces; and worse than all, when the lottery was over it was discovered that the chance of making a fortune in a day had caused the suicide of several and the ruin of many who had embarked

their all in order to buy coupons which had proved prizeless. The affair altogether had a bad effect upon the community. Those governments are wise which make lotteries illegal; it is the worst form of gambling.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CARNIVAL BALLS—CHRISTMAS GATHERING—THE STORY OF AN ACTOR'S WOOING—A STEERN PARENT—"LOVE IS MERELY A MADNESS"—THE OLD MAN FOILED—"HAPPY, HAPPY ALL THEIR DAYS."

"*Rosalind.* Love is merely a madness ; and, I tell you deserves a dark house and a whip as madmen do."—AS YOU LIKE IT, *Act III.*

"*Rosalind.* Come, woo me, woo me ; for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent."—IBID, *Act IV.*

FANCY-DRESS *soirées*, carnival balls and sheet-and-pillow-case parties are very much the rage in San Francisco. At these assemblies the masks are generally discarded at midnight, when fair ladies who have mystified their partners in the earlier part of the evening betray their personalities by their fancy costumes. One unhappy fashion has been introduced, the ladies bringing with them to the ball a second dress, and before the hour arrives for unmasking, many of them retire to the ladies' room, and changing their costume for evening dress re-appear in the ball-room, and leave

their late partners with the mystery of their identity still unsolved.

Mentioning here the love of the San Francisco society for carnival or masked balls, an amusing story is recalled to my recollection, which was told to me and others by a friend on the occasion of a festive gathering at the house of a brother actor on a Christmas night after the performance; in cosmopolitan San Francisco, where most of the theatres are open on Sunday, Christmas day ranks but as an ordinary week-day.

There were about ten guests at our friend's house, most of them belonging to the world dramatic; one of them, an Englishman by birth, had retired from the stage, and was enjoying life in California, living now at one of his ranches (farms), now at another, and occasionally visiting his mansion in San Francisco. About midnight we sat down to a most excellent supper, which very speedily disappeared; a spirit-stand, tumblers, &c., tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes, occupied the table in the place of the devoured supper. Presently our host spoke in his favourite eastern twang:

"Say, George," addressing the ex-actor ranch-holder, "not many who are here to-night have heard the story of your marriage, and, as this is the anniversary of it, tell us all about it; my wife

won't mind hearing it once more, and yours can prompt you in the telling of it."

Yes! It is true, there were three ladies in the company, and they did not leave the gentlemen to their wine, spirits, and tobacco after supper, but they stayed to grace and add to the joviality of the Christmas night.

On previous occasions in these pages I have endeavoured to repeat stories as nearly as I could in the words of the original narrators; I will now as well as my memory serves me—as it was told to me—relate the story of

THE ACTOR'S WOOING.

"It is now somewhat more than seven years since I arrived in this city under engagement to old Tom to play at the Opera House; I was not a genius, nor even much of an actor, then—no—nor afterwards if it comes to that, 'though by your smiling you seem to say so,' as Hamlet says; besides, the Americans were not so fond of English actors in those days as they are tolerant of them now—no offence, Harry—and I was often chaffed about being so *English* both before and behind the curtain. But to my story. Some few months after the commencement of my engagement, the German Club gave their annual masked ball—you know what a grand affair it always is; through the in-

terest of old Speilheim I got a card of invitation, and I know that many of the company at the Opera House were jealous of my good fortune, and they showed that they were so by chaffing me without bounds. My wardrobe was neither splendid nor choice, and I was somewhat puzzled as to how or in what costume to appear. Mrs. Bours was coming to fulfil a 'starring' engagement at the Opera House very soon, and I knew I should want one or two new Elizabethan 'shapes' to play in her favourite play, 'Queen Elizabeth,' so I had a costume made after the fashion of the period *temp. circ.* 1570. You have often seen it, Harry, in its faded glory on the Opera House stage; when it was new it was gorgeous indeed—peacock green satin doublet, trunks, and hose, the former freely slashed with cloth of gold, of which material the ruff was composed; a cloak of peacock green velvet lined with yellow satin, and heavily embroidered with gold; a peaked hat trimmed with jewels, and a plume of green and white ostrich feathers.

"The night of the ball came; after the performance I shrouded myself in a long black cloak to conceal my bravery and slipped to the stage-door amidst the chaff of all the company, who were waiting to give me a reception. I sprang into my hired carriage, and as I started some brute threw a rotten cabbage at me through the window, but

fortunately no great damage was done, and I drove off to the ball.

“Leaving my finery-concealing garment in the cloak-room, I went into the reception-room where I uncovered my face before the committee, delivered my card of invitation, and, re-masking, entered the ball-room. Those of you who have never been present at the magnificent *bals masqués* which every year are given by the German Club must have heard about them; this was equal in grandeur to any of them before or since. It was my first experience of a masked ball, and the beauty of the decorations, the dresses, the music, I believe, from that which occurred later in the evening, must have intoxicated at least one of my senses as soon as I entered the ball-room. I danced twice—with whom or with what costumes I do not care to remember; then, as I stood watching the gay scene, there suddenly passed me—‘the figure of an angel,’ clad in a Spanish costume of pink silk and costly black lace; the figure, arms, neck——”

“That’s enough, sir,” said the narrator’s wife, who was sitting next to me.

“Why, confound it, Grace, you’ve spoiled the very pith of my story,” replied the husband. “Well,” he continued, “the secret is out, the lady of the Spanish costume is sitting there—my wife. Of course her face was masked, but if she were not

present I could tell you of masses of black hair festooned with lace, looped up with pearls and diamonds—I haven't a bad memory, eh, Grace? and a little shell-shaped—well there she is, and seven years domestic felicity has altered her but little; at the moment of my first beholding her she was leaning upon the arm of a Louis Quinze courtier, evidently, by his walk and appearance, an elderly gentleman. Availing myself of the privilege of the masked ball, I boldly advanced and asked her to dance. She paused and then replied, 'Certainly.' The elderly courtier did not appear to approve, but it was too late to object, she was already on my arm, and—he was left lamenting. We talked, we danced, did we flirt, Grace? Perhaps we did; the hour I was in her company passed like a dream. I am or was modest, but I must have been very fascinating——”

“You were duller than any man I ever met,” interrupted his wife.

“You did not seem to think so then, dear; but no matter. She said she wanted to, and really must, go back to her father; I knew she didn't, and said she really mustn't. In a retired nook—I believe it was over a cream ice—I entreated her to remove her mask; but with that consistent obstinacy which has so fatally marred——”

Here a biscuit, well aimed by his wife's hand



interrupted the speaker, hitting him in the eye.

“At all events,” he continued, “she refused, and said she had the advantage of me because she knew who I was. ‘Never mind,’ I replied, ‘I’ll find you out at supper, when you must remove your mask.’ ‘Indeed you won’t,’ said she most provokingly. ‘I avail myself of the privilege accorded to the ladies by our hosts, and change my dress before unmasking.’ ‘And I shall never see you again,’ I exclaimed in a desponding voice. ‘Never, never—’ At this moment I was interrupted by the approach of the Louis Quinze courtier, who said to his daughter, ‘My love, I have looked everywhere for you—come;’ and she went, and this time *I* was left lamenting. It was one-thirty; the hour for supper and unmasking had arrived. Half smothered by my visor I cast it aside, and searched every room for the raven locks, the rounded arm, &c., but in vain; even the supper-room held not the object of my pursuit; in my despair I took up my station at the entrance to the club. It was now half-past two.

“Suddenly an elderly gentleman in ordinary evening dress appeared, and on his arm the loveliest—I beg pardon—I mean the object of my search, dressed in that, if I may use the term, exuberance of fashion which you ladies of San Francisco so much delight in. What was it, Grace? Let me

see if I can describe it—black satin covered with Rumpletytoozletum lace or something, I am sure I don't know the name of it—looped up with white ostrich feathers and clasped with diamond buckles.* Had she even worn her mask I should have recognised her. I moved forward—she did not or would not see me, but—she blushed, and I noticed the gentleman upon whose arm she leaned walked a little faster.

“ ‘She is gone !’ I sentimentally exclaimed, ‘ gone from me for ever !’

“ I really believe I was wretched all that night—in fact, I remained so for quite a month ; anyway, I will now be complimentary enough to say so.

“ In August I got leave of absence from old Tom for a fortnight's holiday, and left for Olima—you most of you know the place well. The morning after my arrival I started at seven o'clock on a trout-fishing expedition, and in the evening returned with a basket full of speckled beauties. During the following four days I was devoted to my solitary piscatory enjoyments, and with unvarying success ; I began to imagine the memory of the masked ball was fading from my recollection.

“ One morning I rose at five o'clock and walked some three miles to a much larger stream than

* This is an exact description of a dress the writer himself saw at a grand ball in San Francisco.

those in which I had up to that time been fishing—in fact, it might almost be dignified with the name of river. My basket was full by eleven o'clock; in fact, three of my prey were too large for that receptacle, and were slung around me. It was a glorious day, and I wandered down the stream, which was becoming wider and wider as it approached the sea. The beautiful scenery delighted me; my favourite sport exhilarated me. I had just hooked a large trout when I heard the sound of beating hoofs, and looking up I beheld on the opposite bank my memory of the carnival ball.

“There on her horse she sat, her head leaning on the animal's neck; she was intently watching my struggle with the trout; a sudden dart—snap went my line, and Mr. Trout was off. The lady raised her head and evidently recognized me. I jumped into the stream and waded across to the opposite bank; I was received with the quiet remark, ‘Dear me! how dreadfully wet you are!’

“She accepted the situation, and in three minutes we were chatting together in the most friendly manner. We got on so well that presently I lifted her from her saddle and fastened her horse to a tree; we sat side by side beneath in the shade and shared my frugal lunch.

“What a delightful afternoon!

“We parted only to meet again the next day,

and the next, and the next, &c.; my holiday was drawing to a close.

"I learned from her that which most of you now know, that her mother, who was dead, had been a wealthy Spanish lady, and that her father was a rich San Francisco merchant, with whom she was staying, at one of his ranches about five miles from Olima. They, her father and herself, would very shortly return to their home in Oaklands. Before I left Olima I was engaged to be married to that lady sitting next to you, Ted; excuse my sigh, she is now my wife.

"It was arranged between us that I should wait patiently, until she should send me word when it would be safe for me to visit her secretly at her home on the other side of the bay; for were the stern parent to find out us and our mystery, there would be a speedy end to our happiness.

"At last the letter came; she had arrived at her home, and with her was staying her cousin, Annie Lawson. Her father was from home, and I might come when and as often as I pleased. I had never crossed the bay to Oaklands until the occasion of my first visit to my *fiancée*. Oh, how impatient that ferry-boat made me! You must remember that the wooden pier upon which the steam-cars run out into the bay was not then so long as it is now. Well, a train was waiting for

the passengers by the boat; we started, and reached the mainland. We presently began to cross the lagoon, it is about a quarter of a mile wide; you know the bridge, it is built on piles, a single set of rails are laid down, and the sleepers are placed at intervals of a foot or a foot and a half apart. I could not help shuddering as I crossed this bridge for the first time; it was low water, and the bay beneath was nothing but slime and ooze, and I thought to myself of some poor wretch crossing the bridge on foot and falling between the sleepers being suffocated in the mud.

“Weeks passed away, and almost daily did I cross the bay to Oaklands to see the object of my—well, there she sits; ‘many a time and oft’ did I hire a buggy and pair, and glorious drives we took—eh, Grace? How often did we visit the Cliff-House! how many times did we gallop on horseback over the sands! That our rides and drives together did not come under the eyes of the busy-bodies and scandal-mongers of the city was a miracle; it is a mystery to me, Grace, how it was that no account of our out-goings reached your father’s ears.

“To get to Grace’s home I had to travel three miles by the cars from the ferry-landing; it was and is a lovely spot, a perfect little paradise inside and out.

“ Grace’s father at length returned, and remained at home for some time, and our meetings became few and far between ; at the beginning of December, however, he started for Chicago. The plot thickened. We fixed a day for our wedding—Christmas day—a runaway match. San José was the town in which the knot was to be tied, and the hotel at Alameden was to be the home of our honeymoon.

“ Christmas eve arrived. I had to play in the last farce in the evening’s entertainment, so it was necessary that I should be in the theatre, at the latest, at half-past ten. I therefore intended to have a long and happy day at Oaklands, and leave by the nine o’clock train. The time passed only too quickly ; Grace’s cousin, Annie Lawson, had prepared everything for the following morning ; the father was still in Chicago, and we anticipated no let or hindrance to our plan. It was about seven o’clock ; the lamps were lit, and Grace was beginning to sing one of my favourite songs ; I was kneeling by her side—my arm was around her—I was happy ! the door suddenly opened, and there stood the fiery parent.

“ ‘ The window ! ’ cried Grace, and Annie quickly unfastened it. I was about to leap—in fact, I did leap—when, bang ! a revolver was fired and I felt a sharp twinge in my foot, and found myself

on the top of a gooseberry-bush in the garden. All was dark; I did not stay to think of prickly gooseberry-bushes or revolvers. I hastily scrambled from my unpleasant position and groped my way to the front gate, and, as fast as I could, limped to the station.

"There would not be a train till nine. I examined my foot, but found there was no greater damage done than the removal of the heel of my boot by a bullet, which had grazed my flesh. I did not care to run the chance of a second shot from the enraged sire of my love, so I thought I would stroll along the railway track to the ferry.

"It was dark, but I could see the rails, and as I proceeded on my journey I regaled myself with the anticipation of the delights I still fondly hoped the morrow would bring forth in spite of the angry father.

"I limped along. My heelless boot, my slightly wounded foot, and the rough railway track making travelling by no means easy. At last I reached the lagoon; between the sleepers on the bridge I could just see the slimy ooze beneath, which betokened that it was low water.

"In broad daylight it must be both unpleasant and dangerous to cross that wooden bridge on foot, jumping from sleeper to sleeper; but at night, when to the traveller a walk is at best a hobble and a

jump of a foot and a-half, a difficulty ; the chance of his being smothered in the slime below is considerably too great to be altogether pleasant. For about a hundred yards I made my way across the bridge, when some fiend seemed to whisper in my ear, 'A train is coming !'

"I looked back—sure enough I saw the red light of a locomotive approaching. I shall never forget the horror of that moment. It was impossible to return—useless to attempt to reach the opposite end of the bridge. There was no room to stand by and allow the engine to pass ; nothing but the slimy lagoon beneath me. The recollection of that moment is not pleasant. The locomotive was already on the bridge, which absolutely quivered and shook under me—an earthquake was a joke to it. The red light was but a hundred yards behind me. Closer and closer ! I seemed to be paralysed ! The engine was nearly upon me ! Quick as thought I slipped through the space between the sleepers, and hung on by my hands to the rough edge of the wood. A scream, a whiz, a red flash, and the fiery monster had passed over me.

"How I managed to struggle up to the track again I could never precisely remember ; in fact I seem to recollect nothing from the time the engine passed above me, while I was hanging from the

sleepers, until I found myself standing upon the ferry landing-place.

"I got to the theatre in good time, and played my part in the farce. On leaving the stage-door after the performance, I found Annie Lawson waiting for me. From her I learned that poor Grace had gone through a tremendous row with her father after my leap from the window, and that the old gentleman had sworn he would shoot me 'on sight.'

"She laughed at and left him. Slipping out of the house she went round to the stables, and ordered her favourite horse to be saddled, and told one of the grooms to prepare to accompany her immediately. She then re-entered the house by the servants' entrance, sent for Annie Lawson, crept up to her room and changed her dress to a riding costume. Annie then packed a small valise, stuffing it with as much of a change of dress as could be squeezed into it, with the greater portion of Grace's jewels, and as much money as they could lay hands on.

"Secretly and silently the two made their way to the stables. Grace, followed by the groom with the valise, started for Stockton, which, as you all know, is about thirty miles on the road to Sacramento. Annie immediately caught the first ferry to San Francisco, and made her way to the stage

door of the Opera House. It was arranged that I should take horse and follow Grace to Stocton immediately. The preparations were quickly made; I caught the last ferry-boat for Oaklands; a sharp ride of four hours, and I arrived at Stocton, where I found Grace waiting for me.

“Little now remains to be told. The following morning Grace and I were made one by civil marriage, and immediately after that form we took the train for New York, where the religious ceremony was performed in a certain ‘little church round the corner.’

“Owing to the ready tact of Annie Lawson, the stern and angry parent (who had heard of the whole of our proceedings while we were fondly imagining he was happily engaged on business in Chicago) finding that both Grace and Annie had flown, and acting upon the information he had received, followed, as he thought, the guilty couple to Alameden, where, after his tiresome journey, he found his amiable niece, Miss Annie, *sola*, much to the amusement of that young lady, who described the old gentleman’s rage and mortification at having followed the wrong track as highly diverting.

“After a couple of months, passionately raving and swearing he would never forgive them, the old gentleman was induced to make the best of a bad job, and by telegraph bestowed upon the runaways

his paternal blessing, and presently joined them in New York, where, of course, they knelt before him, &c., tears were shed, we mutually embraced, and we've lived, as the fairy tales finish up with, 'happy, happy ever since,' haven't we, Grace"

CHAPTER XIX.

A GRAND MASKED BALL—AN ECCENTRIC COSTUME—A FIRST PRIZE—PATIENCE A VIRTUE UNREWARDED—STAGE FIRES—THE PALACE OF TRUTH—SEDLEY SMITH—A GAMBLEE'S TOUT—NOT A "NEW CHUM"—SOLD AGAIN—A "NEW CHUM"—THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—SANCIELITO—A SOLITARY PASSENGER—A HOSPITABLE AMERICAN—HAIL, COLUMBIA!

"*Capulet.* Ah, Sirrah, this unlooked for sport comes well;
 Nay sit, nay sit, good cousin Capulet;
 For you and I are past our dancing days:
 How long is't now since last yourself and I
 Were in a mask?"

ROMEO AND JULIET, *Act I.*

THE grandest carnival ball I ever attended was held in the exhibition building in aid of the funds of the Mechanic's Institute. In order, I suppose, to induce the guests to appear in fancy costume instead of plain domino, the committee offered prizes for the four most original and best sustained characters and costumes. I made up my mind to be present, as I knew it would be an extraordinary sight; I then began to consider as to what costume I should wear; I called to mind the incon-

venience I suffered on a former occasion, caused by wearing a mask for so many hours, and I strove to think of some way of disguising my face which would preclude the necessity of wearing the regulation concealer of the features; besides, knowing well the liberty of the carnival ball, I did not care to adorn my person with any very handsome costume. Some weeks before the ball was to take place, the celebrated Zavistowski sisters had appeared at the California Theatre in their favourite burlesques; "Kenilworth" had been performed, and I had created considerable amusement by an extraordinarily grotesque "make up" for the character of "Wayland Smith." The costume—designed by myself—consisted of little besides black worsted tights and a very dilapidated tail-coat, the tails of which were turned up in points by means of springs which were sewed into them; the garment was very tight, close in the neck and short in the sleeves. I wore a tall conical hat—my face was cadaverous in the extreme, with a peculiar exuberance of moustache, beard, and eyebrows; tattered gloves and a rag of a pocket-handkerchief completed the get-up, which was exceedingly cool and comical, and in this costume I determined to attend the carnival ball. My appearance made considerable sensation as I entered the building, the character I represented being chronicled, "Dignified Poverty."

There must have been at least thousand maskers on the floor of the ball-room, and as many spectators in the galleries; the absurdity of my costume gave me much ridiculous license, of which I availed myself, and I certainly extracted considerable amusement out of the affair.

Half-an-hour after midnight the gong sounded; the committee, who had been very busy during the whole evening inspecting the costumes, assembled in the middle of the building to declare their decision as to the prizes. Great was my astonishment at hearing the announcement delivered in stentorian tones to the effect that the first prize was awarded to the personator of the character of "Dignified Poverty;" upon which I was half led, half pushed forward and presented with a diamond ring—worth according to the advertisements, one hundred dollars. The second prize was presented to a gentleman who was got up as an extraordinary red imp, which was well known to the eyes of the San Francisco public in those days as the advertising trade-mark of the favourite "Pipifax Bitters." There were also two prizes for ladies, but I cannot now call to mind the costumes which won them. I remember well, however, two unfortunate women whose patience, if somewhat ridiculously exercised, certainly deserved recognition. They were two sisters, but nature had not been prodigal in allotting

to them a share of beauty ; each was dressed—I might almost say undressed—in a costume similar to that which Lady Macbeth is supposed to wear when she walks in her sleep. One of the sisters early in the evening posted herself upon a pedestal beside the entrance, with a bandage over her eyes and a pair of doll's-house scales in her hand, while beneath her a scroll announced that she was personating "Justice;" and there she stood, motionless and heedless of the jeers of the passing revellers, until the moment arrived for unmasking. The other sister, also *en robe de nuit*, paraded the ball-room with a tin chamber candle-stick (in which was a lighted dip) in her hand, her eyes were fixed, and her scraggy locks streamed down her back—nearly reaching her shoulders ; this lady was personating "La Sonnambula."

How they came to award me the first prize I cannot guess, for many of the costumes were more amusing and better carried out than mine ; one in particular—Old Mother Goose. The personator had obtained an excellently constructed basket-work goose of huge size, covered with canvas and painted ; he placed himself—admirably made up as the good old lady of the nursery story—in the centre of the bird, in the same manner as in the case of the hobby-horses of the pantomine, the mother's legs and skirts having been previously fastened to the

wicker frame, and his own legs served for those of the bird. How he managed to keep in the same cramped position, and waddle about for such a length of time I can't pretend to know, though I suspect that under the hinder part of the bird there was some support which rendered his crouching position in reality a sitting one.

I think I never saw realism on the stage so nearly approached as on the boards of the California Theatre. Fire scenes as there produced were almost appalling. In the "Rapparee," a play by Dion Boucicault, as I stood at the side of the stage, the flames in the famous scene of the burning of the castle seemed to lick the roof of the building, and the "borders" and "flies" which had been hauled to an immense height flapped and swung in the intense heat.

During the run of an old English adaptation of the French melodrama "Rouge et Noir," the scenery in the last act literally did catch fire, and on the fall of the curtain it required the exertions of all the members of the company, the carpenters, and the gasmen to prevent the building itself from taking fire.

It was during the run of this drama that I was very nearly the victim of a bad accident. In the last scene, in a forest, is a hut wherein peacefully reposes the heroine; this hut is set on fire by the

wicked villain of the play in order to destroy the fair one. The dwelling is already in flames when the young man, the hero, opportunely arrives (the side of the hut next to the audience being removed in order that all that takes place therein may be visible), and, breaking in through the door at the back, rescues the heroine at the moment the burning roof falls in. I was playing the young man; the entire hut was covered with cotton-wool and tow soaked in turpentine, which when lighted made a terrific blaze. On the occasion to which I allude, one of the carpenters, forgetting I had yet to pass through, fastened the door on the inside before the scene commenced. The hut was in flames—I rushed on at my cue, but could not open the door; for a moment I was dumbfounded; knowing that the flaming roof was allowed to fall upon the stage at a time cue—not a signal—I feared the burning mass would in reality come down upon the leading lady. I dashed my hand through the burning mass to the inside of the door, pushing back the button which fastened it; I rushed to the heroine and dragged her out as the blazing mass fell partly on my back, scorching my coat-tails. It was a narrow escape; my hand was slightly burned. Of all the plays which were produced during my two engagements at the California Theatre, for perfect taste and magnificence of “get-up,” I must

give the palm to Gilbert's "Palace of Truth," though I do not know what the autocratic barrister-dramatist would have remarked had he witnessed the additional interpolated attractions introduced into his beautiful play. The first scene, as is well known, is the garden of King Phanor's country palace. At the California it was a beautiful "set" scene, but in the centre of the stage, surrounded by foliage and lilies was a large fountain which at the end of the act commenced to play. It was the now somewhat common prismatic fountain, then for the first time introduced to the Californian people. The pressure of water in the theatre was great, and ever varying coloured jets were thrown to the roof of the stage. The fountain of itself was a success; but the great and most artistic beauty of the production was the scene of the second act—the enchanted Palace of Truth. The cunning scenic artist—a Mr. Porter—had introduced but two colours into his beautiful picture—blue and white; the result of which was the most extraordinary and poetical effect I have ever seen in the art of scene-painting. Strong lime-light was thrown upon the canvas, and the beautiful palace seemed to float in a sort of vapoury mist which filled the stage as if it was enveloped in a gauze, which appeared to part for the appearance of any one of the richly and brightly costumed characters which walked the stage. At the opening

of the scene, by some mechanical effect, birds of bright and gilded plumage darted about the stage, and the notes of song-birds and trills of nightingales (of course artificially produced) ushered in the act amidst a Babel of delicious melody. In this act for a second time would the author's locks have bristled, and each particular hair would have stood on end like fifty quills upon fifty fretful porcupines. Those marvellous acrobatic dancers—the Majilton's—appeared in their extraordinary tricks and antics; in fact, the "Palace of Truth," with its scenery, its prismatic fountain, and its Majiltons, proved one of the greatest theatrical attractions ever produced in San Francisco.

Our stage-manager was loved by us all; a worthy gentleman and well-known actor—Mr. Henry Sedley Smith; he was old at the time I write of, but appeared to be in vigorous health. Falconer's Irish drama "Eileen Oge" was produced at the California; it was a very large "cast," but I chanced to be out of it—the only member of the company. The play proved a great success on its production, and seemed certain to run three weeks at least. I prepared to pack up and go off into the country, the morning after the second night of the piece. I was busy over my fishing-tackle, &c., when our assistant stage-manager called upon me; (Robert Eberle, esteemed and

liked by all; since, and now, I understand, stage-manager of the California); his first words were :

“ You can stop that, old fellow ; poor old Smith is ill, and cannot play to-night ; I’ve brought his part for you to study, you’ll have to go on for it this evening.”

The part was old Moriarty, tolerably long : I studied it and played it that night, deeply disappointed at giving up my anticipated trip into the country, and truly sad at the cause. Our dear old stage-manager never played again ; in a few weeks he was dead. We all followed his remains to the cemetery at Lone Mountain, where we laid him in the mortuary chapel, previous to his being sent to his last resting-place in Boston.

Gambling in San Francisco during the last few years has been in a great measure suppressed ; it was not supposed to be strictly legal when I visited the city, but the vice was rife. One night—it was about a year after my arrival—I was coming out of one of the theatres—I think it was the Alhambra, in Bush Street—I was accosted by an innocent-looking young man, who asked me if I had not come from Australia. I replied in the affirmative ; he expressed himself delighted at having found a countryman, and we entered into conversation. He presently remarked that his

lodgings were close at hand, and invited me to go and have a drink with him, at which I smelled the proverbial rodent; however, nothing loth for an adventure, I accompanied him, and we stopped at the foot of a flight of stairs in a house, and in red letters on the lamp over the portal I read "Club." "So," thought I, "I have been caught by a gambling tout, as a new chum, at last." I followed him up the stairs, as I did so shifting a revolver I had with me into the front pocket of the jacket I was wearing, and was soon ushered into a "hell." Not many persons were present, and business seemed decidedly slack. I perceived at the first glance that the "faro" board had been turned over at my entrance, and that the game had been changed to "rouge et noir," at which cheating is mere child's-play. My introducer asked me to drink, to do which, in my character of new chum, before they had emptied my pockets by "legitimately" cheating me, I knew was safe; so with innocent face I thanked him and drank. He then went to the table and commenced to play, winning marvellously—the old style; he then asked me to take some of his "chips" or counters, which represented so much money; I declined, saying I had no coin with me. "Oh, that is no matter," said he. I still declined, and the "hell" proprietor began to look angrily towards the tout. Again

and again they pressed me to take the chips, and I still good-naturedly refused. The manner of the innocent-looking tout suddenly changed.

"Then what the blank did you come here for?" he demanded.

I was about to reply when the dealer blandly remarked:

"No such language here, if you please, Sir. Take the gentleman and give him a drink."

This time, of course, I declined. My friend, the tout, exclaimed,

"Yes! by —— you shall, though," at the same time feeling in his pocket behind him. I knew the movement, and was too quick for him; my shooting iron was out of my jacket-pocket in a moment.

"Stop it, I'm fly," I cried, in language I knew he would understand.

"Yes, and be some thinged to you," he replied. "Come, you've sold me this time; you'll shell out the price of the drinks we've had."

I once again answered him in the language the cockney Anglo-American tout best understood, and said, "I would see him *blanked* first;" and having by this time got to the latch, I quickly opened the door, and wishing the company good-night, went out.

On descending the stairs I met a gambler whom I had once seen and spoken to in one of the

grander gambling saloons in the city during an evening ramble in search of amusement. He recognized me, and nodded to me with a look of surprise, I suppose at seeing me come out of so low a "hell." The door was opened for him, and he entered; I quickly and quietly re-ascended the stairs, and, listening at the door, heard the new arrival exclaim in somewhat strong language,

"Why, you (so-and-so and so-and-so) set of fools, he's one of the California Theatre lot. With B—— (mentioning a brother actor's name, whose life was somewhat fast) among them you can't teach them anything of 'Frisco they don't know." Satisfied with such a reputation I once again descended the stairs.

A friend of mine whom I had met in Melbourne arrived in San Francisco, and one evening met "a pleasant young gentleman" who seemed to know all about Australia and Australians, and was taken as I was to his club to "have a drink;" but my friend was a "new chum" and verdant. He had about eighty-five pounds in his pocket, besides about thirty dollars, and a handsome gold watch and chain; on his fingers several rings, and in his pocket-book his pass to New York, whither he was going *en route* for England.

He foolishly consented to play, and quickly losing his loose dollars began to stake sovereigns, which

passed for five dollar pieces. He soon began to suspect—having lost about a hundred and fifty dollars—that all was not fair and above-board and was for quietly leaving the place. Those present condoled with him on his ill-luck, and one of them asked him to take a drink before he went; thinking the offer a most kind one he accepted, and remembered nothing more until he found himself next morning in the lock-up *minus* every cent and penny he possessed—watch, chain, rings, and, worse still, his ticket for New York—all gone. The police had found him lying in the street in an insensible condition, and considering him dead drunk had borne him to the station. Being a perfect stranger in the town he could not describe the whereabouts of the “club,” and of course never saw nor heard anything more of his property. This is only one of the many similar cases I knew of during my stay in California.

The author of, and actor in, the story of the “Actor’s Wooing” had so often spoken of the beauties of the little township of Olima and its surroundings—with its trout-streams and quail, its occasional bears, deer, and other game, that constantly wished-for opportunity having arrived, I determined to accept his invitation to go and stay with him at the ranche of his wife’s father. My holiday came, but my friend and his wife were in New York. I made up my

mind to visit Olima alone ; my rod and gun had often before been my only and most interesting companions in many an expedition. The season at the California Theatre closed at the end of June, and wishing to avoid the crowd, the pistol-firing, and general rowdyism of the fourth of July in San Francisco, and as the boat to Sanielito (from whence the stage started for Olima) left Meigg's wharf on the morning of that day, I made my preparations for departure ; and early though I started on the morning of the fourth, I saw some of the procession and the preparations for the day of Independence. I must say neither procession nor preparations impressed me mightily.

Arriving at Sanielito in a far distant corner of the bay, I landed at a sort of wharf. There I found some lunatic trying to blow himself and some score of admiring companions into eternity in celebration of the great American fête day, by letting off some dreadful and antique piece of ordinance. I afterwards learned that as the day progressed, drink by drink the individual's enthusiasm grew stronger, and the charges in the cannon larger, till at last after a mightier explosion than usual, the enthusiast, who turned out to be no American at all but an Irishman, was picked up some distance from the spot upon which he had been celebrating the day, *minus* an eye or two, a

hand, and a few more useful necessities of the human frame—the cannon was nowhere.

On my arrival at Sanielito—receiving, as I have described, a salute of one gun—I entered the stage (such a conveyance) and found myself the sole passenger. The driver was a pleasant American, and by the aid of my travelling pocket-pistol, which was not small (I do not mean my derringer), and a pocketful of cigars, the drive of thirty miles was somewhat enjoyable, especially as a great portion of it was through glorious scenery. At last we reached the shores of Bolenas Bay. Bolenas—the township at the farthest end of the bay—was my present destination; but where the road first touches the shores, and where the horses are changed, is a drive of some dozen miles to the “post.”

We drove on, skirting the bay for about four miles, when we stopped at a pretty farm with a handsome house attached thereto. Here the driver had several parcels to set down. Evidently the proprietor of the place was keeping the fête-day of his country in some style, for many sounds of merriment and laughter came from the open windows of his house. Seeing the stage stop at the gate, the worthy proprietor of the ranche issued from his porch, accompanied by one or two of his guests, with bottle and glasses in hand, on hospitable thoughts intent—

evidently with the idea of regaling the passengers by, and the driver of, the stage. He was somewhat disappointed at finding but one passenger—myself. The driver explained—I thought as a kind of apology for my travelling on such a day—that I was an Englishman, and an actor from the California Theatre. “Come in, sir; come in,” said the worthy ranche-owner. I was prepared to decline; the driver was only too ready to acquiesce. “You are in no hurry,” said he, “and it don’t matter what time the stage gets in to-night;” so down I got, and was conducted into the house by the hospitable host.

Refreshments were set before me; the company had evidently just finished their afternoon banquet. I ate, and, rising from my seat with whiskey-glass in my hand, I cried, “The President and America,” and drained my glass. The Englishman’s compliment was appreciated. I was then asked to sing, and sitting down to the piano, in the best voice I could raise and manner I could command, I sang the “Star-spangled Banner” to the most uproarious applause—following that with “Yankee Doodle,” and finishing up with “God save the Queen.” All seemed delighted (easily so, I thought); and then, shaking hands with my host and many of his guests, the driver and I re-entered the stage, and once again continued our journey.

CHAPTER XX.

BOLENAS BAY—VIVIPAROUS FISH—MRS. PERCH AND HER PROGENY—OLIMA—TROUT-FISHING—TEERAPIN—A PARADISE—MUS-TANGS—SPANISH HORSEMEN—QUAIL—OWEN MARLOWE AND HIS QUAIL-SHOOTING.

“To sit on rocks, to muse o’er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest’s shady scene,
 Where things that own not man’s dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne’er or rarely been,
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
 Alone o’er steep and foaming falls to lean;
 This is not solitude; ’tis but to hold
 Converse with nature’s charms, and view her stores unrolled.”

CHILDE HAROLD, *Canto II.*

WE had not proceeded any great distance on our journey to Bolenas before we were once again delayed by a party of the 4th of July revellers. This time we were stopped by a large company who were picnicking in a beautiful grove of trees not far from the road upon which we were travelling; a number of young women and men advanced to meet us, and in their hands, of course, bottles and

glasses. We drew up, and once more were virtually compelled to descend ; the horses were fastened up, and we were conducted to the spot chosen for the picnic ; a very long table had been set out, and was spread with every description of cake, pie, waffle, &c., that the American housewife can produce from her oven or girdle ; tea and coffee were being served, and cream was in abundance, reminding me of Devonshire. Again we refreshed ourselves ; the meal was quickly at an end, a fiddler was stationed on a chair and dancing commenced, fast and furious. The moon rose over the bay, and my complacent, but now scarcely sober, Jehu of the stage bade me say farewell to our kind entertainers ; I did so, and we resumed our journey.

It was late when we drew up at the hostelry at Bolenas (and indeed I compliment the miserable shanty at which we stopped by dignifying it by such a name), and I alighted. The stage had to proceed some ten miles further to Olima ; although the driver had by this time arrived at a very happy, if advanced state of fourth of Julyishness, he evidently completed his journey in safety, for I saw him two days afterwards and he was none the worse.

Mine host of the hovel, which was to serve as my hotel while I stopped in the place, had crossed the bay in the morning on a hunting expedition, and I

was in the middle of my supper when he returned accompanied by his son ; they brought with them a couple of fine deer as the result of their sport. The morning following my arrival I was up early to examine the port of Bolenas. It consisted of a small collection of houses, one store which contained everything, from a ploughshare to a silk dress, from a horse-shoe to a pot of extra-strong smelling pomade. There was a sort of wharf or landing-stage by the bay, and such was Bolenas. I fear the days of Bolenas are numbered, if they have not already passed away. The bay was once—not very many years ago—of great extent, quite six miles wide ; a sandspit has gradually formed across the entrance to it, and when I visited it the greater portion of that which had once been the bay was dry land. A very old inhabitant of the place asserted that he remembered, when he was a boy, a full-rigged ship on a voyage from the Sandwich Islands put into the bay, disabled ; now the entrance is so narrow that it is only with the utmost care that small cutters can come in without grounding.

I hired a boat and sailed into the bay with hook and line, accompanied by the son of mine host. I presently hooked something, and pulled up a good-sized fish, which my companion called a sea-perch ; this was my first experience of a viviparous

fish, indeed I had never heard of any fish except the whale, if one may so term the monster, which brought forth its young without spawning or depositing eggs. In removing the hook from his (I beg her pardon) *her* gills Mrs. Sea-Perch deposited a very large family of decidedly lively little masters and misses Perch in the bottom of the boat; in my ignorance I was fairly amazed and could only surmise that the fish or my eyes had made a mistake. However I took up one of the living progeny, and baiting my hook with it cast my line into the water and very quickly hauled a still larger perch into the boat; I was almost forced to believe it was the cannibal, unnatural, but no doubt sorrowing father and husband.

In the afternoon of my first day at Bolenas I caught some trout of a fair size and quality in a brook which was some three miles away. The following morning I fished in the bay; I was successful as a fisherman, but I deemed that the resources of Bolenas as regarded amusement were exhausted. In the evening of the second day, a brother-actor from the California Theatre, accompanied by his wife and family, arrived on their way to Olima. I had not intended to leave Bolenas so soon, but I was somewhat tired of the place, in spite of my novel experience of viviparous fish, and joined my friend on his journey to Olima, and later

in the evening was comfortably housed in the pleasant little inn of that township.

Olima, in San Marin County, California, years and years before San Francisco was a city, was a pretty little Spanish village, almost ruled over by the Garcia family. Twice I passed my holiday in the place, and even now—so many thousand miles away—I look forward to revisit the charming little valley. The climate seldom varies all the year round. A mile from the township is an extensive forest, in which deer, bears, and various game abound; quail and wild doves thrive in great numbers, and in the many streams the trout swarm.

The morning after my arrival my brother-actor and myself rose early and started for a small river which was some three miles from Olima. In dignifying it by the name of river, I should explain that in summer it was but a stream, rippling down the centre of a mighty water-course, through a valley composed of steep hills on either side, wild and rugged, but beautifully wooded; the huge trunks of trees which were partly imbedded in the pebbly but now dry water-course, told the story of the rushing torrent into which the rippling summer streamlet, in the winter time, was converted.

I was furnished with all the finest fishing-tackle that an angler could desire, having brought

my collection of flies, &c., with me from England. Some of my fishing friends at home, with their intensely correct notions that certain particular flies in certain particular districts are upon certain particular waters in certain particular months—and those only—and that a change of fly is necessary for every variation of the atmosphere during the day, had laughed me to scorn at the idea of my taking with me Scotch flies for Californian waters. However, once by the side of the stream, my reel and line fixed, three tempting flies attached to my gut, at my first cast into an eddying pool I had a rise, at the second I landed a very pretty little fellow, weighing about twelve ounces.

I enjoyed delightful sport in this stream, always returning to Olima with a basketful of trout, which gave great delight to the proprietor and frequenters of my inn, with whom I shared my spoils.

Two other and smaller streams I fished with equal success. One peculiarity I noticed, that, although two of these streams at one place were but half a mile apart, and they both emptied their waters into the same bay, "silver trout" were to be caught only in one, "spotted trout" in the other.

The season for quail-shooting had not commenced, but I shot a great number of wild doves,

which were considerably more palatable than our wood-pigeons at home.

In the smaller streams it was impossible to throw a fly, in consequence of the dense under and overgrowth, and as worms were things almost unknown in Olima, I was somewhat non-plussed as to bait, but a Spaniard, a native of the place—one of the Garcias, in fact—told me the raw flesh of a bird was quite as attractive to the trout as a worm, so I shot a dove, and its flesh proved even a more seductive allurement than the usual vermicular bait.

The banks of the streams in the neighbourhood of Olima abound in "terrapiu"—small fresh-water tortoises—and often have I had it on the tip of my tongue to utter a very naughty word, when, just as I had crept up to a beautiful pool at the tail of a stream, and prepared to throw my fly with the certainty of getting a "rise," flop ! a wretched little terrapiu fell from some log into the water, to inform my beautiful intended prey that danger was at hand. Whenever I heard the flop of a terrapiu I knew it was useless to cast my fly anywhere in his neighbourhood ; angry with the sport-marring chelonian, I was almost tempted to believe that the terrapiu and the trout were in treaty together, and that the latter employed the former on outpost duty.

I saw strange sights of nature in my lonely trout-fishing expeditions; sometimes a huge rattlesnake on the opposite side of the stream would raise his head to have a look at the intruder, and then glide away with a muttering rattle; and often little master squirrel would descend from his lofty perch in a neighbouring tree to gaze in astonishment at a form which, in that quiet valley, must have been almost unknown to him. I think, during all my wanderings in the neighbourhood of Olima—from morn till eve—only on two occasions I set eyes on a human being. Those were glorious days! Days when the past and the future seemed to be centred only in the present. All was quiet around and above me save for the music of the stream and the songs of the birds; occasionally a red and gold humming-bird would dart past me like a buzzing flash of lightning; everything there was beautiful, even to the gorgeous green and gold water-snakes, which I constantly came across sleeping and basking in the sun, brilliant and harmless reptiles, which I could not find it in my heart even to disturb.

In here describing the surroundings of Olima, I am linking the memories of two expeditions to the little valley; my first visit, as I have said, was in the month of July, my second late in the spring of the following year.

During my second visit a friend of mine lent me a horse, the friend and the horse were English; the animal was very fairly bred, and was a striking contrast to the mongrel type of horse-flesh—the mustangs in Olima; the English saddle and snaffle-bit were also objects of some curiosity to the Spanish Americans. There saddles were strange structures, with very high backs. A kind of post rises from the pommel in front, round which the lasso is wound after it has been thrown and encircled some animal; the bits are large and cruel curbs, by which the animal's jaw can, I should think, be easily broken.

One evening I returned from a ride, and at the inn door I found a number of Spaniards, some of whom I knew; their mustangs were standing in the road. At the invitation of several of them I dismounted and drank with them; in the meantime some of the party were examining my horse, its saddle and bridle, and I could see were laughing at the turn-out. Having a very poor opinion of Spaniards as horsemen, and also of their mustangs, I was not loath to get up a discussion on the respective merits and demerits of the Spanish and English system of riding and managing a horse; the discussion quickly ended in a practical exhibition of horsemanship on both sides. Some of the Spaniards mounted their mustangs and

entered an enclosed field near the inn, on the slope of a hill upon which a number of horses and cattle were grazing; several of the animals were lassoed very quickly and skilfully, and both mustangs and riders showed much cleverness. One of the Spaniards, having lassoed a beast on the slope of the hill, purposely let drop the end of the rope; the animal rushed on, dragging the lasso after him; the horseman spurred on his mustang in pursuit, and coming up to the trailing rope, while at full gallop, swerved over to the ground, picked up the end of the lasso, which he quickly twisted round the raised pommel of the saddle, and at the same moment pulling up his mustang on to its haunches, the lassoed beast was jerked on to its side upon the ground.

This feat is in reality not so difficult to perform as it would appear; in the first place the spurs worn are of immense length, and can be used (and are) for holding on either in jumping or stooping to pick up anything from the ground; again, the high pommel is used as a handle in both cases.

Of course I duly and loudly expressed my admiration of the Spaniard's horsemanship, after which I was expected to show off my English horse and my style of riding him. I could not throw a lasso, nor, on my little English hunting saddle could I

stoop to the ground and recover a dropped rope. I fixed my eyes upon a good stiff fence on one side of the field at some little distance, and challenged the company to follow me ; my horse cleared it like a bird. When over I looked round, and beheld most of my followers in difficulties ; several were dismounted and only two had cleared the fence, one of them being the Spaniard whose stooping feat I admired. I led back over the fence, followed by the two horsemen. I had secretly hoped that none of their mustangs would take the jump, and was somewhat disappointed at having still to own that the Spaniard was my superior in horsemanship. I chaffed him about his saddle, as one out of which no one could fall. The bait was swallowed ; he challenged me to take the fence on his mustang ; this was what I wanted ; I had often ridden on Spanish saddles and had had many a battle with an unruly mustang. I mounted willingly, accepting his challenge only upon condition that he should again follow me on my horse and saddle. He looked rather glum, but could not refuse. The rest of the Spaniards were evidently much amused, and expected a double spill. We both mounted ; I spurred the mustang to a hand, gallop ; he took the fence easily, and we landed safely on the other side ; my poor follower came to utter grief. Somehow or other he made my horse swerve suddenly at the fence, and the unfortunate

rider, unused to the saddle, was shot over the animal's head. He quickly remounted; this time the horse had cleared the fence, but again the rider cleared the horse; he picked himself up and was not much the worse for, though shaken by, his second fall. We all adjourned to the inn, and the Englishman with his horse and its trappings was no longer scorned and laughed at by the Spaniards.

During neither of my visits to Olima was it the season for quail-shooting; but at other times and places, I have enjoyed the sport. I remember, on one occasion at the invitation of poor Owen Marlowe (he was our light comedian, he is dead now), three others and myself started with him early one morning for the neighbourhood of San Rafael; he promised us some excellent quail-shooting. In due time we arrived at the hills, which he assured us abounded with game; for hours we carried our guns and never saw a bird of any description; still, in his quaint way, with a certain amount of mystery, he persuaded us to walk on, assuring us that he knew of a spot where the quail were as thick as peas; after proceeding some distance, and the expected covies not appearing, two of the party turned back towards San Rafael. It was getting late in the afternoon, and the third of the party and myself in disgust turned our backs upon Marlowe, and determined to make our way back to the

hotel in San Rafael from whence we had started; but Owen would not give up; he was still intent upon seeking the spot where the quail were as 'plentiful as herrings.' We left him, telling him we should catch the ten o'clock train back to San Francisco; he replied that he would be back in time to join us on our journey home. We returned to our two companions, who had preceded us, and dined at the hotel in San Rafael. At ten o'clock, as the train was about to start with our party on "board," Owen rushed into the station and got on the cars as the train was moving off. On his back was his game-bag, apparently as full as it could be; he told us how at last his labours were rewarded, how he had found quail in such numbers that he shot them down as quickly as he could load his gun, and chaffed and blamed us for not accompanying him. The journey continued. Sitting in the car, in the seat immediately behind Owen, was an old lady, seemingly with a very bad cold, for her handkerchief was constantly up to her nose, and she sniffed violently and continually. Presently, tapping our fortunate sporting comrade on the back, she begged to know what it was he had in his bag. With a look of great surprise he replied, "Game!" "Well" said the old lady with a heartier sniff, "It may be game, but guess its tarnation strong." "Nothing of the kind" cried

our friend; "it's quail I shot myself this afternoon." "Guess you've been in a hot sun then," was the old lady's reply.

We immediately smelt a rat as well as the quail; it was a wonder we had not noticed it before. In spite of Owen's protestations we opened the bag; it was certainly well filled with quail, but—well, I am fond of gamy game, but those quail would have been too high for me for a week previously. Amidst much chaff and laughter we made him confess. After we had all deserted him he still walked on to a spot which had really been described to him as abounding with birds; he reached the place; it was getting dusk, but he could occasionally hear the quail call; close by was a milk-ranche, which had also been described to him. He approached the hut; finding the proprietor at home, he asked him if he had any nice quail for sale. "Oh, plenty," was the reply; and the man brought out eight or ten brace of fine fresh birds. The bargain was made, and Owen paid the price and gave the man his game-bag, desiring him to pack it while he went into the milk-house close by to refresh himself with a draft of milk. The quail-seller saw his opportunity and seized it. Hastily putting aside the fresh birds he filled the bag with the stalest in his possession, birds which had been killed a week or ten days before, and which were now too far "gone" to sell.

Owen returning shouldered his bag of very high game, and thanking the man, hurried off to join us at San Rafael, to have his treachery only too quickly discovered by the keen olfactories of the old lady sitting behind him. Poor Owen had the quail story attached to him for many a day.

Americans, as a rule, dislike game in the least degree "high." I was once asked to a quail breakfast at the house of an American whose wife prided herself on being an excellent cook. On presenting myself with the rest of the company at the hour named, the worthy host apologised for there being but three quail, out of five brace, which were fit to eat, that his wife, though the birds were perfectly fresh the night before, had found that nearly all of them had begun to turn by the morning; those which were cooked might have been pigeons or anything from their absence of flavour.

The day before I left Olima, on each occasion, I devoted entirely, from early morning till dusk, to fishing; at sunrise on the day of my departure I was out and at it again; I was thus able, by means of very careful cleaning and packing, to take back with me to San Francisco a fine collection of trout for the tables of my friends. I had several opportunities of visiting the famous and wonderful Yosemite Valley (the accent in pronouncing the word, as is not known to all, is on the second syllable,

and the final *e* is sounded—Yosāmitee), but whenever I obtained a holiday, if it were of sufficient length to make it worth the journey, I winged my way to my dear Olima; if it were of short duration, with road and fly, or gun and bag, I sought the nearest stream or most approachable quail-range. I thus sacrificed a great deal of the beautiful and wonderful of California to my sporting proclivities. *Chacun à son goût.*

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FIRE BRIGADE—THE SYSTEM OF FIRE-ALARMS—A MUSICAL
FIREMAN—THE SKULL OF A DEAD LOVE—EARTHQUAKES—MY
FIRST “SHAKE”—COINAGE—“BITS”—FREE LUNCHES—CHEAP
FOOD—LADIES’ DRESS—SUNDAY AT THE THEATRES.

“*Othello*. Silence that dreadful bell!”

OTHELLO, *Act II*.

“*Hamlet*. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once.”

HAMLET, *Act V*.

“*Lenox*. Some say the earth was feverous and did shake.”

Macbeth, *Act. II*.

I CANNOT conceive an organization finer in construction than the fire-brigade in San Francisco. I have heard many people say that if Chicago had possessed such a system for extinguishing its flames it would have been scarcely possible for that city to have been reduced to ashes, as it was in 1871. The excitement in San Francisco during the progress of the destruction of the “sister city” was unbounded, as telegram after telegram arrived stating the awful advance of the flames.

The greatest blaze I witnessed during my stay in

San Francisco was caused by the destruction of a number of saw-mills and an immense store of lumber; but the firemen managed to confine the fire to certain limits, although at the time the progress of the flames was so rapid and alarming that many people feared a repetition of the Chicago disaster.

For some time I resided in a pleasant boarding house in, or as Americans would put it *on*, Pine Street. The house was built on the slope of the hill, and from the window of my room I had a magnificent view of the city and bay. The name of the proprietor of the establishment was "Lovely," which fact was a source of amusement to the weakly facetious among the boarders, and gave birth to a multiplicity of the poorest of puns from some who suffered from a paucity of intellect.

The dwelling was constructed of wood, and was somewhat old and as dry as tinder. One morning I was aroused from my sleep about five o'clock by a rapping at my door. "Who is it?" I asked. "I don't want to alarm you," was the reply in the voice of my landlord, "but the house next door but one is in a blaze."

I jumped out of bed and quickly dressed, and plainly heard the puffing of the steam fire-engines. The house in which the fire had started was very quickly reduced to ashes, but to that building was

the fire confined, although I fully expected the whole block would have been swept away by the flames. The system of the fire-brigade is so well carried out that the chances of devastating fires are reduced to a minimum. There is a large firebell at the principal station, whose mighty deep-toned voice can be heard all over the city; at the corner of almost every street is a small box with a handle in it; every street corner has its number, and these numbers are printed with the names of the streets on cards, and anyone can obtain one and carry it in the pocket. A citizen, discovering the first signs of a fire, runs to the nearest corner, opens the little box, and turns the handle; the number of that street is immediately, by electricity, sounded in every fire-station in the city, and the moment after the great town fire-bell proclaims, with mighty tolling, the news that a fire has broken out in such and such a street: for instance—one toll and a pause, followed by three tolls and another pause, and again nine tolls announce to all hearers corner number one hundred and thirty-nine, and straightway in the crowded streets you see each citizen taking out his card to find the whereabouts of the fire, and so in a moment discovers whether his domicile, being in the neighbourhood or otherwise from whence the alarm is given, be safe or in peril. At a general alarm the big bell tolls incessantly and without

regard to number, and in the dead of night a dreadful thing it is to hear such a—

“Clanging and a banging
Of the bells, bells, bells.”

A general alarm is sounded on the occasion of any unusually large and dangerous fire ; then nearly the whole of the fire-engines of the city are massed at the scene of the conflagration. I remember once in the middle of the performance at the theatre a general alarm was sounded, and the house was nearly deserted in five minutes.

The fire-brigade at one time was volunteer. Then was the time for free fights—one company being extremely jealous of the reputation of the other. A well-known leader of the orchestra in a San Francisco theatre was one of the chiefs of the fire-department during its volunteer existence. This fire-seeking musician had once loved, with a passion which burnt more fiercely in his heart than any of his favourite fires, a maiden fair. She died ; his eccentricities increased ; in some mysterious manner he obtained the skull of his lost love, and I have seen that ghastly remnant of dead beauty placed upon the writing-table, with those

“Holes
Where eyes did once inhabit.”

glaring at him as he worked and toiled at his idol—music.

Many people firmly believe that the day will some time arrive when the mighty Pacific City will be swallowed up in an earthquake, and that a terrible upheaval similar to that which it is supposed gave San Francisco its glorious harbour, may one day take it away again. The sensations produced upon an individual during an earthquake are more awe-inspiring than words can express—a feeling of unearthly dread comes even to the bravest; it is supernatural; a knowledge of utter helplessness; an ignorance of the effect that will follow such a terrible cause as the minute or minute and a half of the shake stretches, in imagination, into an hour of expectation and apprehension.

The memory of my first experience of a “shake” will ever remain with me. It was one evening when I was sitting in the dining-room of the house of my friend and brother actor Will Mestayer, playing a homely game of “cassino” with him and his wife. His was a wooden house. Suddenly I heard a noise as of a heavily-laden wagon passing on the road without, immediately followed by a shaking of the window as by a gust of wind. Will Mestayer (who had experienced the terrible shake of some years before, and I do not remember that I met anyone who felt that quake and did not shudder at

the thought of a repetition of it), Will Mestayer cried, "Earthquake—sit still!" His face turned perfectly livid (he afterwards said that mine was gamboge); his wife sat still, crying, "Willie! oh, Willie!" The cards were thrown on the table, and we sat waiting the crisis. The entire shake was over in thirty seconds, but it seemed ten minutes. After the rattling at the windows came a creaking of the timbers of the house, and then a gentle undulating motion; the glasses on the sideboard jingled, and a plaster mandarin on a bracket grotesquely and mockingly nodded his head. This waving movement seldom does much damage; it is the shake which generally follows it which brings things down with a run. After the rolling sensation, it seemed to me that some giant had got hold of the house, and was giving it a slight but rather rough shake. I can neither describe the sensation nor forget it. I thought the very blood would dry up in my veins, and I fully expected every moment to find myself buried beneath the ruins of the house. The unfortunate mocking mandarin fell off his perch with a crash, and his nodding days were over for ever. When the shake had come to an end, we looked at each other for a moment, then Will Mestayer rose from his seat with the perspiration on his brow, emphatically exclaiming, "Now we'll have some brandy!"

It is rather curious to observe, in the chemists' shops in San Francisco, all the large show-bottles of coloured liquid are braced and tied together to prevent them from coming down with a crash in case of a shake. I experienced a second, though very slight, earthquake during my sojourn in San Francisco; but two hundred miles from the city the effect was as extraordinary as it was terrible. Hills were upheaved, new rivers began to flow, old ones left their beds, lakes dried up, and the face of nature was completely changed. Fortunately the part of the country where the earthquake took place was nearly uninhabited, but the few wooden buildings which constituted a village near the spot were shaken into splinters, and most of the occupants were killed. The effect of this "shake" fortunately was very slight in San Francisco; a picture in my room was turned face to the wall, and I felt (I was in bed) a very decided undulating movement, but on this occasion no giant seemed to get hold of the house. In Sacramento they felt it far more severely, and it was the *longest* shock which had ever been experienced in that city, though, the motion being solely undulating, little damage was done; however, the inhabitants of Sacramento evidently imagined it was all over with San Francisco, for they telegraphed, somewhat

Hibernianly, to know whether the town was still standing.

I believe that the system of "Free Lunches" is confined to the towns of the Pacific Slope. In San Francisco the saloons (or, as we should term them in England, public-house bars) are in many cases gorgeously fitted up. The bars in the city are generally divided into "one bit" and "two bit" houses. Now this requires considerable explanation. In California the only money that is used is silver and gold; except in government offices greenbacks are scarcely considered legal tender. I once saw a fifty-dollar gold piece; it was a handsome coin, octagonal in shape, but scarcely so convenient to carry about as a fifty-dollar bill. Next in value and in common use in California is the double eagle or twenty-dollar piece; it is a magnificent gold coin. Then they have the ten-dollar gold piece or eagle; then, also in gold, five, three, and two and a half dollar pieces. The gold dollar is not used in California, nor for that matter is the silver one, even if it be coined at all. The common silver currency is the half dollar, something like our florin; then the quarter or "two bits," answering to our shilling; then the "one bit" or "bit," a ten-cent piece, something between our fourpence and sixpence. Five-cent pieces (or

change under ten cents) were nearly unknown in San Francisco a few years ago, and hence the difficulty concerning "bits."

Soon after my arrival in the city I entered a saloon for the purpose of obtaining refreshment (all drinks are one price, from a glass of beer to a champagne cock-tail; in a "one bit house" they charge "one bit," in a "two bit house" "two bits.") I drank and asked, "How much?" The "bar-tender" (there are no bar-men, nor women either, for that matter,) looked surprised at me, and said, "A bit." I understood so much of the coinage of the country, and gave him a bit, ten cents, and left the house. A day or two afterwards I entered the same saloon with a friend, and asked for two glasses of sherry, for which I offered to pay two ten-cent pieces; if one bit be a ten-cent piece, I thought, two bits must be two ten-cent pieces. "No," said the bar-tender, "twenty-five cents I want." To save discussion I at once paid it, but I was intensely mystified over the little bit of arithmetic I made out for myself, viz.: If one drink costs ten cents, how is it that two drinks cost twenty-five cents? I gave it up as a conundrum. However, the problem was solved for me some short time afterwards, when I learned the difference between a "short bit" and a "long bit," the former being ten cents, the latter, or

bit proper, twelve and a half cents, the half of a two bit piece of twenty-five cents. It appeared that in "one bit houses" they take ten cents for one drink because of their inability to give the twelve and a half cent change; again, if a person has a drink and tenders in payment for it a two bit piece, he only gets ten cents back in change, and is thus charged fifteen cents for his refreshment.

And now for the wonderful system of "free lunches." Every saloon contains a table in one portion of it upon which is placed a collection of meats, salads, &c. In some places I have seen a turkey, a ham, cold mutton, beans and bacon, sardines, olives, salad, anchovies, and a number of other good things, and, of course, the inevitable "hash." A person enters, orders his drink, whatever he pleases, and, turning to the table, falls to with what will and appetite he may, till, being satisfied, he pays his "bit" and goes out; one may remember that a drink with or without food is the same price, and a good lunch at one of these places generally requires two drinks to wash it down. I may here explain that this term "lunch," in most of the States, applies to any food, taken at any hour, and which is not to be considered as a set meal. The "free lunches" at the "two bit" houses include hot soups, joints,

&c., and are, in fact, worthy of being called dinners.

The system pays ; food is cheap, and a man in San Francisco, with a very small income indeed, will have much difficulty in finding an excuse for starving. I remember in one restaurant I visited I had a basin of good soup, a beef-steak and vegetables, a plate of fruit-pudding, iced water, and a snowy serviette for my lap, all for a quarter of a dollar—one shilling. A friend of mine, of limited income, but whose wife was an excellent cook, rejoicingly confided to me the somewhat incredible intelligence that they were able to live on almost nothing a day. I remarked that he appeared to thrive on the diet, and he explained that he always did his own marketing, and that his wife took a delight in the cooking, and so his housekeeping bills were a very small item of his expenditure.

But clothes in San Francisco ! Oh, shade of Poole ! I remember paying fifty-five dollars (eleven pounds) for a coat, the material of which would certainly have brought a blush to the face even of a cheap Holborn tailor. Fortunately for my pocket I brought a large supply of clothes from England.

Ladies' dresses are equally costly, and I have often pitied unfortunate San Francisco husbands ; the rage among the fair sex for grand costumes

amounts to a passion. Eccentricity is a mild term to apply to the extraordinary dresses daily to be seen in the streets of San Francisco. The time of times for ladies to show off the magnificence of their costumes is on a Saturday afternoon; then is it the fashion to visit the day performance at the theatre. I have seen a lady, well-known in the great Pacific city, one day wear a black wig, the next perhaps a blonde one, the third day possibly a white coiffure, and on another occasion a brown wig spangled with gold dust. I once observed a lady—the wife of an eminent merchant in the city—come out of the theatre after a Saturday *matinée*, in a magnificent costume of brown silk and satin made after the fashion, and distended by a jupon of the period of the last century; and her appearance in such a fancy-dress, even in the crinoline-less days, seemed to excite no particular wonder.

All the theatres are open on Sunday evenings in San Francisco, as on the European continent; fortunately for me, a German company leased and appeared at the California Theatre on the seventh day of the week during my stay in the city. Only twice was I called upon to act on a Sunday; on one occasion refusal meant discharge, on the other—it was an Easter Sunday—I volunteered to take the place of a Roman Catholic brother-actor, and

play his part, as he conscientiously, year after year, devoted that day and night to charitable visiting among the sick and poor, and he seemed mightily disturbed at the idea of having to break his annual custom by rehearsing all the morning of the day and acting at night.

Doubtless to many the idea, or, at all events, the practice of play-acting on the Sunday is a system of Sabbath-breaking amounting to a crime never to be forgiven here or hereafter; but a man must live—be he actor or other—English or Hottentot—Roman Catholic or Atheist—and in San Francisco the actor must do as he is bid, or accept the unpleasant alternative of starving. Having in my varied career experienced a very close approximation to that state, I should recommend no one to try it even for “conscience sake.”

CHAPTER XXII.

VIRGINIA CITY IN WINTER—FAREWELL TO SAN FRANCISCO—
A START *vid* PANAMA—THE “OWLS”—RATS—ACCAJUTLA—EGGS
ARE DOWN—LA LIBERTAD—PUNTA ARENAS—PANAMA—THE
ISTHMUS—ASPINWALL—A VERY OLD QUEEN—ICE-KEPT MEAT—
NEW YORK—POOR LITTLE MINX—A SYMPATHETIC MOUSE.

“*Lennox*. The obscure bird clamoured the live-long night.”

MACBETH, *Act II*.

“*Launce*. I have taught him even as one would say precisely,
thus I would teach a dog.

I would have as one should say one that takes upon him to be a
dog indeed, to be as it were a dog at all things.”—TWO GENTLEMEN
OF VERONA, *Act IV*.

AS my second season at the California Theatre
was drawing to a close, I began to feel weary
of the place, my eyes were becoming tired of the
white wooden houses and the eternal dust that
covered and coloured—or rather obliterated colour
from everything.

In January of my last year on the Pacific coast,
I revisited Virginia City, Nevada, under a very
different aspect. The mountains were covered with

snow and the cold was intense. The tedious journey to Virginia City from Reno was shortened by ten miles, a railway having been constructed from Reno to Steamboat Springs. I found on my arrival in the sage-bush city that the Opera House was anything but a winter theatre. A huge fire was kept burning in the stuffy hole which served as green-room property-room, and the change of atmosphere on emerging from thence to walk upon the stage was decidedly creepy and teeth-chatter; especially on one occasion when I was playing Lucullus in the classical drama "Damon and Pythias," dressed or rather undressed in "fleshings" and sandals, with bare arms and neck, and the snow was drifting on to the stage through the cracks in the wooden walls of the theatre.

The appearance of Virginia City was considerably changed since I had visited it in the summer eighteen months previously, and the change was not alone caused by the white mantle which enfolded it; a greater portion of the houses had been burned down and rebuilt during the year and a half. Piper's Opera House seemed to enjoy a charmed existence; it had escaped the devouring element during all the great fires which had occurred in the city; it had been maliciously set alight on seven different occasions by some incendiary enemy of the Dutch proprietor; but owing to the constant watch kept

upon the building, night and day, it escaped destruction each time.

I was not sorry when my fortnight's banishment to the snowy mountains came to an end, and with a bottle of "cock-tails" in my pocket—a parting gift from my landlord—I got into the stage which was to take me back to Steamboat Springs on my journey to the warm west.

My last season at the theatre came to an end on or before the first of July. During the final month of my engagement Mr. Lawrence Barrett had been the "star" at the California; Julius Cæsar had been produced in magnificent style.

My preparations had been made and my farewells had been taken, and I took passage for myself and little "Minx"—a very diminutive black and tan toy terrier, which had been my constant companion during the greater part of my sojourn in San Francisco—on board the "Montana" for Panama *en route* for New York, and from thence I intended to proceed to England.

As time at that season of the year was no object to me, and as I was curious to see something of Central American life, I chose the long route *viâ* Panama and Aspinwall in preference to the six days' railway journey across the continent. Moreover I expected it would be cheaper, and money *was* an object to me, but as to that I was disappointed,

for what with excess of luggage, the charge for which is enormous, and the expensive thirst produced by a month's voyage in the tropics, the visits to the different ports, the irresistible and money-flying temptations to buy curiosities and mementos under a very erroneous idea that they are cheap, the expenses of the journey *viâ* Panama must almost equal the cost of travelling by the overland route.

On the 3rd of July little Miss Minx and myself went on board the "Montana" from the quay in San Francisco, and bade a long farewell to the great Pacific city. My little doggie was handed over to the care of the butcher, a kind-hearted man in spite of his trade, and found a comfortable bed with the bullocks which had been placed on board to feed the carnivorous passengers and crew. Minx enjoyed the voyage, and, in spite of the great heat was in splendid health, and increased both in bulk (owing to the kindness of her butcher-keeper) and in odour, owing to her byre companions, which, poor things, rapidly decreased in numbers as we approached Panama.

I must confess to a sensation of home-sickness during the latter part of my stay in California, and as we slowly steamed towards the Golden Gate, and as I mentally bade farewell to each well-remembered spot as we passed it—Meigg's Wharf,

with its Pacific "Jamracks"—Black Point, the well-known bathing place—Goat Island and the neighbouring fishing ground—and last, but not least, the Cliff House, the scene of many a merry-making—my spirits rose as I felt that I was, at last, once more on my way home. The "Montana" was fitted with saloon deck, upon which was erected another deck containing sleeping cabins and a pleasantly-roofed promenade. I found the ship cool and comfortable, the passengers certainly the former, and disinclined to make themselves the latter. However, "three jolly bachelors" and myself quickly fell in with each other and "chummed." We had a separate table to ourselves in the saloon, and a special Chinaman (all the stewards were Chinese) was told off expressly to attend to our wants. Starting on the 3rd of July by night we had "discovered" each other, and on the following day, as a quartette, we celebrated the "glorious fourth;" I was the only Englishman of the little party.

The majority of the passengers usually retired to their berths at ten p.m. The quartette seldom separated till midnight; consequently we were speedily christened, by the good and early portion of the passengers, the "Owls." I think the amusements of the "Owls" were very harmless; to be sure we drank wine at and after dinner—we

laughed and told stories and made time pass as pleasantly as we could ; at night, before we turned in we indulged in a modicum of grog, claret cup, or iced punch ; we were never noisy, but we kept ourselves to ourselves.

The captain, who was a teetotaller, was shocked at the proceedings of the "Owls," and during the first week of the voyage tried to get up a clique to excommunicate the wicked birds ; at first he succeeded, and for a few days the "obscure birds" were nearly sent to Coventry. Gradually, however, the clique found, I suppose, the voyage unutterably dull, and, perhaps, began to envy the happy days and evenings of the merry four and their harmless fun, for one by one they joined our afternoon and evening parties, and before we arrived at Panama the "Owls" numbered ten, and were the most popular passengers on board. One of our number played the piano remarkably well, and two or three of us sang, or—as some one said—hooted very fairly ; the instrument, a very good "Steinway," was opened, and in the place of an occasional hymn, or a three-fingered fantasia on "Home, sweet Home," or "The Last Rose of Summer," we often got up a creditable evening concert. I believe the goody-goody captain verily thought he was in command of the doomed ship at last.

Certainly, if sailor's superstitions are founded upon any truth, the "Montana" was not doomed yet; it is a well-known saying, and, sailors affirm, a remarkably true one, that if rats forsake a ship before she puts to sea she will be wrecked on the voyage; and that if a ship has plenty of the vermin on board she may be considered as tolerably safe. On the "Montana" these rodents simply swarmed; on the floor of the saloon, when most of the lamps were extinguished, and only a very dim religious light pervaded the place, I have stood by a small opening by the door and seen hundreds of the creatures playing about and searching for scraps and crumbs under the tables. It was no uncommon thing to hear a fearful scream from one of the ladies' cabins during the night, which betrayed that the affrighted fair one had discovered that she was sleeping with a four-footed bedfellow!

The first place at which we stopped, I cannot call it port, town, or harbour, was Magdalenas Bay. I had seen advertisements in the San Francisco newspapers some months before I left concerning this Magdalenas, in which great inducements were held out to emigrants who could be prevailed upon to settle there. One or two shiploads of silly individuals who believed in the grand promises put forth in the advertisements, were landed at the "Bay" and finding it was but a bare and desolate

country hastily returned to California. I believe Magdalenas has a population of about fifty, and these misguided inhabitants of the arid desert must, I should imagine, be like the chameleon of which Hamlet speaks in the play-scene, and feed on "air, promise-crammed," certainly they cannot be so particular as to their diet as are the "capons" to which the Danish prince alludes.

A boat came off from the land to the "Montana," and a small quantity of stores was sent on shore.

We steamed on and crossed the ever rough entrance to the Gulf of California, and stopped in the open roadstead off San Jose de Guatemala. Although we were some time delayed in sending stores on shore and taking in certain produce which was to be conveyed to Panama and elsewhere, no one but the captain landed.

We next, after two days' steaming, stopped off Accajutla (pronounced there, Ackahootla), where we were informed we should remain some hours, and, if we chose, we might go on shore. I chose. There was a very heavy swell; eight or ten passengers expressed a wish to go on shore; thither we were conveyed in the large boats or barges which were used for landing or loading stores, &c.; we were rowed to the pier, if I may call it by so civilized a name; it was a sort of iron jetty running out some distance into the sea—very strongly

built and rising some forty feet above the water. As Accajutla was in the open roadstead, and as there was nothing in the shape of harbour or break-water, the winter seas sorely tried the strength of this jetty; it was constructed to such a height above the water in order to lessen the probabilities of the store-houses, which were erected upon it, being swept away by a high sea.

Arriving at the jetty the store-boat containing our party was attached to a sort of frame-work of ropes which, while keeping us from being dashed up against the supports of the jetty, allowed us to rise and fall with the swell, which was considerable. There was a powerful crane upon the jetty above, by means of which they lowered a chain into our boat, at the end of which was a sort of settee, and sitting on and clinging to this we were hauled by the crane to the top of the pier.

We rambled about the little town examining its mud houses, the dusky Mexican mothers and their little fat offspring trotting along beside them in a perfect state of nudity. We wandered landwards and saw the tropical vegetation in all its glory. At the entrance to one domicile we beheld two children sprawling, one occupied in operations upon the other, such as in this country we only see in the monkey-house in the Zoo. Most of the passengers bought cigars; I did not; I asserted that

I would wait and purchase a good store at Aspinwall, which place, being so near Havana, I imagined must always have a choice stock. I went off by myself on a stroll of discovery, and I wandered on heedless of time, and lost in admiration of and wonder at the profuse and beautiful prodigality of tropical nature.

I was suddenly reminded that I was in no garden of Eden by the report of a cannon fired from the steamer announcing to me that if I did not desire to remain for a month in fairyland with the dusky but unclean fairies, I must run as hard as I could to catch the last boat to take me on board the steamer, and in spite of the tropical sun I did run. My clothing was as light in colour and material as I could procure. I reached the jetty as the last passenger store-boat left for the ship. My only chance was to go by the boat, which was now loading with produce; it was getting late, and the captain of the steamer was becoming anxious to start. There was no time to fix the chair to the crane; if I wanted to go aboard I must cling to the chain in the best way I could as it lowered the goods into the boat.

I had made a large purchase of fresh eggs while on shore, intending to take them on board the ship, about five dozen; they were nicely packed, by the native market-women, in pretty grass

baskets of home manufacture. Ere I descended into the boat, I began to consider the safest way of conveying my eggs with me; I tied the two baskets which contained them in a large silk handkerchief I had in my pocket; around my waist I had a long crimson silk Indian sash, wound there as much for ornament as for use in my tropical costume; I unloosened the sash and fastened it across one shoulder and under an arm, then across the other shoulder and under the other arm; at the junction of the crossings at my back I attached the handkerchief containing the two baskets of eggs. I was then prepared for my descent, I put my toe into the hook of the chain, which was about to lower some cases into the boat below, and the natives in charge of the crane let me down with a run, with a sharp jerk at the end of it. I looked up, and the grinning faces and hooting laughter of the dusky fiends above me assured me that it had been purposely done. I was aware that a dreadful accident had happened, and I began to feel bodily and stickily uncomfortable as the boat was pulled off to the "Montana." Arriving at the side of the vessel I was received with shouts of laughter; the jerk of the crane had done its work and my beautiful light clothes, coat, trousers and all, were hopelessly saturated and discoloured by the yellow outpourings of the broken eggs! Let them laugh that win.

On going to my cabin to change my stained and sticky garments, I examined the contents of my baskets; only nine eggs were broken—four dozen and three still left for the “owls;” and this is how the “owls” used them: it is the early morning on board the ‘Montana,’ a fresh egg is broken, the yoke is carefully separated from the white and placed in a tumbler; in two or three moments, with a patent beater, it is whipped to a yellow cream; a little crushed sugar is then added, also a modicum of brandy, and a quantity of pulverized ice; this is again beaten together, fresh milk (a cow was one of Minx’s companions on board) being poured into the tumbler the while; the concoction is finished, and delicious indeed it is. This was the early morning and thirst-repelling repast of the “wicked birds.”

We next stopped at La Libertad—three or four days’ steam down the coast. It is a somewhat larger and grander place than Accajutla with a respectable pier and landing steps. It was market day, and, on returning to the ship after passing nearly the whole day on shore, the passengers took nearly a boat-load of fruit, bananas, guanas, oranges, &c., on board with them. Of course I bought more fresh eggs, and this time conveyed them on board without accident. Amongst our party on shore was an American gentlemen who spoke

Spanish very fluently, and he kindly acted as interpreter for us. On his account we were shown some hospitality by a polite Mexican merchant of the place, who took us to his house and refreshed us (heaven save the mark!) with some spirituous concoction which I imagined must have been home-distilled. He introduced us to the ladies of his family, and they sang to us to a guitar accompaniment. Being able in juvenile days to thrum the instrument a little myself, I took it up and sung an English song, which apparently pleased, or would have done so if the last verse had not been interrupted by the booming of the 'Montana's' gun, calling the straying passengers to come on board.

We left La Libertad. As we steamed on, the sea was constantly dotted with turtles. The mate informed me it was the period of their St. Valentine's day. Once I saw a couple immediately a-head of the steamer; they were unable to get away, and one of the paddles dashed them to pieces, and they were seen no more—what a waste of good food!

We had continual thunderstorms—one, it was at night, was very severe. The thunder was appalling and continuous; the sea and atmosphere seemed to be illumined with a constant and dazzling bluish white light. After some days' steaming from La Libertad, we arrived in the bay of Punta Arenas, in Costa Rica. This is a port of some importance,

and the town is quite grand. We landed and explored the place. In the market square were a great number of a species of vulture; these were the scavengers—the only ones—of the town, and were protected by law from injury or molestation. On returning to the steamer we captured and hauled into the boat two fine turtles, and we aldermanically feasted till we reached Panama.

We were many hours in the bay of Punta Arenas; some of us fished and caught a few of the inhabitants of those tropical waters, but could give no name to our finny prey. Several sharks were in the bay, lurking around the steamer; they seemed instinctively to be aware that our butcher was killing an ox, and, as portions of the offal were cast into the sea, there were great fights amongst the monsters for possession of the choicest morsels.

At length we steamed on again, and late one evening entered the bay of Panama. Early the following morning we were hustled out of our berths to go ashore to take the train across the isthmus. We had not much time to note the bay or examine the town. I hurriedly, at the risk of losing the train, took a run through some of the streets. The place seemed curious, for the most part very old, but not particularly interesting. Entering the cars we were pestered by the natives to buy monkeys, parrots, and animals of many

kind ; also shells and shell-work which looked remarkably Brummagem.

Ye fates and furies ! how the natives throw the baggage about ! A large tin trunk of mine, owing to carelessness alone in securing it with the ropes of the swing, was dropped a distance of thirty feet into the hold of the steamer at Aspinwall, and was bent into an unrecognizable shape. Those about to travel in these parts, I recommend to avoid binding their luggage with leather straps, for such are looked upon as legitimate perquisites by the natives. I believe a strap that has been on a trunk at the beginning of the journey across the isthmus, has never been known to reach the other side—in its place, at all events.

The railroad journey from Panama to Aspinwall is certainly interesting. The distance as the crow flies, from sea to sea, is, I believe, thirteen miles ; but the railroad itself, winding among the mountains, is over thirty miles, and it takes more than three hours to traverse it. I cannot imagine the possibility of there ever being a canal from bay to bay—the obstacles seem to be insurmountable.

It was a terrible work—the construction of the railway across the isthmus. It is said that every sleeper cost a human life ; it is to be hoped that is a great exaggeration. I believe the miasma of the dark forest through which the railway runs, is, in a

very short time, fatal to any species of humanity. We certainly found the journey a hot one, but I have often experienced heat far more insufferable in New York. Some of the scenery is wild and picturesque in the extreme, especially where a rushing river is crossed by means of a trestle bridge. Again the train sweeps through a tangled and apparently primeval forest, luxuriant in nearly every species of tropical flower, tree, and shrub. As we approached Aspinwall the scenery became less interesting, and we passed through fever exhaling morasses, and at length arrived at that dull port.

The steamer which was to take us on to New York was waiting for us, and the luggage was quickly transferred from the cars to the ship. Then began lamentations. Trunks and cases had been, apparently, ruthlessly smashed, and, I believe, feloniously broken open by the natives. I saw a chest, amongst a lot of baggage, being hoisted from the quay to the steamer, and when it had reached the height of about thirty feet something gave way, and the chest rained its contents—a shower of boots, shoes, corsets, and ladies' wearing apparel of every description—a portion on to the quay, the rest into the water. I beheld yet another sight considerably more revolting; it is the custom, to a great extent, in San Francisco to

send the bodies of citizens of the Eastern States who die in California—at least, of those whose relations can afford to do so—to be buried in the State of their birth; consequently, every steamer from San Francisco to Panama has several dead citizens on board as part of the cargo; the coffins or caskets are strongly cased in wood, and, but for the unshapely length and narrow width, it would be difficult to guess the contents. Several of these cases were being hauled from the quay to be deposited in the hold of the vessel, when suddenly a rope broke, and a case and coffin fell from a considerable height back on to the quay, smashing both, and exhibiting the ghastly and horrible contents.

We strolled about Aspinwall until the steamer should be ready to start, and I went in search of a cigar-store in order to purchase my promised treat of Havana cigars, but never a Havana could I find, Aspinwall “green” cigars in plenty, but no Havanas. I entered a chemist’s shop, the proprietor of which appeared to deal in nearly everything. Here I bought a very beautiful hammock made of the finest grass strands, as fine almost in texture as a silk stocking, with a lace fall attached to it—also made of grass—to throw over the sleeper and guard him or her from mosquitoes. It was made in and came from the Santa Maria

Mountains in Central America. The man who sold it to me evidently did not know its worth, for I only gave him fourteen dollars for it, and a trader on board the "Queen of the Ocean" (the steamer which took us to New York) offered me fifty dollars for it at once. At the same store I obtained a box of Havanas for seven dollars and a half; they looked and smelt well; but in the afternoon, when some of the "owls," who once more had assembled in solemn conclave, tried to smoke them, they were discovered to be insect-eaten and full of minute holes. If I had been lucky with the hammock, I had been sold over the cigars.

We started from Aspinwall late in the afternoon in a heavy thunderstorm and a rising gale. The "Queen of the Ocean" was a very ancient party, and not particularly well-behaved; she strained and pitched in the heavy sea until the beams of her decks positively moved. It was "The Queen's" last voyage, for on her next trip she was burned, and I expect that alone saved her from being wrecked. She was a miserable craft; the ladies who, in the "Montana," had suffered such severe frights in their state-rooms on account of the four-footed intruders, the rats, loudly complained that their cabins were over-run with cockroaches and animals even more disgusting. Little Minx was given to the care of the head-steward, who presided

over a very miscellaneous family of birds and beasts, many of which died, however, before we reached New York. Minx missed her friend, the butcher of the "Montana;" indeed, there was no need for a man of his trade on board the "Queen," for all the fresh meat on the ship had been killed weeks and weeks before, and was kept in ice. I once went into the ice-house when the joints and fowls were being taken out for dinner; there were no joints nor fowls for me for several days after that. I can apply no other word to the fumes which issued from the ice-house than stench, and it only too forcibly recalled to my nostrils the odours of the dissecting-rooms in my early medical-student days. When brought to table the long-kept meat was often "high," and, when it was not so, was absolutely tasteless. On the whole we had a quick passage, though by no means a pleasant one, and I was extremely rejoiced when early one morning I was informed that the ship was off Sandy Hook.

There is little to describe concerning the approach to the City of New York by river, and what there is, is now so well known to most Englishmen that description is unnecessary. We landed, and were disgusted, as everybody is, at the slow and not always civil custom-house officers, at the eternal system of touting, and at the impossibility

of obtaining a cab or carriage. At last we succeeded, and two of the old company of "owls," myself and Minx, drove off to the Hoffman House.

I was not favourably impressed with my first sight of New York, seeing it, as I did, from the dingy ill-paved streets which run from the quays ; of course we paid extravagantly for the luxury of driving to the hotel in a carriage, but I was very thankful when I found myself in my room and knew that the tedious voyage was over.

In the afternoon of the day of my arrival of course I went out to see some of the sights of the city ; and I was occupied in the same manner the following day ; I need not describe them, they are not many. The one palace of New York, the white marble mansion of the late Mr. Stuart, the white marble Roman Catholic Cathedral in Fifth Avenue, Fifth Avenue itself, so much spoken of, a long terrace of brick houses veneered, as it were, with the celebrated brown-stone, and lastly, the great and certainly beautiful Central Park.

The heat in New York was intense, and twice during my stay the thermometer registered 100° at midnight. About three weeks after my arrival in New York I had good reason to curse the intolerable heat. I was out in the afternoon with little Minx, and strolled down the shady side of

Twenty-third Street. I crossed the road to the Grand Opera House in the full blazing sun; on reaching the other side of the road, poor little Minx suddenly made a scamper round me, and snapping and barking wildly, presently crouched down in a corner of the portico of the theatre, looked up into my face, rolled over, and was dead; heat-apoplexy. I paid a man to carry away the poor little thing, for I could scarcely bear to look at the dead body of my little pet, and very sad at heart I returned to my room in the hotel (I had left the Hoffman House). On entering my apartment I saw the little chain attached to the fender to which I locked her when I went out without her; there was the rug, and there the biscuits just as she had left them untouched at her breakfast. I had not the heart to move them. I was not happy that night when I went to bed. Next morning when I awoke and looked towards the poor wee doggie's couch, with no Minx there to look up wistfully and mutely ask leave to jump on to the bed, I discovered that the biscuits, the remains of the last meal, had vanished. That night I put out one or two more "crackers" broken up, next morning all was gone again. After a few nights I lay still and watched, and presently saw a poor little mouse steal from under the fender, sup off the biscuit crumbs, and carry away with it that

which it could not eat. Little Miss Mouse and I became friends at last, and she would often come out and pay me a visit in the day time, and I believe would have been personally affronted if I had omitted to give her her evening meal. I dare say she missed me when I went away, for a time, at least, as I did my poor Minx; but we have cruel natures in this world, and soon forget; I have had, and lost, two Minxes since then, and now possess a third, and I am afraid she is just as much of a pet as the first.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A HAPPY PAIR IN NEW YORK—THE THEATRES—BOSTON—EN
ROUTE FOR ENGLAND—THE ACTOR AT HOME.

“What singular emotions fill
Their bosoms who have been induced to roam !
With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill—
With love for many and with fears for some ;
All feelings which o'erleap the years long lost
And bring our hearts back to their starting-post.”

DON JUAN, *Canto III.*

IT had been my intention to stay but a few days in New York, long enough to see some of the sights and the theatres, and speedily to take steamer for England ; I received an offer of a short engagement to play at Wallack's Theatre, and I postponed my departure in order to accept it. It was an interpolated summer season at the theatre, and the boards were occupied by a celebrated burlesque company. I was engaged to play the part of Mr. Honeyton in Theyre Smith's well-known and sparkling comedietta of the “Happy Pair,” which was to serve as an introduction to the

burlesque of "Ixion." Mrs. Honeyton was played by a very clever English actress, who, in that character made her first appearance, as I did on the occasion, in New York; the lady, I expect a great deal against her will, played Jupiter in the burlesque, and at the present time is one of the most favourite and accomplished leading ladies in England or America. The press said we were both successful as the jangling happy pair; I think we were.

One evening during the run of the comedietta I fear I made Mrs. Honeyton dreadfully angry with me. It was in the rhyming "tag" of the little play. She has to say,

"But I'd another purpose, truth to tell,
(to audience) To win your favour, have I that as well?"

Here the actress would stop, and the audience answered her appeal with round upon round of applause; she then turned to me and continued the text,

"How shall I learn it, Ferdy?"

To which Mr. Honeyton ought to reply,

"Why, suppose
You put it to the verdict of the rose."

Upon which Mrs. Honeyton cries, "What fun!" and proceeds to pull the flower to pieces petal by petal, à la Marguerite in Faust, to see if the audience

are pleased or not. In a spirit of mischief on the night in question, after Mrs. Honeyton had received a hearty applausive response to her question to the audience,

“To win your favour, have I that as well?”

I extemporaneously added the lines, continuing on her appealing to me,

“How shall I learn it, Ferdy?”

“Why, my dear,

Are you not satisfied with what you hear?”

and then paused. It was a great shame, the lady was completely non-plussed and knew neither what to say nor do. I immediately assisted her, saying,

“If you're *not* satisfied, why, then suppose
You put it to the verdict of the rose.”

She never waited for the applause in the wrong place after that.

The burlesque and the comedietta ran three weeks, and then Mrs. Honeyton and myself migrated, being specially engaged to appear for one week at the Olympic to play the characters “Helen” and “Modus” in the “Hunchback.”

Before the commencement of my short engagement at Wallack's Theatre and after, I visited all the theatres which were at that time open at New York. At the Grand Opera House I witnessed the production of “Le Roi Carrotte.” This was the

most magnificent spectacle I ever witnessed on any stage. The cast was exceptionally strong, including the late John Brougham (who played the king with a very strong Irish brogue), Mrs. John Wood, Miss Emma Howson, Stewart Robson, and many other clever artists whose names are less familiar in England than in America. The famous Majiltons were engaged, also the Lauri family. The scenery was grand beyond description, and the production an undoubted success.

At the Fifth Avenue Theatre I saw some play acted, but it was such rubbish I have forgotten the name of it. One incident I remember in the piece—a man was supposed to be shot in a club, and fell head foremost down a stair-case on to the stage. I did not envy the actor in his realistic fall; even this excellent chance of witnessing a favourite actor break his neck in public did not make the play a success.

Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault appeared at Booth's in a magnificent reproduction of "Arah-na-Pogue." It was very successful, and with the "stars" the honours of the evening were shared by a clever artist who played Feenie as no one else could play it, and who then made his first appearance in New York; latterly this gentleman has been delighting English metropolitan audiences by his performance of a certain miser in a very well-known piece.



Previous to the production of the Irish drama, I had witnessed the playing of the "Bells"—of Irving and Lyceum fame—at Booth's, the old, and since deceased, Wallack playing "Mathias." I cannot imagine the piece being a success anywhere without the marvellous attraction of Mr. Irving's acting in it.

I was engaged to travel with the burlesque company from Wallack's as far as Boston, there to play the "Happy Pair" for one week at the old Globe Theatre. We travelled by night—by rail, of course—in a sleeping-car. Arriving in Boston in the extremely early morning, the train was shunted on to a siding, and thus we were allowed to complete our night's rest without being disturbed. We were called at 8.30. Just as I had dressed myself and was about to emerge from behind the curtain of my bunk, I heard a shrill voice exclaim, "Oh, dear, I've lost my dress-improver, has anybody seen it?" "Here it is, I think," was the reply, and I saw a hand thrust out of one of the curtains holding a bunch of crushed newspapers, which were received by an outstretched hand from the next compartment with a "Thank you." We travel and we learn, I thought to myself. It was the first time I ever heard that a bunch of newspapers were a necessary portion of a lady's dress.

I have heard—but I trust it is a libel upon the

New York fair sex—that it is impossible to determine where art begins and nature ends in the external appearance of a Yankee belle. Figure-improvers of all descriptions may be seen openly displayed in the ladies clothes store windows in New York—busts, hips, legs, and mysterious arrangements, the uses of which cannot even be guessed by the sterner sex. If the like implements be used by English women, at all events they are not exposed to the public gaze.

I was delighted with Boston, which reminded me much of an English town; the inhabitants also are more English in speech and manner than in New York, though this perhaps will be taken as no compliment, as I read in a recent criticism in an American paper a complaint against one of our best English actresses, that she had “a very strong English accent.”

“Ixion” was not a success in Boston. After a run of three consecutive nights it was withdrawn, and as I was then released from my engagement, I packed up and started for New York, *en route* (this time in earnest) for England.

On my return journey to New York I travelled by boat, one of those mighty floating palaces which ply between New York and Boston; when I awoke in the morning (we travelled by night) I found the vessel alongside the wharf of the former city. I

was very much out of health at the time, and scarcely could summon sufficient energy to go to the office in Broadway and take passage for Liverpool.

The day following my return to New York I rose early, feeling wretchedly ill, and went on board the good ship "Spain," of the National Line, and said a long farewell to the States. Slowly we steamed down the river in that huge vessel; for two days I was confined to my cabin, then I gradually revived, and gained health daily as we approached England. The voyage was calm and beautiful; the only dangerous part of it was the society of six very charming widows who chanced to be passengers on board. We had, as is almost inevitable during every voyage, an evening concert in the saloon. Passengers are generally easily amused, and the concert was a success.

The horrible climate of Liverpool kept up its reputation on the day we landed, and it was dreary, miserable, and wet. The next morning in delight I took train for London, where I received anything but a wintry welcome from my friends.

I have now for some years been constantly acting in London, with an occasional tour through the provinces; but in spite of the undeniable truth of the old saying, "There is no place like home,"

as is so often the case with those who have travelled, I confess to an occasional feeling of a longing for fresh fields and pastures new, and hope some day to begin a third grand tour, and once more become "An Actor Abroad."

THE END.



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